

THE
VISIONS

O F

Dom Francisco de Quevedo.

VILLEGAS.

Knight of the Order

O F

St. JAMES.

Made *English* by Sir R. Lestrange,
And Burlesqu'd by a Person of Quality.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by B. Harris, at the Golden
Boar's-head in Grace-church-street. 1702.



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Lion, in the Strand, London.

TO THE
READERS
Gentle and Simple.

THE *Visions* of Dom Francisco de Quevedo have been so generally received, with great Applause and Commendations, by the most Ingenious of Christendom, that, since the Learned Sir Roger Lestrange render'd it into the English Tongue, it is now (to use his words) Baptiz'd into all Christian Languages. The Work is a biting Piece of Satyr, which (as that worthy Gentleman says, in his Preface prefix'd to the Translation of it) taxes Corruption of Manners, in all sorts and degrees of People, without Reflecting upon particular States or Persons. It is so full of Sharpness, that the Libertine, in whatsoever Dress disguis'd, will see himself plainly Characteriz'd; yet such pure Veins of Morality are intermingled with its tart Detection of Vice, which are inducing enough to lead the Vicious (if not too obstinately

bent upon their Ruine) to the true sight of their Errors: We need not, in Rhetorical Flourishes, Emblazon the true Value of this Book, or make any Apology for its kind Reception, its own Name being sufficient to carry it unhurt thro' the blustering Storms of malevolent Tongues. But now we Present you our Grave Spaniard in another Garb, in a Burlesque Fashion; inso-much, as we were the Last that took notice of this Stranger in Prose, yet have we made him amends, as being the First of all European (or other) Nations, that ever attempted turning him into Verse; it having been the Admiration of Men endued with extraordinary Parts and Learning, that this incomparable Wit was not sooner Paraphras'd. So as it has found good Entertainment in the World, in its original way of Writing, I doubt not, but it will find the like Acceptance in the latter; the Work being performed by a Celebrated Hand.

THE

THE
FIRST VISION
OF THE

Algonazil (or Catchpole) Possess.

GOING to *Mafs* the other Day,
To *Convent*, where the *Fryars* pray,
It seems the Door as close was shut,
As Kernel in an *Hazel-nut*,

At which was made a mighty Din,
By People begging to get in.

Enquiring then what was the matter,
That ev'ry Tongue so fast did chatter,

They told me that a Man *Possess*,

Was to be exorcis'd by *Priest*,

Which News my Fancy did invite,

To enter in, to see the Sight :

But almost smother'd, and in Pain,

I got me from the Throng again.

Then homewards going, in the Street.

It was my luck a Friend to meet,

Who of that *Convent* was a *Fryar*,

And he perceiving my Desire,

Invites me to go round about,

Till at the length, with *Passe-par-tout*,

Through Back-door like to Sally-port,

Into the *Vestry* I was brought,

The First Vision of

Where I a Dog-look'd Fellow saw,
 As ever was Condemn'd by Law,
 Whose Cloaths were hanging all in Tatters,
 Like Sails which Tempests tare to Shatters,
 His Hands behind him strongly bound,
 And sadly roaring on the Ground.
 Crossing my self, in deadly Fear,
 Bless me, (quoth I) what Sight is here?
 Said he, who was to do the Feat,
 A *Eather* that was Grave and Neat,
 This Man's possess't with evil *Sp'rit*,
 But, pray Sir, be not in a Fright.
That's a damn'd Lye, the *Devil* cry'd,
 Who in the Fellow did reside,
 This Man with *Devil's* not Possess't,
 But Man who'll not let *Devil* rest:
 You should of what you say take care;
 For it as plainly doth appear,
 As *Quaking-puddings* are not *White-pots*,
 That you are all a crew of right Sots.
 Believe me, *Devils* never venture,
 Into a *Catchpole's* Trunk to enter;
 For it's against our Wills, we dwell
 In Bodies that are worse than Hell;
 So to speak Truth, you then might Swear,
 This is a *Devil Catchpol'd* here,
 And not a *Catchpole*, as you tell,
Bedevil'd, that will ne'er be well.
 And now, to give you *Priests* your due,
 You can do better of the Two
 With *Devils*, than with *Catchpoles*, why?
 Because we from the *Cross* do fly,
 Whereas

the Catchpole Possess.

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Whereas this Sign of Sanctity
They make a Cloak for Villany.

Though thus in Humour we do differ,
As much as *Taylor* from a *Skipper*,
Yet *Correspondence* (I am bold

To say) we in our *Places* hold ;
If we Men into Judgment draw,
So *Catchpoles* do the same by Law ;
For an encrease of *Vice* we Pray,
In this sad World, and so do they ;
Nay, they're more Zealous far than we,
For it's their *Trading* so to be,
And we do only for the sake

Of *Comrades*, with them in our Lake :
In this, the *Catchpoles* all are worse
Than *Devils*, whom ye often Curse.
They prey upon their Kind, tho' Brother,
And daily worry one another.

For our parts, we are *Angels* still,
Though *Black Ones*, and for doing ill,
In striving once to be Partaker
Of Sacred Power with our Maker ;
For all of us with Honour burn'd,

We into *Devils* strait were turn'd ;
Whereas (if I may speak my Mind)

The worst *Corruption* of *Mankind*

A *Catchpole* is, and e'er will be,

So long as Earth is girt by Sea :

Father, you'll therefore Labour lose,

If on this Wretch you *Reliques* use ;

For, on my Word, you may as well

A Soul as soon redeem from Hell,

The First Vision of

Or make the Lame walk without Crutches;
 As get a Prey out of their Clutches.
 In fine, your *Catchpoles* all, and we
 Both of an Order always be,
 Only your *Catchpole Devils* wear
Stockings and *Shoes*, but we go bare,
 After this Holy Father's Fash'on,
 Who looks so big with *Heimpen* Sash on ;
 And to deal plainly, by the *Font*,
 A very hard time we have on't.

So great a *Sophister* to find
 The *Devil*, did surprize my Mind ;
 But notwithstanding all his Jeers,
 The Father was about his Ears,
 And soon, to stop the Spirit's Laughter,
 He wash'd his Face with *Holy-Water*,
 Which made the poor *Demoniac* roar,
 Ev'n ten times madder than before ;
 The Wretch as horridly did yelp,
 As *Maskiff Bitch* that lost her *Whelp* ;
 So loud he was (I'll not dissemble)
 That under us the Ground did tremble.
 And now, says he, you may, perchance,
 Imagine this Extravagance,
 To be th' Effect of *Water* blest ;
 But, let me tell you, that's a Jest,
 If you'll meer *Water* on him fling,
 It would have done the self same thing ;
 For *Catchpoles* nothing in the World
 Do hate like *Water* on them hurl'd,
Pump 'specially which they disdain
 As much as *Indians* one of *Spain* :

But

But now, Spectators, to be short,
Of *Christians* they're a Wicked sort,
Who have the Name of *Misins* quit,
For *Algonazil*, worse than it ;
The latter b'ing of *curst* *Extraction*,
So most agreeing to their Action.

Come, says the Holy Guide to Heaven,
To you no Credit's to be given,
If once this Villain's Tongue's unpent,
He'll fall foul on the Government,
And Magistrates, who keep the World
From being into Ruine hurl'd,
Which doth the *Devil's* Market spoil,
As bad as Coat bedawb'd with *Oyl*.
Good Master *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*,
I do request you to be Civil,
That you will chop us no more *Logick*,
Nor run on any other project ;
But if to a poor *Devil* you
Will quickly a good Office do,
From this *curst* *Catchpole* order me,
As soon as may be, to go free ;
For I'm a *Devil*, you must know,
Of no small *Quality* below,
Who'll ne'er be able to endure
The Gibes they'll cast on me: I'm sure,
At my Return, my Head they'll pelt,
Because in such a Knave I dwelt.
All in good time, the Father said,
Shall your Discharge from him be made ;
But tell me now what makes thee thus
Torment this Wretch, and, trouble us ?
Nought

Nought in the World, the *Devil* said,
 Makes me his Carcass to invade,
 But a Contest 'twixt him and me,
 Which can the *greater Devil* be.

Priest could not relish these Replies,
 Stuft with equivocating Lies :
 But unto me the Dialogue
 Was pleasing, as a *Spaniel Dog*
 To Lady ; then, with confidence,
 I said to *Priest*, it's no Offence,
 I hope, if I beg leave of you
 To ask the *Spirit* Questions few,
 But, in the Int'rim, keep the *Devil*
 From doing to the Creature evil.
 The *Priest* did no good Nature want,
 But my Request did quickly grant ;
 Then went the *Spirit* on with's Babble,
 As fast as any giddy Rabble :
 Well, says he smiling, Friends at Court,
 So long as *Poets* there resort,
 We *Devils*, Sir, shall never need ;
 And *Poets* (I must say) indeed
 Have done us Service by their Trade,
 Of Pimping here in Masquerade.
 I askt him then what Store they had
 Of *Poets* : Swarms ! the *Devil* said ;
 So many to our Realms do come,
 That we've been plagu'd to make them room ;
 Nor is there any thing in Nature,
 So pleasing as a *Poetafter*,
 Who, in his first *Probation Year*,
 Comes very heavy loaded there,

With

The Catchpole Possess.

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With heaps of recommending Letters,
To *Devils*, that are much our Betters,
Enquiring for shrill *Cerberus*,
Old *Charon*, *Minos*, *Aeacus*,
And *Rhadamanth*, last Three are Judges,
Of ev'ry one that to us trudges.

Well, said I, but what Punishment
Have *Poets*, that are to you sent ?

Many, said he, as I'm alive,
And suited to the Trade they drive.
Condemned many of them are,
The Works of other Men to hear,
Which makes the Hearts of them to rue ;
This is the Plague of *Fidlers* too.

A Thousand Years we've some, and more,
Who still on some old Stanzaes pore,
Which they made in their younger Age,
Of Jealousy, that *Spanish* Rage.

Some there again their Fore-heads beat,
With Palms of Hands, which Brimstone heat,
And even boring through their Noses,
With Irons hot, as those in Forges,
Only in madness whether they,

Shall Beaut'ous *Face*, or *Visage* say ;
Whether they shall Write *Jayl*, or *Goal* ;
Whether they'd best Write *Cole*, or *Coal* ;
Cony or *Cunny*, 'cause they'd have it
From old *Cuniculus*, a *Rabber*.

Others their Nails bite to the quick,
Half Mad, because they cannot nick
A Word that's *English*, very nimbly,
To be a Rhime to any *Chimney*,

And

And dozing are they up and down,
 Truly, in Study very brown,
 Till they drop in some Hole at last,
 Which gives us trouble to make haste,
 To fetch the Boobies out again,
 To labour on their Rhimes in vain:
 But they that here do suffer most,
 Are *Comick Bards*, who fare the worst,
 For prostituting honest Queens,
 Upon the Stage, before the Scenes,
 And coupling honourable Ladies,
 With such base Fellows as your Lackies;
 And likewise coupling Noblemen
 With common Whores; that's bad agen.
 And bastinad'ing *Alexander*,
Cesar as fierce as *Salamander*,
 In idle *Farce* and *Interlude*,
 Which things unseemly are, and rude.
 Now be it known to you, that we
 Lodge not these Slaves of Ribauldry
 With other *Poets*, but with *Proctors*,
Attorneys, *Knaves*, and *Pettifoggers*,
 As common Dealers in the Art
 Of Cheating, ev'ry one by Heart.
 Now understand what I shall tell,
 As for the Discipline of Hell,
 We've *Harbingers* and *Quarter-masters*,
 Who'll quickly place them in their *Quarters*,
 Although they came, as t'other Day
 In mighty *Droves*, 'tis true I say.

Many *Mechanicks*, in Proceſſion,
Unto us come ; One, whoſe Profeſſion
Was drawing of the *Long-bow*, we
'Mong th' *Armourers* would have to be,
But one who underſtood the Crafts,
Said, ſince he was ſo good at Draughts,
With *Clerks* and *Scriv'ners* he muſt dwell,
Such who knew how to fit him well,
With *Draughts* that were both good and bad,
For they all ſorts of Sizes had,
Which made, whiſt they were here, a clutter :
Another call'd himſelf a *Cutter*,
In *Stone* or *Wood*, we aſkt him whether ?
But tamely he replied, Neither,
In *Cloth* and *Stuff*, thus *Anglicè*,
He was a *Taylor* you may ſee,
And ſo we ſent the *Knave* to thoſe
Who fledg'd them out of others *Cloaths*.
A Fellow that was *Blind* came in,
Who would among the *Bards* have been,
But we for Likeneſs put ſuch *Rovers*
Among thoſe whining Fools call'd *Lovers*.
A *Sexton* after him did tread,
Stil'd himſelf *Burier of the Dead* :
And then a great two-handed *Cook*,
Who on his Conſcience durſt not look,
Which was perplex'd with many fears,
For putting off *Dead Cats* for *Hares*,
But theſe (whom Death in Sin had ſnatched)
Were to the *Paſtry-men* diſpatched.
'Bout half a Dozen *crack-brain'd Fools*
Were quartered among ſuch Tools,

As

As *Alchymists*, and *'Strologers*,
 Who cheat the People by the Stars:
 One *Murd'rer* after them did trace,
 Whom we among *Physicians* place.
 Crackt *Sparks* with *Judas*, it's our Will
 To pack, for making *Bargains* ill.
 Corrupted *Magistrates* in chief,
 On Left-hand place we with the *Thief*.
 Your Grand *Embroylers* of *Affairs*,
 And ev'ry one that *Water* bears,
 Take up with *Trades* that *Bushes* use ;
 And *Brokers*, with *Exacting Jews*.
 In fine, the *Policy* of *Hell*
 Is rare, and admirable well ;
 Where ev'ry Man immediately
 Is placed right to his *Degree*.

I think, I heard you talk just now,
 Of *Lovers* too that were below,
 Pray have you many in that Place,
 That's void of *Happinefs* and *Grace* ?
Love (says the *Devil*) doth diffuse
 It self, in ev'ry Place we use,
 Of *Lovers* we have mighty *Stocks*,
 This *Vermine* swarms like *Fleas* in *Smocks*.
 There's one perhaps dotes on himself,
 Another fawns upon his *Pelf* ;
 Some dote upon their own *Discourse* ;
 Some on their *Deeds*, and that is worse ;
 Perchance, one in an *Old Man's* Life
 May come, that dotes upon his *Wife* :
 But it is rare we have such aids,
 For commonly the plaguey *Jades*

Their

the Catchpole Possess.

11

Their Husbands to Repentance bring,
Then we our Caps may at 'em fling.
But, above all, that I shall tell,
If any Sport there is in Hell,
Commend me to those *Fops*, who wear
So many Ribbands, one would Swear
They only were for Samples Drest,
Or look like *Poppits* at the best.
Others you'll see will overcharge
Themselves with *Perrimig* so large,
That Head of *Chevalier* there's no Man
Will know from *Block of Tire-woman* :
For *Carriers* some you'd take, by Packs
Of *Lovers Letters* at their Backs ;
Which made combustibile by Flame
They treat of, we have pretty Game,
For they their own Tail Singe, to save
Us better Fuel, which we have.
But, oh ! the pretty pleasant Shapes
Of Maiden Lovers, those poor Apes,
When they are on the *Gentle Leere*,
For *Mistresses* embrace the Air.
Condemn'd for *Feeling* we have some,
Yet to the *Touch* did never come :
These pass (Sir) for *Buffoon* Pretenders,
Who see no *Festival* but *Embers*.
And some have lost themselves, (mind this)
With *Judas*, only for a Kiss.

One Story lower, Sir, in Hell,
Your poor contented *Cuckolds* dwell,
A Place that's nasty, with the Sculls
Of Bastards, Horns of *Rams* and *Bulls*,
They

The First Vision of

They are in *Women* so well Read,
 That that's a Name ne'er in their Head.
 T' *Admirers* of *Old Women* next
 You come, with whom I'm deadly vex't ;
 For those curst *Wretches* Appetite
 Are so deprav'd, that Day and Night
 The very *Devils* they would ride,
 But that they are in Fetters ty'd ;
Barabbas they'd put to his Trumps,
 To save his Buttocks, or his Rumps ;
 For Truth it is, whate'er you think
 Of those on the eternal Brink
 Of Hell, the ugliest on our Throne is
 Esteem'd as much as fair *Adonis*,

So much for Curiosity,
 For your Instruction now I'll be.
 If you an Interest would make,
 VVith Regents of the blazing Lake,
 That Roguey way you must leave off,
 VVhich you have got at us to Scoff ;
 Abusing Devils in your Shews,
 And Pictures ; one while we with *Claws*
 Forsooth are Painted ; and with *Tails*
 As long as Country Threshers Flails :
 And what is yet (Sir) more uncivil,
 By *Coxcomb* sometimes paint a *Devil*.
 The Famous *Michael Angelo*
 I asked here a while ago,
 VVhy drew he, in his Judgment Piece,
 The *Devil* with a *Monkey's Face* ?
 Like *Seamen* from a-board, he hollow'd,
 That he his Fancy only follow'd ;

For he as then had never seen
Devil; or *Fairies* on a Green ;
For things they were, he'd not believe;
Thus he his own Soul did deceive.
Another thing too, we take ill;
That's this : In common talk you will
To ev'ry Rascal pull out Purse,
And, with an hearty Oath, or Curse,
Damn'd *Devil* call him ; silly *Ass* !
The *Devil* of a *Taylor* has
Quite spoil'd my Suit, I'll break his Pate ;
See how the *Devil* makes me wait !
The *Devil* he has couzen'd me,
And much more I could tell to thee :
Which puts us into Discontent ;
For its no small Disparagement,
To rank our Quality with *Taylor*s :
A pack of Slaves far worse than *Goalors*,
Who only serve in Hell for Broom,
And hard they're fain to beg for Room :
Though I confess, at any Tides,
They have Possession on their sides,
And *Custom*, that's another *Law*
In which there cannot be a Flaw.
Possessing *Stolen Goods* and Theft ;
Then *Holidays* your Stuffs are kept,
With much more Conscience. You a trick
Have got to give things to *Old Nick*.
If any thing displeases thee,
A goodly Gift I warrant ye ;
But know, the *Devil* scorns to tarry,
Like *Spaniel-dog*, to fetch and carry ;

If of themselves they'll come to Hell,
 They're welcome all (Sir) there to dwell.
 Another gives his *Lacquey* to
 The *Devil*, but it will not do,
 He thanks you not for such mean Blood,
 That Roast, or Sodden is not good.
 Another an *Italian* gives,
 Thank you for nought, for whilst he lives,
 He will himself the *Devil* chuse,
 Like *Mustard*, take him by the Nose.
 Some gives a *Spaniard* to him, but
 Where ever he has plac'd his Foot,
 So Cruel has he been, that we
 Would be without his Company.

Here stopt the *Devil*, whilst a Scuffle
 Happened there betwixt a couple
 Of Self-conceited *Coxcombs*, who
 Struggl'd which should the foremost go :
 I then by chance did cast an Eye
 Upon a *Tax-man* that stood by,
 That had undone a Friend of mine,
 For Ruine's only their Design :
 Now, to revenge me without Sin,
 Upon this *Ass* in *Lion's Skin*,
 I askt the *Devil*, whether they
 Had not such Villains where they lay ?
 You little know of our Condition,
 If that you know not of Perdition,
 These are the right Heirs, and do claim
 Hell as their Portion for the same :
 But yet we're now discarding them,
 As thankless Rogues ; we all Contemn

The Villains, for they do contrive
 How they may in our Kingdom thrive;
 For *Impos*t, unto all they tell,
 They'll lay on the *High-way* to Hell ;
 And truly, Payments run so high
 Now, that we shall be losers by
 It in the end, but very soon
 We'll treat 'em with a woful Tune,
 If they persist to be so bold
 As to increase, in Hell, their Gold ;
 The Dogs we'll strip, as you strip *Eels*;
 And make them cool their pocky Heels,
 'Tween *Purgatory*, *Hell* and *Heaven*,
 In which they'll have no Quarters given.
 This worse than all the Plagues which we
 Can throw on curst Mortality.
 Quoth I, like them there is no Elf,
 They'd Tax the way to *Heav'n* it self.
 But then the *Devil* thus did say,
 Long since if they had found the Play
 Worth Candles, they the bus'ness had
 By this time done, for one that's glad
 To wipe his Nose upon his Sleeve,
 For want of Kerchief, did believe
 He'd do it by his taking pain,
 But Ten Years he has spent in vain:
 On what, I to the *Devil* said,
 Are all these Impositions laid ?
 For that (the *Devil* said to me)
 There's one can tell in Company ;
 So pointing to the *Publican*,
 It drew all Eyes upon the Man,

VVhich put him out of Countenance,
 And mute he stood like one in Trance ;
 Then pulling Hat all o'er his Face,
 Away the *Tax-man* trudg'd apace ;
 VVith which we all enough were pleased,
 And glad we were of Rascals eased.
 The Devil Laughing said, you see
 My Voucher's fled away from me,
 Yet Impositions, I can tell,
 Must be laid on the Pride of Hell,
 As *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, *Knots*,
Black Patches, us'd for Beauty-spots,
 On bare-neck'd Ladies, *Locketts*, *Paint*,
 To make *Whore* look like *Popish Saint*,
 And all the *Mundus Muliebris*
 More than what necessary is.
 Upon your *Tour A-la-mode*,
 As high as Beacon near a Road,
 On *Treating-houses*, great Excess
 In *Banquets*, Snares to VVickedness,
Rich Furniture, and *Gaming-schools*,
 VVhere People lose their Coyn like Fools.
 In short, on all things which advance
 Our Empire, and our Trade enhance ;
 So that at *Court* without a Friend,
 Or Magistrate, that may defend
 Our Cause, and will our Bus'ness mind,
 A very *Desert*, Hell you'll find.
 VVell, said I, nothing in all this
 There is that I do see amiss ;
 For to what end serves all this Pride,
 But that to Hell poor Souls may ride.

E'en

E'en now of *Magistrates* you told,
 You have (said I) none in your hold.
 The *Spirit* cry'd, you might as well
 Think, Sir, no Devils were in Hell;
 For, let me tell you, corrupt Judges
 Are all our greatest Slaves and Drudges,
 The *Spawners* which our Lake supply,
 VVith all those lesser sort of Fry,
 As *Catchpoles*, *Clerks*, *Attorneys*, *Proctors*,
 Your *Barristers* and *Civil Doctors*,
 Whose nasty, foul, polluted Souls,
 Do daily swim to us in Shoals;
 Nay, sometimes, in a lucky Year,
Cheats, and such as themselves forswear,
 We hardly can find Casks, to pack
 Those Villains in, ty'd Back to Back.

You would, quoth I, Infer from hence,
 On Earth's no Justice, Violence.
 Ah! very right, the *Devil* said,
 For *Astraea* long since is fled
 To Heaven. Don't you know the Story,
 Then mind me, quoth he, and I'll tell ye.

Justice and *Truth*, once on a Time,
 Together came in this our Clime,
 But one b'ing Naked, and Severe
 The other, none would lodge them here.
 At last, when long they'd wandered,
 Like Vagabonds that want a Bed,
Truth with a *Mute* to pig was glad,
 And *Justice* seeing Use that's bad
 Was made of her all-hallow'd Name,
 Yet she her self in no Esteem,

Resolv'd she was, Sir, to go back
 To Heaven, where they Justice track.
 In order to her Journey then,
 She bad adieu to all such Men
 Who dwelt in *Cities, Palaces,*
 And gawdy *Courts* in wanton ease;
 Into the *Country* went, where she
 At present found Civility
 Among some simple Cottagers,
 VVho hate intestine Broyls and Stirs.
 But *Persecution* found her out,
 And *Malice* put her to the rout,
 From whence she was exiled too;
 Not telling now what she might do,
 To several she did present
 Her self, who askt her, what she meant
 By saying she was *Justice?* for
 They did the very Name abhor.
 VVe hate you, as the Rich the Poor,
 So quickly on her shut the Door.
 On these Repulses wing she took
 And presently the Earth forsook,
 She hardly leaving the bare print
 Of her most Gracious Footsteps in't.
 But yet they've not forgot her Name,
 And thus they Paint the Blind-fold Dame,
 VVith *Sword* (like *Walworth's*) in her Hand,
 And *Ballance*, which don't even stand;
 And *Justice* they do call her still:
 But call the *Lady* what you will,
 In Hell she makes as good a Fire
 As *Taylors*, or a worser *Lyar*;

For flight of Hand (Sir) She puts down
 All Jilts, and Sharpers of the Town;
 To say the Truth, to such a height
 Is *Av'rice* grown (Sir) that in spight
 Of Damning, ev'ry Faculty
 Of Soul and Body Men employ
 To rob, trepan one, and deceive
 Such Fools, as in 'em will believe.
 The Lecher, in a lustful Duel,
 Deprives his *Mistriss* of her Jewel,
 The fly *Attorney* picks your Pocket,
 But yet he shews you Law (Sir) for it.
Comedians rob you of your Time,
 And Money, that's a cursed Crime.
 The *Lover* cozens with his Eyes;
 With Tongue the Eloquent and Wise.
 The hec'tring *Soldier* with his Arms;
Musicians, with their borrow'd Charms;
 Th' *Astrologer* with Calculations
 Of Fate, attending Births and Nations.
Apothecaries, with the News
 Of Health and Sicknes, Men abuse.
Surg'ons with Blood; *Physicians* Death,
 It self, do often stop one's Breath;
 These Fellows, in some sort or other,
 Are all such Cheats they'd cheat their Bro-
 But *Catchpoles* (in the very Name (thet;
 Of *Justice*, now of little Fame)
 With his whole Man does all abuse,
 For Hell it self he can amuse:
 Him whom he doth design for prize,
 He watches often with his Eyes,

Follows him closely with his Feet ;
 And siezes him with Hands for Meat ;
 With Tongue accuses ; and in fine
 All Men together should combine,
 To put (Sir) in the *Litany*,
Semper nos Lib'ra, Domine,
 From *Catchpoles* all, as well as Devils,
 Which are to you the greatest Evils.

But how comes it (said I) that you
 Have not the *Women* coupled to
 The *Thieves* ? for both are of a Trade.
 Then seriously the *Devil* said,
 Of *Women*, not a word I pray,
 Nought Plagues us half so much as they,
 Who, with their Tongues eternal clack,
 Have made our very Ear-strings crack,
 To think of them doth make us start,
 And brings a damp upon the Heart.
 Hell (now to tell the truth to ye)
 If *Winter-quarters* would not be,
 If we had not so great a stock
 Of Cattle, which do wear the Smock.
 Since Death the Witch of *Endor* snatched,
 All Mischiefs by them have been hatched,
 To set th' infernal Overseers
 Together always by the Ears :
 Only this Comfort we pursue,
 They're cheaper Plagues to us than you ;
 For in our Kingdom no *Hide-parks*,
Exchanges, *Wells*, maintained *Sparks*,
Bassets, or *Lotteries* we have,
 Which do a deal of Charges save.

With

With *Women* then you are well stor'd,
 (Said I) but which does't most afford,
Handsome or *ill-look'd*, full of *Pride*?
 Oh! Six for one (the *Devil* cry'd)
 Of th' *Ugly*; *Beauties* there are scant,
 For they do Gallants never want,
 To lay their longing Appetites,
 Who, wounded in *Cytherian* Fights,
 Do leave off their delicious sport,
 And to Repentance most resort,
 So 'scape us: But if ugly Sluts
 Love Men as well as *Lyons* Guts,
 Without a pair of *Tongs* they will
 Not touch 'em, they will first sit still;
 So wanting Water to quench Fire,
 Which doth their Leachery inspire,
 Such *Skeletons* they come to us,
 Enough to fright an *Incubus*;
 For most an end the *Hags* are old,
 And in their dying Groans so bold,
 That heavy Curses they do cast
 On Young, who see of them the last.
 It was but here the other Day,
 That I my self took one away
 Of Thirty Years twice told, and Ten,
 Just in the very Juncture, when
 She was upon an Exercise,
 T'remove Obstructions, which do rise
 Upon the Vitals; but on Shore
 Just as we Landed, the old Whore
 Cry'd out, she had the *Tooth-ach*; but
 Upon the search, I found the Slut

Had

Had not left in her Head a Tooth,
 But that the saucy Jilt, forsooth,
 Bely'd her Chops to save her Credit,
 It's true, or else I'd ne'er have said it.
 Indeed, you've satisfy'd me well,
 In all your Answers ; but pray tell,
 What store of *Beggars* you have in
 Your Realm ? poor People, I do mean.
Poor, (quoth the *Devil*) who are they ?
 With that I said, without delay,
 Those who have no Possessions in
 This World, that's very full of Sin :
 How can it be (quoth he) that those
 Should Damned be, that have no Cloaths ?
 When Men are only Damn'd for cleaving
 To Riches, which are Souls deceiving.
 None of their Names (Sir) do I find
 E'er in our Books, don't think I'm Blind,
 For it's no wonder, that such Folks
 Who nothing have should bear our Yokes ;
 All such the *Devil* (Sir, indeed)
 Himself will leave in time of need :
 And plainly with you now to deal,
 For nothing from you I'll conceal,
 Where have you greater Devils than
 Your *Flatterers*, false Friends to Man,
 Lewd *Company*, than *Son*, or *Brother*,
 Who wisheth Fathers Death, or Mother,
 To get their Fortunes for a Miss :
 But now the *Poor* have none of this ;
 They're neither Envy'd, Flattered,
 Befriended, or Accompan'd ;

For

For what they have there is no gaping,
Nor looking after, or a scraping.

Poor People are to us no Debtor,
Well do they Live, and Dye much better ;
Poor Folks, who for Relief do range,
Their sorry Rags would not exchange
For gawdy Royalty it self,
Or any griping *Miser's* Pelf.

Altho they have no wasting Treasure,
They've Liberty to go at Pleasure,
And come, be it in Peace or Wars,
From publick Duties free, and Cares.
No dreadful Judgments do they fear,
But Live as if they Sacred were.

Moreover they do taste no Sorrow,
Or thought they take not for to Morrow,
But justly val'ing Hours pleasant,
They are good Husbands of the present ;
Consid'ring what is past and gone
Is Dead ; and what's by Time undone,
Uncertain is. But now my Friend,
They say, *the World is near an end*
When e'er the Devil preaches ; so
About your business you may go.

The Priest, who was to exorcise
The *Catchpole*, lifting up his Eyes,
Said, thou of Lyes the Father art,
Yet Truths thou dost to us impart,
Able to turn an Heart of Stone,
But Hand Divine directs his tone.
Oh ! do not you your self Mistake,
Quoth *Devil*, for I shall not make

It

It now my Business to Convert
 A *Priest*, who'll ne'er from Hell depart ;
 These Truths I speak to aggravate
 Your Guilt, that's never out of date,
 That you no Ignorance may plead,
 When you must answer for each deed.
 'Tis true, you Tears at parting shed,
 Tremble, wax Pale, Sigh, shake your Head,
 But fear of Death 'tis makes you howl,
 And not Repentance for your Soul :
 A pack of *Hypocrites* ye're all ;
 And certainly to Hell must fall,
Impostor (said the cunning *Fryar*)
 Thou ever wert an arrant Lyar,
 To waste time you Preambles use,
 And would the ignorant amuse ;
 But now thou Imp of ugly Feature,
 To make you quit this wretched Creature,
 I conjure thee in *Shaddai's* Name,
 Who dooms you to Eternal Flame,
 To leave tormenting this poor Wretch,
 Whom without leave you cannot fetch
 From Earth. The Devil him obey'd ;
 And then the good old Father said,
 Himself applying unto all,
 You see what Plagues on us may fall.
 Weigh well the words the *Devil* spoke,
 Through Man, as through *Dodona's* Oak,
 Which things, I hope, will, in the End,
 Cause ev'ry Sinner to amend.

The End of the First Vision.

THE

THE
SECOND VISION

O F

Death and her Empire.

MEAN Souls do naturally breed
In Sad Thoughts, which does their Joy
In Solitude they moan their Fate, (Impede;
And think themselves Unfortunate;
Wherein the Coward (I may say)
Does most of all himself betray;
But, not to make a long Preamble,
To *Death's* large *Empire* I will ramble;

When on me drowiness brought Sleeping,
And had my watchfulness in keeping,
My *Soul* then feeling Liberty
From Clay (as swift as Bird) did fly,
To Place where *Comedy* did please
My *Fancy* with such Sights as these:

In the First Scene a Troop of Fools
Came riding all upon their Mules,
In no good order; sometimes slow,
And sometimes fast, these, you must know,
Physicians were. How they did stare!
About the Eyes they wrinkled were;
With casting many sour Looks,
As I suppose, on *Physick* Books,

On

On Patients, Pifs-pots, and Close-stools ;
 Bearded like *Goats*, drest without Rules,
 (But that which made me most to stare)
 Faces so over-grown with Hair,
 That they could hardly with their Fingers,
 Find way to Mouth, to *Death* they're Bringers.
 In Left-hand held these Rakes (for gains)
 Their Gloves close rouled up, and Reins ;
 Staff *A-la-mode* in Right-hand bore,
 Which was for Countenance (Sir) more
 Than right Correction ; (for they know
 No Menage but of Heel below)
 And all along went Head and Body,
 Like *Baker* upon Panniers. Though I
 Was but in Dream, yet still methought
 Fancy had divers of them brought
 Before me, who had Rings of Gold
 Upon their Fingers, made to hold
 Rich Stones so large (but not as *Deal*)
 That they could very hardly feel
 A Patient's Pulse, but it must bring
 To mind his Tomb-stone covering.
 Abundance of these *Shirks* were there,
 And at their Heels a World (Sir) were
 Of puny Practicers that came
 Out *Graduates*, and got some Fame,
 More by conversing with the *Mules*
 Than *Doctors*, those clod-pated Fools.
 After these follow'd a long train
 Of quacking 'Pothecaries vain,
 Laden with *Pestles*, *Spatulaes*,
Glister-pipes, *Mortars*, *Syringes*

Charg'd

Charg'd ready and as Mortal, do,
 As Shot from Pistol, or Cross-bow.
 But passing other Matters by,
 Ye may observe, when Patients Dye,
 Th' Apothecary's Mortar rings
 The Passing-bell, as Priest, who sings
 Sad Requiem, does finish all
 The Business which by Death doth fall.
 Shops of Apothecaries be
 No other than the Armory
 Of Doctors, that supply him with
 The Weapons to stop Patients Breath.
 And now, to turn up Trumps at Cards,
 What are their Boxes but Petards?
 Pistols their Syringes? their Pills
 Bullets, which work a Thousand ills.
 And after all, considering
 What their curst Purges on us bring,
 We Purgatory properly
 May call their loathsome Shops; and why,
 Sir, not their Paysons Hell? the Damn'd
 Their Patients which with them are cram'd?
 And also in these great Disasters,
 For Devils we may stile their Masters:
 These 'Pothecaries were in Jackets,
 Which cross-wise guilded were like Rackets,
 With Rs. all over wrought,
 Struck thro' like wounded Hearts, I thought
 Them pritty, and in form they were
 Of the first fatal Character
 Of their Prescriptions; which (as they
 Tell us) doth stand for Recipe,

(Take

(Take thou) but it's a grand Mistake;
Recipio it stands for (*I take*)
 Next to this Figure, *Ann*, they
 Write, Sir, which is as if they'd say
An Afs, then after Ounces trot,
 With *Scruples* to weigh Gally-pot;
 To hear these *Rakehells* over-call
 Their *Compounds*, and their *Simples* all,
 So many *Devils* you would swear
 They're raising as are Days i'th' Year.
 There's *Opopanax*, 'lect'rolophus,
Ophiostoridon, *Mosphorus*,
Buphtalphus, *casta Fistula*,
Astaphylin, et cetera.

By all this Bombast, nothing's meant,
 But what our Climate to them sent,
 Few paltry Roots, as *Turneps*, *Carrots*,
Radish, and *Leeks* as Green as *Parrots*.
 They use the Proverb, *He that knows*
Thee, will not buy thee (*I suppose* :)
 So all things they a Myst'ry make,
 For (Sir) their Patients blindness sake;
 The old Price to keep up they're willing,
 Eleven Pennies in a Shilling.
 Think ye, can any Pain in Nature
 Have confidence to look on Feature
 Of a *Physician*! when he comes
 (To fetch from you good handsome Sums)?
 Arm'd with a Drug of Man's Grease made?
 But, that you may not be afraid,
 Or a disgust take of the same,
 It is disguis'd with *Mummy's* Name.

When

When I these People herded saw
With *Doctors*, who do Kill by Law,
I could not but on them reflect,
As Men which Heaven do neglect,
When they are simple Folks deriding,
In Bodies and their Souls dividing,
With too much *Bleeding*, poys'nous *Potions*,
Vomits, and other silly *Notions*.

The *Surgeons* came in tail of these,
Laden (like Women with *Grey Pease*)
With *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Scissors*, *Saws*,
And things which toothless make one's Jaws:
Making such horrid yells of *Tare*,
Cut, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flea*, *Burn*, I swear,
That all my *Bones* were ready then
To creep (from these Blood-thirsty Men)
One into t'other, out of fear
Of suff'ring *Operation* there.

The next Crew that was by me seen,
I should have taken, by their *Mein*,
For *Devils* all disguis'd, if I had
Their Chains of rotten Teeth not 'spyed,
Which rais'd in me some hopes they might
Be *Tooth-drawers*, which proved right:
But of all Trades they are the rudest,
Yea in the World the very lewdest;
They all our Mouths would populate,
For a good set of *Teeth* they hate.
Let but a Man so much as yawn,
One of those Rogues will on you fawn,
Tho' in their Hearts they curse your *Grinder*,
For of your *Gums* they're Underminers;

C

Your

Your Teeth on Belt they'd rather see,
 Than where was their Nativity :
 But that which doth my Patience task,
 Is to behold these Scoundrels ask
 As much for an old *Stump*, Sir, drawing
 As would have *new one* bought for gnawing.

Certainly (to my self I said)
 The Worst were past, unless from Shade
 (Like Pitch) the Devil next doth come :
 But instantly a noise of some
Guitars I heard, and *Citterns* rattle
Sarabands, us'd in Courting Battle :
 All these, thought I, (or I'll be hanged)
 That Wier-thread, and Cats-guts banged,
 A Kennel of Poor *Barbers* be,
 For any Man, whoe'er did see
 A *Barber's* Shop, might eas'ly know,
 Without a Conjurer it's so.
 For *Crouds* a proper part e'er was
 The *Furniture* of *Barbers*, as
 Their *Wash-balls*, *Caps*, and *Louse-trap-cases*,
 But at the sight of *Heads* of *Asses*,
 Which they were Lath'ring, I was pleased,
 And hearty Laughter on me siezed,
 To see them sputter, wink, and rub
 Their Eyes o'er *Bason's* big as Tub.

After these speckled Apron *Stalkers*,
 Appeared loud and tedious *Talkers*,
 The Company by this base Rabble,
 Was teaz'd with shrill and restless *Babble* :
 These were of sev'ral sorts, for some
 They *Swimmers* call'd, for when they come
 To

To talk, their Arms in motion are,
Which looks as if they paddling were.
Apes they call'd others, (*Mimicks* we)
Know these were all perpetually,
Making of many *Mops* and *Mows*,
And Thousand other antick Shows
In base Derision, and contemn
Men who have got more *Wit* than them.
Great *Sowers of Dissention*, and
Your *Make-bates* too, were in this Land;
These still were rolling Eyes about,
(*Barthol'mew Poppits* like, without
So much as moving Head) and leering
O'er Shoulders (like a privateering
Ship's-Crew) when they are to surprize
All People in their Privacies,
And matter get for *Calumny*,
Detraction too, and *Enmity*.

Next follow'd after them the *Lyars*,
These seem'd a jolly sort of 'Squires
Well fed, contented, and well cloathed;
And nothing but the *Truth* they loathed;
Nothing but *Lyes* have they to trust to,
Which is the Cause they can't be Just to
Their own Discourse. Now, they are never
Without full Audience, for ever
All the *Impertinents* and *Fools*, Sir;
Are of their pestilential Schools, Sir.

After these, came a knot of *Medlers*,
As impudent as any *Pedlers*,
Pragmatical and Insolent,
And though unbid, or not for sent,

This Spawn, as rude as *German Boor*,
 In ev'ry Boat will have an Oar.
 I thought this Scene the last had been,
 'Cause on the Stage no more came in
 For a good while ; but I did wonder,
 (As much as *Archeists* do at Thunder)
 That they so late came in unmasked,
 A *Babler* told me strait, (unasked)
 That this bad kind of Serpent creeping,
 In Tail his nasty Venom keeping,
 It seem'd but reasonable, they
 In whom the greatest Poyson lay,
 Should always, Sir, bring up the Rear :
 Besides, it's so Establish'd here.

My Fancy then did crave to know
 The meaning of this *Oglia*,
 Of People met of each Condition
 And Humour, but an Apparition
 Too soon diverted my desire
 From thoughts which did my Mind inspire,
 The Creature which to me appeared,
 And dreadfully upon me stared,
 Seem'd to be of that sort of Gender
 Of which the Male-kind are so tender.
 The Person seem'd fierce and cruel,
 Slender, and thin as *Water-gruel* :
 Laden with *Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Pattins*,
Crowns, *Sheep-hooks*, *Straw-hats*, *Mitres*, *Sattins*,
Tiaras, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Di'monds*, *Scythes*,
Pearl, *Gold*, *Wool*, *Shells*, *Embroideries*,
Lead, *Silver*, *Lace*, and *Hob-nail'd Shoes*,
 Just such as Country Ploughmen use ;

In

In all the Rain-bow Colours she
 B'ing Drest, fantastick shew'd to be;
 She'd one Eye shut, open the other,
 On one side Young, and old on t'other.
 In this Garb stood she by my Bed,
 But (*Turkish* Mute like) nothing said,
 Which made me ask from whence she came,
 What was her Bus'ness, and her Name?
 She answer'd me I'm *Death*, Sir. *Death*!
 That word had like to've stopt my Breath;
 Into my Mouth it brought my Heart,
 For fear I then should feel her Dart:
 But, Madam, (quoth I) with great bowing,
 Pray, whether is your Honour going?
 No further, (said she) for, my Friend,
 Just here I'm at my Journey's end.
 Alas, alas! to her, said I,
 Is't now ordain'd for me to Dye?
 No, no, quoth *Death*, Alive I'll take
 Thee to our dismal frozen Lake;
 For since so many of the *Dead*
 To th' *Quick* have Visits rendered,
 'Tis equal but for once that one
 A Visit to the *Dead* return.
 Soon get up then, and with me gang,
 Come quickly, rise, and never hang
 An Arse, by say'ng, It's so and so,
 For *nolens volens*, you shall go.
 This put me in a cold Fit quaking,
 I started then, like *Palsy* shaking,
 Desiring (but in pain like Stitches)
 Leave only to put on my Breeches.

No, no, said she, for Cloaths no matter,
 No one where I dwell have a tatter,
 So Naked come, for on the Gravel
 Road, Sir, you will the better travel.
 Without a Word more up I got,
 Thinking I now must go to pot.
 Amaz'd I follow'd her displeased,
 And mighty Terror on me siezed ;
 Yet on the way I well remember
 [As Folks the Fifth Day of November]
 I told her ; Madam, you're no more
 Like the Deaths I've seen heretofore,
 Than any *Apple's like an Oyster*,
 Or *Peasant's Lone-house like a Cloyster*.
 Our *Death with Scythe in Hand* I've seen
 Pictur'd ; Carcass of Bones as clean
 As if it had been pickt by *Crows*,
 And not (as you are) rigg'd with Cloaths :
 Yes, yes, said she, I know they do,
 But their Design, Sir, is not true ;
 Your *Painters*, and your *Limners* all,
 I may a pack of Buzzards call.
 The *Bones* you talk of are the Dead,
 The *Flesh* of which the *Worms have fed*,
 Or otherwise *the sad remains*
Of those which Living are in Pains !
 But, let me tell you, you your selves
 Do cast your Lives upon the Shelves
 Of your own Deaths and that you call
Death (and on all will one time fall)
 Is with all Men a daily Strife,
 The Period of humane Life,

As the first Moment of your Birth
Is the beginning of your Death:
Mankind with Death is daily striving,
And in effect ye all dye Living,
And knotty Bones are no more than
What Death has left of dwindling Man,
And closed in the silent Grave,
Which doth for Putrefaction crave.
If this were rightly understood,
Then ev'ry serious Mortal wou'd
A ghastful Death's Head on his Mind,
Or a *Memento Mori*, find;
Can you think Death is elsewhere Lodging,
And not within your Bodies dodging?
Believe't, you're all in grand Mistakes,
For *Skeletons*, as lean as Rakes,
Ye be your selves, before you are
Of your most certain End aware.

But, Madam, under Favour, what
May be these Crowds of People, that
Your Ladiship keeps Company?
And since you're *Death*, (as you say) why
Do *Babblers*, *Make-bates* come more near
Your Person, than the rest that's here,
And more in your good Graces be
Than Gentlemen o'th' Faculty?
Why (said she) more are talk'd to Death
By *Babblers*, than do lose their Breath
By all the *Sickness* that is hurl'd
From Heaven on the sinful World.
And then your *Make-bates* and your *Medlers*,
Kill more by half than *Physick Pedlers*,

But yet, to make the *Proverb* true,
 Which is, to give the Dev'l his due.
 They study up (Sir) on a *Bed*,
 T'nlarge the Empire of the *Dead*;
 For you must understand, that tho'
Ails on a Man do *Sickness* throw,
 'Tis him the *Doctor* really kills
 With the Infection of his *Pills*;
 And looks to be well paid for't too,
 For Coin for Murder is his due :
 (And 'tis not fit that I suppose,
 Or you should by your Calling lose)
 So that when any doth enquire,
 Of what did such a one Expire;
 He's not to answer presently,
 Of *Gout* he Dy'd, or *Plurisy*,
 Of no *Plague* which invades the Hide,
 But that *he of the Doctor dy'd*,
 However, in one point I must
 To the *Physicians* be so just
 As to acquit 'em ; Sir, you know
 That to great Persons long ago
 The *Stile* of *Honourable*, and
Right Worshipful throughout the Land
 Is given, but now all mean People
 Crave *Stiles* as high as *Grantham Steeple* ;
 Nay, very *Bare-foot Fryars*, who
 Live under *mortifying Vow*,
 And low *Humility*, desire
 Up to these *Titles* do aspire.
 Mean *Tradesmen*, as your *Vintners*, *Masons*,
Taylors, and he which useth *Basons*,

In the *Right Worshipful* must all
Be drest forsooth ; but *Pride* will fall :
Whereas the good *Physician's* Humble,
And never doth for *Honour* grumble,
(Though if it Dignities should Rain,
I don't suppose he'd them disdain)
But most contentedly sits down
With th' *Honour* (luck has on him thrown),
Of the disposing of your *Lives*
And *Purse*, by which he quickly thrives.

These pretty Lectures made the way
Seem short, and pleasant as the Day.

And just now we into a Place
Are ent'ring, of a mighty space,
Fixt between Darkness and the Light,
Of Horror too enough to fright,
If I'd not well acquainted been,
By this time, with the *Scourge of Sin*.
On one side of this Passage I

Three moving Figures did espy ;
Arm'd, and of *humane Shape*, and so
Alike, that one could hardly know
The which was which. Just opposite,
On t'other side against me right,
A hideous *Monster*, fierce and bold,
In Combat I did too behold,
With those that *like to like* were made,
(*As Devil to the Collier said*.)

Death stopping here, where Joys were few,
Askt me, if I these People knew.

No, no, quoth I, may Heav'n be praised,
I don't ; I'm at their Sight amazed ;

Now,

Now, see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*,
These are your Comrades from your Birth,
Thy old Acquaintance, for *these Three*,
Whom you with such Amazement see,
Are, Sir, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and *Devil*,
Who nothing throw on Souls but Evil;
As well in Shape as Quality,
Of all sorts of Iniquity,
Are they so like to one another,
He that has one must have the other.
The Proud, and the Ambitious Man,
Think they have got the *World*, and can
Do any thing that is uncivil,
But it does only prove the *Devil*.
The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*,
Insnared with Temptations lure,
Perswade themselves that they have gotten
The *Flesh*, that's putrify'd and rotten,
And that, I really tell to you,
Doth prove the very *Devil* too;
In fine, it thus doth fare with all
Those Wretches who on Pleasures call.
But what's he there, said I with fear,
That doth in sev'ral Shapes appear,
And fights against the other Three,
With such a dreadful Enmity?
Quoth *Death* most kindly to me, *Honey*,
That is the *Devil*, there, of *Money*,
Who'll hold himself alone, to be
Equivalent to t'other Three,
And that whene'er he comes no need
There is of *Them*, his Plough to speed.

He

He argues from their own Confessions
 (As well as Council at a Sessions)
 Against the *World*; in saying that
There is no World, but Money; what
Is Man without that Cordial? he
Who's out of Coyn, as well may be
Out of the World; take that away
From Man, and take his Life, I say.
'Tis Money only all things Answers,
Maintains your Grey-hounds, Filts, and Prancers.
 Against the *Second Enemy*,
 He will maintain the Victory,
 That *Money* is the *Flesh* too he
 Doth plead, then crying witness the
 Brisk *Girls*, and flaming *Catamites*
 It doth procure for its Delights.
 Against the *Third* he strongly pleads,
 That nothing whatsoever Bleeds
 Without the *Devil* of *Money*, *Love*
Does much, but Coyn doth stronger prove;
Money will ne'er receive a foyle,
It e'er will make the Pot to boyle,
Although the Devil should conspire,
In spight, to piss (Sir) in the Fire.
 The *Devil* (quoth I, and then did laugh)
 Has got the better end o'th' Staff,

A little further then advancing,
 I saw a Sight would spoil one's Dancing,
 For on the one hand *Judgment* I
 Beheld, on t'other *Hell* did 'spy:
 But looking on the flaming *Pit*,
 To take a strict survey of it,

Death

The Second Vision of

Death ask'd me what I look'd at so ?
 I told her *Hell* that place of Woe ;
 On which I was the more intent,
 Because I thought before I'd seen't.
 She question'd where ? I told her in
 Base *Avarice*, a common Sin
 With wicked *Magistrates* ; beside
 I saw it in the haughty *Pride*
 Of *Nobles* ; in the *Appetite*
 Which doth in *Guttle* most delight ;
 Turning upon the creaking Hinges
 Of *Ruine*, *Envy*, and *Revengees*.
 I've seen it in th' *Oppressors Souls*,
 Where cruel *Rapine* ever rould ;
 In him who *Poor-men's Wages* pinches,
 And in the *Vanity* of *Princes* ;
 But whosoever doth desire
 To see it in one Man entire,
 He must behold the *Hypocrite*,
 Who is the *Devil's Picture* right ;
 A kind of a *Religious Broker*,
 Who is at Church an Interloper,
 Who'll put out any *Sacrament*,
 At more than *Forty-five per Cent*.

I'm pleas'd too (said I) in my Mind,
 That I've seen *Judgment*, as I find
 It represented here to me,
 In such a dress of Purity ;
 For that which we do *Judgment* call
 On Earth, is not like this at all.
 To tell the Truth, as matters are,
 I'd no great Maw then to repair

Home-

Homewards ; for being with the *Dead*
'Tis better, where there's *Justice* had,
Than with the *Living*, where there's none
From *Dunghill* to the very *Throne*.

Our next step, with a slender train,
Was to a fair and spacious *Plain*,
Encompassed with massy Walls,
Higher than those at *Mons* or *Cales*,
Where he that once is enter'd in,
Must ne'er look to come out agin.
Stop here, quoth *Death*, for we are now
Come to my Judgment-seat, and know
It's here that I do *Audience* give,
Concerning those which a'n't to Live:
The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*,
Ill-news, Fears, Doubts, and skrieking *Tones*.
The *Beggar's* (as I did discover,
Tears did not here avail, or *Lover* ;
There's *Grief* and *Care* (instead of *Pleasure*)
Both without *Comfort* too and *Measure* ;
And serv'd as *Vermine*, Sir, to gnaw
The Hearts of *Kings* and *Emp'rors*, for
Their feeding on the Insolent,
As their own proper Nourishment.
There, drest up in a *Widow's Vail*,
I *Envy* saw, who ne'er does fail
To be Mischievius. Just by her
(As close as sucking Whelp to Cur)
Sate *Discord* ; the most lawful Child
Of her that ne'er on *Vertue* smil'd.
She'd formerly conversed much
With marry'd *Folks*, but finding such

No

No need had of her, then away
 She went to *Colledges*, but they
 (Sir) wanted her no more than t'other;
 Then was she order'd, by her Mother,
 To go to *Courts* and *Palaces*,
 Soon was she entertain'd by these,
 As chief *Lieutenant* to the *Devil*,
 To whom the *Court'ers* all were civil.
 Next to *Her* was *Ingratitude*,
 One that is always very rude;
 Out of a certain *Paste* made up
 Of *Pride* and *Malice* in a Cup,
 New *Devils* she was nimbly Molding,
 'Cause she'd not be to Old beholding.
 But, to be short, the wretched Place,
 Void of all *Goodness*, *Mirth* or *Grace*,
 Eccho'd throughout with *Rage* and *Curses*,
 Worser than that of *Parish Nurses*,
 When chided by an *Overseer*,
 For (like them) doing things not fair.
 Said I then, when I heard them rave,
 And storm so, *what a Devil have*
We here to do, ho! does it in
 This Country, *Curses* Rain, and Sin?
 With that a *Death* hard by my side
 Most angrily to me reply'd,
 Pray what a Devil could I here
 Expect, in such a Nation where
 Do dwell so many *Match-makers*,
Attorneys, common *Barretters*,
 Who're such a damned, wretched Crew,
 That *Hell* their Fellows never knew?

Pray

Pray is there any thing above
 That you (Sir) can more common prove,
 Than hearing *Husbands* in Vexations,
 And *Wives* too making Exclamations;
 Oh! that *damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*
 That paired me with such a Gander:
A Curse upon that Bitch's Thought,
That ever us together brought:
The Pill'ry, and Ten Thousand Gibbets
To boot, and hacking thin as Sippits,
That Pick-pocket Attorney take,
Who did (for his own Int'rest fake)
Advis'd me to this Suit of Law;
He's ruin'd me. But when I saw
 Those wicked Men, or Devils rather,
 I askt what they did here together;
Death on me turn'd a little quick,
 And askt me if my Brains were Sick,
 For Question so Impertinent.
 Said she, (b'ing on the Story bent)
 If there no *Match-makers* should be,
 We should want half this Company
 Of *Skeletons*, and *Desperadoes*,
 As bad as *Negroes* in *Barbadoes*.
Am not I here (indeed it's true)
A Woman's seventh Husband, who
Yet lives in t'other World, and hopes
 (As sure as *Rome* is rul'd by *Popes*)
 To send (Sir) twice as many more
 After me; Faith, the saucy Whore
 Doth brag she'll *Claret* drink, withal
 Sack, at the Fourteenth Funeral.

As

As to the Bus'ness you say well
 (said I) of *Match-makers* in Hell;
 But why so many *Petty-foggers*,
 Who are on Earth such Mischief coppers?
Lawyers, quoth *Death*, must here abide,
 Because it cannot be deny'd,
 But those who Kill by such sure ways,
 As *Cavils*, *Quirks*, *Demurs*, *Delays*,
 Are chief *Supporters* of the Throne,
 Round which immortal Ghosts do Groan.

At these great Words, I rais'd my Eyes,
 And saw what did them both surprize;
 Death seated in a Chair of State,
 On whom some little *Deaths* did wait;
 As th' *Death* of *Love*, *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*,
 And *Laughter*, who did at me leer;
 All with their sev'ral Ensigns, and
 Many Devices in their Hand.

The *Death* of *Love* (without disdain
 I speak) had very little *Train*,
 But yet in Countenance to keep
 Her self, and that she might not Sleep,
 With *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* she
 Did most an end keep Company;
 With *Hero* and *Leander*, who
 Was Drowned as he swam to Woe.

The *Death* of *Cold*, was tended by
 The *Clergy* of the *Papacy*,
 As *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and the like,
 Who ne'er in Matrimony strike,
 So had no Children, Wives; or any
 That for their Persons car'd a Penny.

When

When *Sickness* any of them meets,
They're pillag'd even to their *Sheets*
And *Bedding*, e're a Man can say
Apace his *Pater-noster*. Nay
Most often are they, e're they're laid,
Stript by some greedy Rogue, or Jade
Destroy'd, by those who wish them harm,
For want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

The *Death of Hunger* in a knot
Of pining *Misers*, Sir, was got;
These avaricious, greedy *Hunks*
Were daily cording up of *Trunks*;
Bolting of Windows, Doors, Gates, locking
Up Cellars, Garrets, Closets; knocking
And *nailing down of Trap-doors*; hurrying
About, and Pots of *Money* burying,
Starting, as if they were afraid,
At ev'ry breath of *Wind* they heard.
Their drowsy *Eyes*, for want of *Sleep*,
They hardly in their Heads could keep;
Their *Bellies* and their *Mouths* complaining
Of their *Hands*, for little gaining;
Their *Souls* to *Silver* turn'd, and *Gold*;
The Gods they Love, and most behold.

The *Death of trembling, doubtful Fear*,
Did most magnificent appear
In rich *Attendance*, and a *Train*
Of such that on the Earth did Reign,
As *Tyrants*, and *Usurpers*, who
Upon themselves would Justice do,
For Injuries theyv'e done to others,
Let them be either Foes or Brothers:

Here do their own sore Consciences
Torment them for their Cruelties,
Their publick Crimes avenging, by
Their private Suff'rings ; here they fry
In *Sulphur* ; live in daily anguish,
And with a jealous Fearing languish.

These Apparitions past, then after
Came up the tickling *Death of Laughter*,
Surrounded with a throng of People,
Who were in their Salvation Feeble,
Slow to Repent, and *hasty to*
Believe what would their Souls undo,
Without the *fear of Justice living*,
And without *hope of b'ing forgiven*
Dying. And know that these are they
Wh' in Jest their Debts and Duties pay.
Bid any of them *give a Man*
His right and due, although he can,
His answer is, *You'd make me Dye*
With Laughing at your Foolery.
Tell him, *my Friend*, you're now in Years,
Nothing of Spring in you appears,
For shame your bawdy haunts give o'er,
And think not on a noisome Whore,
This Fellow (says the Wretch) will make
A Man his Heart with Laughing break.
Come, say your Prayers, and bethink
Your self of being on the brink
Of vast Eternity, you have
One Foot already in the Grave,
So high time is it now to fit
Your self for t'other World a bit.

With

*With Laughing you will surely kill me,
 I am as sound as Roach, I tell thee,
 I ne'er was better in my Life,
 Therefore I'll think upon a Wife:
 Others there are, that let a Man
 Advise them truly what he can,
 Upon their Death-beds, even at
 The final Gasp, to send for that
 Or this Divine, or but desire
 To settle, e're they do expire,
 Their Fortunes and Estate, alas!
 They'll cry, must one give what he has
 Away before he's Dead? I've been
 As bad as this before, Sir, seen;
 Wherefore, I hope there's yet no need,
 To think upon the Virgin's Seed.
 These Men for e'er be lost, before
 They know their Danger, and implore
 For Mercy. This sight strangely wrought
 Upon me, to my Conscience brought
 The Marks, and all the gnawing Pains
 Of true Repentance for my Gains.
 Well, said I, since 'tis so that we
 Have but *one Life* (by the Decree
 Of Heav'n) sign'd us, and *so many*
Deaths, ah! without resisting any;
 Ah! *but one way into the World*,
 And *Scores* to drive it from us hurl'd,
 I'll certainly, at my return,
 Take care (before I meet my Urn)
 To Live upright, that I may Dye
 In Peace, to Live eternally.*

These words from Mouth were scarce fled
 When thund'ring Cryer of the Court (out,
 Call'd with loud Voice that fill'd with dread,
The Dead ! the Dead ! appear the Dead !
 And so immediately I saw
 The *Earth* begin to ope' her Maw ;
 For *Heads* and *Arms* first making way,
 Then, by degrees, the Dead, which lay
 There many Years, came out intire,
 Muffled with Night-caps, dawl'd with Mire,
 Ranging themselves in Order, and
 With silence most profound did stand.
 Says *Death*, now speak each in his turn,
 That is ascended from his Urn ;
 And in the instant comes up one
 Of the Deceased (nought but Bone)
 To me, with so much Fury in
 His Face, that if I had but been
 On Earth, I would have given all
 My Teeth. These words did from him fall :
What would these Devils of the World
Be at ? that I, Sirs, must be cull'd
From others, to have Scorns and Jeers
For ever cast about my Ears ?
'Tis hard, that when one's in their Grave,
That he can there no quiet have,
With matters charging him, that 'pon
My Soul, were never by him done ;
Thus basely by you is he used,
But, pray, why is he so abused ?
 (Said I) I do not know your Name,
 Nor who it is you rashly blame.

Quoth

Quoth he, I'm the Unfortunate
Poor Tony, whom the Living hate,
That in his Grave this many Tears
Have lain, but yet it plain appears,
Ye have not Wit enough to make
Companions merry, but must take,
In half of your Discourse, the Name
Of Tony, this makes you to blame.
When any Man the Fool doth play,
Then presently you'll to him say,
He is a Tony. Who was't drew
This idle Piece ? 'tis Tony too.
Sir, such, or such a one, was never
Well taught, he'll be a Blockhead ever :
No, he'd a Tony for his Master ;
All this is Tony's great Disaster.
But let me tell you, by the by,
If any should your Wisdom try,
They'll find you all a Company
Of Tonies in a high degree.
For Instance : Did I ever make
Bad Wills, as you do ? Or, mistake
So much as others, Sir, to crave
To pray for any in his Grave,
That never for himself did pray
In all his Life ? What must I say ?
Did ever I against the Head
Rebel ? Or can't of me be said,
That I so great a Coxcomb were,
As, by my col'ring Cheeks, or Hair,
T' imagine that I could reform
Dame Nature, to escape the Storm

*Of Age ? Or did, Sir, ever I
Put sacred Oaths to cursed Lye ?
A solemn Promise have I broke ?
Or God to damn me e'er invoke ?
Did ever I enslave my self
To Money, or Peruvian Pelf ?
Or with it make, Sir, Ducks and Drakes,
In Stews, or Bacchanalian Lakes ?
In Gaming squand'ring it away,
Till all your Credit did decay.
Did ever my Wife wear the Breeches ?
Or did I ever go to Witches,
To any Wizards, Conjurers,
Or shamming Astrologers,
To know my Fortune ? Did I ever
Delight in lewd Discourses ? Never :
To be reveng'd of an unkind
False Mistress, could you ever find
I ever married at all ;
There's none can me a Blockhead call,
For vent'ring all my hopes upon
Blind Fortune's Wheel, which strange does run.
Whoever saw me insolent
To my Inferiors, impudent,
Or basely servile to my Betters,
As if I were confin'd in Fetters ?
Now, if you really Guilty be
Of all this Vice, and Foppery,
And I as Innocent as the
Poor Babe without Nativity ;
Pray tell me where's the Tony then ?
You see he's with the Living Men.*

While

While we on this Disconrse were gotten,
 Another of the Dead half Rotten,
 Came gently marching up to me,
 With *Spanish* pace, and Gravity,
 Look in my Face (quoth he) and know,
 You are not now to have to do
 With Tony. Then with fault'ring Tongue,
 Said I, to whom do you belong ?
 Pray let me know your Honour, that
 I may know how to use my Hat.
 Quoth he, by Mortals I am called
Queen Dick, and basely by you mauled ;
 A *Fig* for knowing me, or not,
 My Name I'm sure will never rot,
 Pox take you all that wear the Ruff,
 You think, and talk of me enough.
 Upon my Bones you'll quickly be,
 If but a high-crown'd Hat you see,
 A thread-bare Cloak, or dudgeon Dagger,
 With which your very *Coblers* swagger,
 Crying, this thing is of the Mode,
 Or Date of old *Queen Dick*. You Toad,
 If ev'ry Mother's Child of ye
 Were not involv'd in Lunacy,
 Ye would confess (with gen'ral Praise)
 That all *Queen Dicks* were Golden Days,
 To those sad times ye since have had ;
 'Tis easy to prove what I've said.
 Pray will you, without much beseeching,
 Behold a loving Mother, teaching
 A Daughter (she thought Innocent)
 A Lesson of good Government ?

Child (says she) *you know Modesty*
A Vertue in your Sex to be ;
Wherefore, when into Company
You come, besure go not too nigh
The Men ; it is not, Child, your place,
Or, do not stare them in the Face,
As if ye Babies in their Eyes
Were looking, be not so unwise,
But rather downward look a little,
As Fashion suiting Female-mettle. (dam,
Downwards ! (the Girl cry'd) pray, dear Ma-
Excuse me, in the Days of Adam,
Or old Queen Dick, this way was well
Enough, when Maidens they could tell
No better. All the Male-kind may
Look downward, to'ard the moisten'd Clay,
Of which they were Created, but
We were originally cut
Out of the Man ; wherefore, we're wise,
Ever to keep our darting Eyes
Upon the Stuff from whence we came,
And which doth guide us by its Flame.

If Father gives his Son a charge,
To keep in the Creator's Verge,
To say, a Night, and Morning Prayer,
At Meat to muster up a pair
Of Graces, or take care of Swearing,
Ranting, Gaming, Whores, and Tearing.
The Son, who is a hopeful Rake,
You'll hear, shall this same answer make,
'Tis true, that this was practiced
In Queen Dick's time ; but now we're led

To

To newer Modes ; and most Men be
Best known by *Pride* and *Blasphemy*,
(In these sad times of wicked Herds,
That rowl in Sin) than by their Beards.

Hereupon *Queen-dick* withdrew,
And then appeared to my View
A large *Glass-bottle*, in the which
Was luted up, with Clay and Pitch,
As I was told, a *Necromancer*,
In Bulk as big as *Spanish* Prancer,
Hangl'd and minc'd according to
His own Directions, Sir, that so
He might himself Immortal render ;
This Bottle was his Life's Defender :
Boyling it was upon a Fire
Quick, and as I came to it nigher,
The Flesh, that was so torn in twain,
I saw began to piece again ;
And by the vertue of some Charm,
Did make a Leg, a Thigh, and Arm :
At last there raised up a Body,
Which seem'd in shape like Hody-dody.
Bless me, thought I, what's here ? a Man
Of *Pottage* made, and I began,
With wonder, to look on the Bottle,
An Hundred times as big as Pottle.
This Vision to the very Heart
Did fright me, and I fear'd his *Art* ;
But while I trembling stood, indeed
A Voice did from the Glass proceed ;
In what Year of our Lord are we ?
In Sixteen Hundred Thirty-three,

Quoth

Quoth I. *And welcome now*, said he,
For 'tis the Year I've long'd to see,
This many a day. But then, quoth I,
Who is it, pray ye, I espy,
Encompass'd with these brittle Walls,
That strenuously upon me calls ?
Oh ! Friend, quoth he, I am the Man, Sir,
Call'd *Europe's* mighty *Necromancer*.
Quoth I, I've heard great talk of you
Long while ago, but yet as true
I held not all those Stories, which
Were told by People Poor and Rich:
The *Necromancer* call'd to me,
T'unstop the Bottle presently,
And as to open it I tryed,
Hold, hold a little, Sir, he cryed ;
E're I come out from hence again,
Pray tell me how goes Squares in *Spain* ?
What Money ? Force ? and Credit, Sir ?
Said I, the *Plate-Fleets* often stir
Abroad, and reasonably well
Return again ; yet News I'll tell,
The *Genouesses* run (like Fountains)
As far as the *Potosi* Mountains,
And, Sir, have almost drain'd them dry,
Bad Tidings for our Monarchy.
My Child, quoth he, that Trade can never
Be safe and free, so long as ever
Proud *Spain* has any Enemy
That's strong and powerful at Sea ;
The greatness of which sinful State,
I really for their Vices hate,

Rather

Rather (I do confess) than see
 These Rascals in Prosperity,
 I car'd not if my Days with *Pox*
 Were spent, or in *Tobacco-box*.
 Good Sir, said I, your Vitals chear,
 For they as miserable are
 As you would wish them. Without doubt,
 You know that all the Realm throughout
 Already are great *Cavaliers*
 And *Signiors*, but upon their Ears
 They have an Itch which on 'em brings
 A craving longing to be *Kings*:
 A Vanity that, like the *Cancer*,
 Gnaws them, good Master *Necromancer*.
 And then the Devil's in them all
 For Wenches, whom they tare and hale
 So much, that they can hardly bring
 Both ends together with a String;
 For what upon the *Change* is got,
 Is spent in Stews by ev'ry Sot.

This News which you do bring to Light
 Is (quoth the *Necromancer*) right.
 Pray tell me now, what Prices bear
 Right *Honesty* and *Honour*, where
 You came from? There is much to be
 Spoke (quoth I) on that Point by me;
 In short, ne'er was by ev'ry *Sett*,
 More talk of it, less in effect.
 Upon my *Honesty* doth cry
 The carping *Tradesman*; upon my
 Great *Honour* says his Lordship; and
 The *Thief*, with Pistol in his Hand,
 Says,

Says, it's more *Honourable* to
 Take Purse, than *beg* as Cowards do.
 He that asks an *Alms*, will tell,
 'Tis *Honest* to *beg* than Steal.
 To say the truth, in t'other World
 All things are *topsie turvie* hurl'd.
 In *Lying* a good *Faculty*,
 A fair step will to *rising* be ;
 To pack a Game at *Cards*, or cog
 A *Dice* unseen, as in a Fog,
 Is now become the *mark* and *glory*
 Of *Cavaliers*, O, wretched Story !
 Yet this I'll say, the *Spaniards* be
 All given to *Sobriety*,
 When they at their own Tables eat,
 Which *moderation* at their Meat,
 Is rather *Avarice* ; for, when
 They at the cost of other Men
 Do Eat or Drink, no greater Gluttons
 Are in the World for Beefs or Muttons ;
 And for true Fudling, understand,
 They'll make the best in *Switzerland*,
 Or *Dutchman*, under Table knock,
 And lye as Dead as lifeless Block.
 The *Necromancer* askt me next,
 How *Spain* was at the present vext,
 By *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* ? I
 Reply'd, the World swarm'd with that Fry,
 So much that People, ev'ry Day,
 For the *Egyptian Locusts* pray,
 And *Caterpillars* in the lieu
 Of *Vermine* that will all undo.

Why,

Why, quoth the *Necromancer*, then,
If Plagues so many Rain on Men,
And all the World is grown a sham,
I think I'd best keep where I am.
Said I, it is with *Justice* as
With *Sick-men* ; for, Sir, when there was
As once, a lesser Tribe of *Proctors*,
As well as medicinal *Doctors*,
More *Right* we had, and much more *Health*,
Which mightily did save our *Wealth*.
But now the Earth is much annoy'd,
By *Multitudes*, and half destroy'd
With *Consultations*, which inflame
(To *Honesty's* eternal Shame)
Both the *Distemper*, and the Reck'ning ;
They're always to our Ruin beck'ning.
Justice, as well as *Truth*, went Naked
Ith' Days of Old, by none forsaked ;
One single *Book* of wholesome *Laws*
Was then enough to try a Cause.
But, ah ! the *Justice* of our Age
Is not so good, nor half so sage,
'Tis trickt up now with *Writs*, and *Bills*,
Parchments, and counterfeited *Wills*,
Labels ; and furnished with Loads
Of *Pandects*, *Digests*, *Pleadings*, *Codes*,
Large *Glosses*, *Judgments*, long *Reports*,
And *Comment'ries* of divers sorts ;
Which for a *wrangling Science* serve,
And teach how they may *Justice* starve.
It plainly to the World appears,
We've had in these last Twenty Years

All

All sorts of Books, Sir, publish'd more
Than in a Thousand Years before.
And now the Strife which doth infest
Mankind, is who writes *most*, not *best* ;
So that, to speak the Truth, the whole
Bulk is a Body without Soul,
And fitter for a *Church-yard*, than
The *Study* of a Learned Man.
In fine, if there no *Lawyers* were,
No *Suits* nor *Cheats* would plague us here ;
No *Serjeants*, *Bailiffs*, *Goals*, or *Fees*,
Would give our Pockets a Disease,
We should not vexed be with *Judges*,
Whose Brib'ry makes them Satan's Drudges.
See now, Sir, what a mighty Train
Of Mischiefs a poor Man may drain
From a base, wicked *Lawyer*, who
Damnation headlong doth pursue :
If you to him for Counsel go,
He says your Case is so and so :
But what the Law says to it, we
For Satisfaction soon will see.
Then runs he over with his Eye,
And Fingers, about Seventy
Large Volumes, grumbling all the while
Betwixt a frowne and a Smile :
At last the Book comes down, he shows
The Law that's to knock down his Foes ;
But then he must not, Sir, desist
From greasing of his bawdy Fist ;
For Gold's the best thing held to be,
Both for his Wit and Memory.

Say't

Say'st thou me so ? (the Fellow cry'd,
That in the Bottle did abide)
Pray, dear Sir, as thou lov'st me then,
Stop me up quickly, close agen ;
For blasts of Air, blow'd by these Fellows,
(As big as if from *Vulcan's* Bellows)
Will poyson me, if ever I
Out of this Bottle, by the by,
Should peep, till the whole Race of them
B'extinct : Mean time, do not contemn
The Rule ; *The Man that would endeavour*
To spoil his Enemy for ever,
The Adversary's Council he
(Besides his own) *with Gold must Fee.*

But now ye talk of Cheats ; what News
Of the *Venetians*, who the Stews
Resort to more than Church ? still, ho,
Is *Venice* in the World, or no ?
Yes, marry is't, said I, and stands
Just where it did, by Fenny Lands.
Then, quoth he, if you'll be so civil,
I prithee give it to the Devil,
From me, Sir, as a special Token
Of my pure Love ; it was bespoken
By him, upon their great *Exchange*,
As equal to the worst Revenge.
Nothing but Conscience can destroy
That damn'd Republick, or annoy
Them ; then 'tis like to be, you'll say,
Long-liv'd, and never will decay ;
For if all Men had but their own,
Not worth a *Groat* would be the Town.

Venice

Venice (the Womb of Villanies,
 The drain and sink of *Monarchies*,
 In *War* and *Peace*) doth help the *Turk*
 To vex the *Christians*; then they work
 To please the *Christians*, whom they call
 Sometimes the conqu'ring *Turk* to gall;
 And thus this *Common-wealth* maintains
 It self, by plaguing both for Gains.
 Th' *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors*,
 Nor *Christians*, but are worse than *Boors*;
 As 'pears by Words, Sir, which did flounce
 From a *Venetian* Captain once,
 In Combat 'gainst an *Enemy*,
 Which *Christian* was; stand to't, says he,
Ye were Venetians all, before
Ye Christians were, that love a Whore.

Enough, enough of this, cry'd he
 And further added, tell (Sir) me,
 How People now affected stand?
 What *Mutineers* are in the Land?
 I told him then, that *Mutiny*
 Did swift to ev'ry Kingdom fly,
 Was grown to such a sad Disease,
 That nothing can the People please.
 For me there is no stirring then,
 The *Necromancer* said, but when
 You do return, pray tell, Sir, them
 Who Goodness ever do contemn,
 And never better are than Mad,
 That there's *Ambition* in the *Pad*.
Kings, Princes, Dukes, and others such,
 Have all the Nature very much

Of Quick-silver. They're always in
Perpetual Agitation seen ;
For all that their Condition knows,
Finds them to be without *Repose*.

The Bottled Man thus spoke again,
Pray, who (Sir) now is King of Spain?
Phillip the Fourth, I told him: Then
(Says he) let me come out agen ;
If it be so, once more I'll try
My Fortune, in that Monarchy
Under that Glorious Prince. And strait
He dasht the Glass against the Gate,
Crept out of it, and nimbly ran
Away ; but pale he was and wan.

I staid, and what next should I see,
But such a Sight which frighten'd me ;
A Man that was most word'rous Old,
In Countenance most Stern and Bold,
Whose Name might, by his *Head*, have been
Bucephalus ; upon his Chin,
And rugged Face, was *Hair* enough
Three Cushions, nay Three more, to stuff.
He coming up to me, says, Friend,
An Ear to hear me quickly lend,
My Spirit tells me you're in Pain
To know who I am ; pray disdain
Me not, for understand, my Name
Is the thrice Noble *Nostradame*.

Are you the Author then, quoth I,
Of all those *Lyes* which *Hawkers* cry ?
That *Gallimaufry* of unwise,
Dull, and insipid *Prophecies*,

That's publisht in thy Name? Dost know
 (Says he) on whom it is you throw
 Affronts? what *Gallimaufry*, say't
 Thou? impudent and barb'rous Beast;
 Rascal that thou art, to despise
 Th' Interpreter of *Destinies*;
 What Man, though always in the Pouts,
 The following *Tetrastick* doubts?
 "From Second Causes this I gather,
 "Either upon the Land or Water,
 "Nought shall befall us, Good or Ill,
 "But what the great Disposer will.
 This Prophecy, was it but well
 Observ'd, it would keep some from Hell,
 Men would no longer set their Hearts
 On Av'rice then, or learn the Arts
 Of Coz'ning and Extortion; and
 For God, grasp Money in their Hand;
 That Vagabond call'd Money! which
 Continually trots to the Rich,
 Like wand'ring Strumpet of the Town;
 But never trots it up and down
 To *Prophets*, sage *Philosophers*,
 And such as gaze upon the Stars.
 It leaves them, Pilgrim-like, to travel,
 Bare-footed in the stony Gravel.
 But with our *Prophecies* (good Spark)
 Let's go on, which you say are dark,
 And see if they're so frivolous,
 As People do report to us.
 "Know, when the Married shall Marry,
 "They in the matter don't Miscarry,
 "And

" And tho' some Fools they will be talking;
 " Only to keep their Tongues a walking;
 " No Man runs well, Sir, as I find,
 " But with his Elbows both behind.

This gave me such a laughing Fit,
 That violent *Looseness* came of it :
 Which made th' *Astrologer* stark Mad,
 Quoth he, thou Villain, Rascal sad,
 There is a Bone for you to pick,
 Thou Son of old infernal *Nick*.
 Now will you with a careful Ear,
 The Sense of this Prediction hear ?
 The Man that laughs, they say, is winning,
 But let me not, Whelp, have your grinning;
 Unless you really have a mind
 To leave your formal Beard behind.
 Do you imagine all that are
 Now *Marry'd*, *Marry* ? No, 'tis rare.
 Note this, when *Married* thou art,
 The Priest has done by you his part ;
 After, to *Marry*, is (I tell)
 To do a *Husband's* Duty well.
 Here's one half of my Prophecy,
 The other I will presently
 Expound. First, Sir, I have a mind
 To know if any Men *behind*
 Or 'fore their Elbows both do carry,
 By see'ng you run so, do not tarry.
 This thing you'll say is known by us,
 Perhaps, therefore Rediculous.
 A pleasant Shift, I say, again,
 As if Truth's worse for being plain:

*But yet this gen'ral Rule, Sir, know,
Without exception does not go.*

For does not the *Physician*, when
He visits Women Sick, or Men,
His *Elbow* carry right *before* him,
As Patients (who need not implore him)
Do give him Money ; which his Rake
Doth very often backwards take.

Away he's gone then in a trice,
Before you'll say once, twice, and thrice,
But, to proceed, I'll tell to you
Another Prophecy that's true :

" Know, many Women shall be Mothers,
" Whose Mates shall keep the Bearn of *others*

What say you to this four Drink ?

Ar'n't there some *Husbands*, do ye think,
In ev'ry Village, City, Town,
That Father more than is *their own* ?

Ah ! ever since the World began,
So false has Woman been to Man,
He needs Security (I tell ye)
That's good upon a Woman's Belly ;
For, for their Vertue (which is brave)
Their own bare Words ye only have.

You little think how many fine
Folks that in Gold and Silver shine,
Keep Lackies and in Wealth abound,
Will at the last Day (Sir) be found
Got only in Iniquity ;

For they will only prove to be
Bastards of *Gentlemen-Ushers*, Pages,
On Ladies got in *Cupid's* Rages,

Who

Who sometimes do so much abuse
 Their Lords as *Coachman* too, to use.
 Upon which grand Discovery,
 Most Noble Families will be
 Found, (Sir) for want of Issue, quite
 Extinct. Here's one more for you right.
 "This Year, if I have Skill i'th' Weather,
 "Shall many take Wing with a Feather.
 You'll think I'm talking now of *Daws*,
 And *Rooks*, but I say, No. The *Laws*
 Corrupters, such as *Scriv'ners*, *Clerks*,
Attorneys, and of other Sparks
 I speak, who with a dash of Pen,
 Fly with th' Estates of other Men
 Away ; with *Quills* they do defeat
 Their *Clients*, and the *Honest* Cheat.

Upon these Words old *Nostradamus*
 Vanish'd in Clouds of Smoak and Flame,
 And turning round to view the Place,
 Upon a Wretch I turn'd my Face,
 Whose being cover'd all in White,
 His meagre Look did me affright,
 For Pity's sake (says he) if you
 Presume to be a *Christian*, do
 But only (Sir) deliver me
 From the continual Tyranny
 Of the *Impertinents* and *Babblers*,
 Who in their Writings are such *Squabblers*,
 That they torment me Day and Night ;
 This Boon a poor distressed Wight
 Doth, at your Feet, most humbly crave,
 For which I'll ever be your Slave.

Quoth I, and what art thou ? Says he,
I am a Man of Honesty,
Although Defamed very much
With Lies and Slaunders, Sir, by such
Who call me *some Body*, to smother
Mischiefs ; and some call me *Another*.
As sure as *Paris* judg'd in *Idam*,
The *Latins* all do call me *Quidam*,
Which giving me so many flaps,
Doth fill up Lines, and stop their Gaps.
When tatling Ideots do pretend
Their *Brawls* and *Quarrels* to defend,
A certain Person I am called ;
In their *Intrigues* ; I thus am mauled,
I know not who ; but such as pray
For Gold, will in the *Pulpit* say,
A certain Author ; thus my Name
Is made a stop-gap to their Shame,
Their Folly's all laid at my Door ;
Wherefore, I heartily implore
That you'll, when you go back again,
Tell all the World, I do disdain
What is upon me put, for I
By Tongue will never justify,
Or Pen, what they of me Report,
For on my Word I hate the Sport.
I promis'd what he crav'd to do,
And then the Wretch from me withdrew.
Then up towards me nodding came
A Woman, void of Grace and Shame,
In a most frightful, ugly Shape,
Yet from her I could not escape.

In

In a low, hollow, rattling Tone,
 Pray ye, says she, *is there not one*
From t'other World come lately hither?
 She look'd as dark as gloomy Weather,
 Her *Cheeks*, and *Soles* too of her Feet,
 Did in the same Complexion meet;
 Her *Eyes* were in their *Sockets* sunk;
 And reel'd as if she had been Drunk;
 Her *Month* was *Pale*, and open too,
 The better to receive the *Dem*,
 Which from her *Nose* distill'd; her *Chin*
 Did favour *Mother Shipton* in
 The make; the *Cheek-flaps* of the Hag
 Hung dangling like a *Monkey's Bag*;
 Her *Head* danc'd *Maggots*, and her *Voice*
 Kept time to't; to be short, her *Choice*
 I see on *Shroud of Crape* did pitch,
 And tight in it was wrapt the *Witch*.
 A *Crutch* in one *Hand* she had got,
 Which served to support this *Pot*
 Of *Horror*; in the other she
 Had got a simple *Rosary*,
 Of such a length, that as she stooped,
 Towards a small *Tub Iron-hooped*,
 One would have thought she'd *Fishing* been
 For *Deaths-heads*, which she there had seen.
 When I'd on this *Epitome*
 Of *Ages past* some two or three,
 Done gaping; *Hola! Gramam!* I
 Did in her *Ear* cry lustily,
 Taking for granted, that she might
 Be *Deaf*, then askt this *Sketch of Night*,

What made her after me to hunt,
 With that she gave a lazy grunt,
 And being much in Wrath to be
 Call'd *Grannam*, although Ninety-three,
 Clapt Spectacles upon her Nose,
 And pinking through them, fiercely throws
 Her Words about ; I am (quoth she)
 Not *Deaf*, nor *Grannam* ; but may be
 Call'd by my Name, as well as those
 Who scarce have got a Rag of Cloaths.
 I Mercy cry'd for what did pass,
 And begg'd she'd tell me what she was,
 That after I might not neglect
 To keep in bounds of due Respect:
 Some me (says she) *Donegna* call,
 But *Gouvernante* most of all.
 I asked strait what Bus'ness she
 Had in this place of Misery.
 Then did she kindly to me tell,
 She'd been *Eight Hundred Years in Hell*,
 On a design t' erect an Order
 Of us in the Infernal Border,
 But the *Right Worshipful the Devil-*
Commissioners, a'n't yet so civil,
 As to resolve upon the Point.
 For, say they, quickly out of joynt
 Would be our Noses, if this Mettle
 Of *Gouvernantes* here should settle:
 No other Torments would there need,
 Besides this damn'd infected Breed,
 When once they're of this Kingdom free,
Jacks out of Office we should be.

Besides,

Besides, we should perpetually
 At *Swords* and *Daggers* drawing be,
 About the *Brands*, and *Candle-ends*,
 Which would be filched by these Fiends.
 I've been in *Purgatory* too,
 Said she, on the same Project, who
 By them no sooner was espyed
 But they unanimously cried,
 Like wretched, poor, tormented Souls,
 In hid'ous, lamentable Howls,
Libera nos, et cetera.
 But as for *Heaven* (Sir) they say,
 For filthy Sin it is no Place,
 So none for me that wanteth Grace.
 The *Dead* have likewise at me grumbled,
 And bid me go from whence I tumbled,
 And there the *Gouvernante* may
 In *Sæcla Saculorum* play.
 But truly this did me displease,
 I'd rather here be at my ease,
 Than spend again an ancient Life,
 Crumpling and Brooding (too in Strife)
 Upon a Carpet by a Bed,
 To keep from being Ravished,
 The Poultry of the Family,
 By strange Cocks, which may wanton be,
 Which now and then to have a brush,
 Would on a Virgin Pullet rush,
 But for the *Gouvernante's* care,
 Who in their Places watchful are.
 And yet, good Woman, it is she
 Bears all the Blame, in case there be

A small Miscarriage; of the Plot
 The *Gouvernante* must be got,
 A feeling in the Cause she had,
 A Finger in the Pye, be-gad.
 The *Servants* on us look as *Spyes*,
 Tell-Tales, and *Engineers* for Lyes:
 My Cousin, and the others *Annts*,
 Because the *Gouvernante* taunts
 At them, dare not come to the House,
 They are as fearful as a Mouse.
 So that I've rather chosen now
 To take my Lodging here below,
 Betwixt the *Living*, and the *Dead*,
 Than to return to get my Bread,
 By a *Donegna's* Place, a Name
 That brings upon the *Gibber* shame.
 Now see you how we are misused,
 And by the other World abused,
 Wherefore I beg you'll do us right,
 Whenever you resume the Light.

She would have talkt me quite to Death,
 If I'd not (after taking Breath)
 Gave her the slip; but yet (Sir) I
 Could not 'scape worser Company,
 For looking round on ev'ry side,
 To find me out a skilful Guide
 To carry me to Earth again,
 I was arrested on a *Plain*,
 By one of the invet'rate *Dead*;
 A proper Man, who'd on his Head
 A pair of *Rams-horns*, wherefore I
 Took him for *Aries* in the Sky:

But

But when I saw the Fellow place
His Carcass just before my Face,
Putting his *best Leg* forward, and
(Sir) stretching out a clutched Hand,
Looking as eager as if he
Would at a Bit have *eaten* me ;
Doubtless, (said I) *the Devil's Dead*,
And this is he with *Acteon's Head*.
No, no, (Sir) a By-stander cry'd,
This is a *Man* without a Hide :
Why then (said I) he's drunk with *Mum*,
And in his Liquor Quarrellsome ;
For no Body has touch'd him here.
Like Man then, without Wit or Fear,
For saying so, he was about,
In cruel Wrath, to thrash my Coat ;
Upon my Guard I strictly stood,
In all points arm'd like him for Blood,
Only he in the Head-piece had
Some odds, which might have proved bad.
Have at ye, Sirrah, now (says he)
Base Slave, and Rascal that you be,
For your defaming Men of Note,
It is but just to cut your Throat.
By th' *Death* that here Commands, I'll have
Revenge, it is revenge I crave ;
Over your Ears I'll turn your Skin ;
To Murder you it is no Sin-
This saucy Language turn'd my Choler,
I waxt as pale as Silver Dollar ;
And so I call'd to him, *Come, come*
On, Sirrah, and I'll give you some

Such

Such rubs, that if you'd be kill'd twice,
 I'll do your business in a trice;
 Who brought this cross *Cornuto* here
 To trouble me ? Which word his Ear
 No sooner reach'd, but Tooth and Nail
 We at it were, beside a Rail :
 And if his Horns had not been Flatted,
 Perhaps my Head he might ha' Slatted.
 But strait, to part us both came in
 The Ring, or else I'd worsted bin.
 For my Antagonist, a Fork
 Had got, with which they take up Pork
 Or Beef that's boyling ; I had none,
 So for the present we had done.
 As they were *Slaving* all and *Toyling*,
 And in the enterprize not failing ;
 You might (*cry'd one*) have had more manners,
 Than to abuse one by his Banners,
 In calling *Don Diego Moren*
Cuckold ; and *Cuckold* o're agen.
 Said I, is this then that *Diego*
 Which is prefixed to *Moreno* ?
 A Scoundrel is he, and 'twill be,
 For *Death*, if seen in's Company,
 A shame. Quoth *Don Diego* then,
 Upon the Matter (Gentlemen)
 I do not stand, of being made
 A Cuckold ; it's a Gainful Trade :
 Besides, brave Fellows I do know,
 That now do Live in *Cuckolds-Row*.
 But why does he not others Name,
 As well as me ? This Merits Blame,
 Never

Never could Man more free (Sir) be,
 Than I was from all Jealousie;
 Or be more careful, when my *Bride*,
 Was visited, to step aside:
 For sport I'd never spoil, when I
 Could make none. But to Poverty
 I must confess, I was no friend,
 But then this fault I did amend;
 For in Requital, I outsnor'd,
 Whilst my dear Wife, with rich ones whor'd,
 The seven Sleepers. We agreed
 Together blessedly, indeed:
 For whatsoever she would ask
 Me to perform, I did the Task:
 Ah! She would say a Thousand times,
Long live my Dear, that loves my crimes:
The most complaisant Husband in
The World, for he winks at my Sin:
Whatever ill I do perform,
He doth not frown, or at me storm,
That I am pleased he is glad,
He says not to me, good or bad.
 But by her leave, tho she has say'd it,
 Yet that was little to my Credit:
 For many times the Whoring jade
 Knows, *This is well, That's ill*, I've said.
 When to our House a Poet came,
 Or Fiddlers to make there some game,
 I'd say, *that is not well.* But when
 There Merchants came, or Richer Men,
 Oh good, I'd say, this pleaseth me,
This is as well, as well can be.

Now

Now in all this, what hurt was there?
 Why should this *Poetaster* dare,
 A scandal on my Name to raise,
 In all his *Interludes* and *Plays*?
 Quoth I, now by your favour we
 On even Terms (Fool) cannot be;
 And you shall know, before we part,
 What 'tis to urge a *Poet's* Heart.
 If thou had'st now but Mortal Breath,
 I'd quickly write thee unto *Death*:
 But yet thou saucy *Vertue* hater,
 The Hist'ry of thy Life in *Satyr*,
 As sharp as *Vinegar*, I'll Write,
 Which shall thy Fame, severely Bite.
 It shall go hard, but I'll (quoth he)
 Prevent that shameful Injurie.
 So to it, *Hand* and *Foot*, we fell
 Again; fought *Dog*, fought *Bear*, until
 I who in downy Bed lay Naked,
 Was by this scuffling fancy Waked,
 I then, began t' reflect upon,
 The Vision, which was past and gone:
 And to consider, what good use
 A Man might from the same produce:
 For all the *Dead*, they are past *Fooling*,
 And that is held the soundest *Schooling*,
 Which we receive from such as do,
 Advise with Love and Wisdom too.

The End of the Second Vision.

THE
THIRD VISION
OF

The Last Judgment.

AS I was Reading a Discourse
Of *Nature's*, and the *World's* Divorce,
Which is to come, a heavy Sleep,
Whilst poring o'er the Book, did creep
Upon me, in the which I dreamed,
Of the *last Judgment*, as it seemed.

Methought, I saw (in very Truth)
Tow'ring amidst the Air, a Youth,
Sounding a Trumpet, very Shrill;
It's Sound the Universe did fill,
With so much Noise, that I perceived,
(Or else the like I'd not believed)
The very *Marbles*, and the *Dead*,
Obey'd his Call with fear and dread;
For in the self same Moment, all
The Mass of this Terrestrial Ball
Began to open, and set free,
The Bones which went immediately
To seek their Fellows. Sir, the first
That made Appearance from the Dust,
Were *Swordsmen*, as *Lieutenants*, *Corners*,
Captains, that sometimes Pawn their *Gorgetts*,
Generals

Generals of Armies, Admirals,
And wretched *private Centinels* ;
Who thinking that a Charge had founded,
Or were by Enemies surrounded,
Did briskly from their Graves arise,
That none might take them by surprize.
The *Misers* (who are for dissembling)
Put out their Heads, all Pale and Trembling,
For fear they should be cut asunder,
And leave their Gold behind for *Plunder*.
The *Cavileers*, and good old *Fellows*,
That sing *old Rose*, and burn the *Bellows*,
Believ'd that they were going to
A *Horse-Race*, as they us'd to do,
Or *Hunting-Match*. In fine, altho
They, each one, heard the *Trumpet* blow,
Yet was there not a Creature knew
The meaning of't : For by the view
Of all their Gestures, and their Looks,
Their Thoughts I read as plain as Books.
After this, there appeared Shoals
Of many sev'ral sorts of *Souls*,
Some thick and short like *Hoddy Doddies*,
With Horror came up to their Bodies ;
At Distance others in a Fright,
Stood wond'ring at so sad a Sight.
An Arm this wanted, that an Eye,
T'other a Head, and that a Thigh,
Which Parts by God (of all adored)
To the right Owner was restored.
Then in a *Church-yard* did I Dream
My Self ; and there methoughts did seem
Divers,

Divers, that loth were to appear,
For changing Heads ; they shook with fear ;
An *Attorney* there, could scarce be stirred,
For he, Forsooth, would have demurred,
Upon pretence, he'd got a Soul,
Was none of his ; the Purbblind Owl,
Swore that his Soul and Body were
Not Fellows, and they did not fair.

At length, when for a certain, they
Did know, this was the *Judgment-day* ;
It was worth while t' observe, what scuffling
There was, with shifting too, and shuffling
Among the Wicked. The *Epicure*,
And *Whoremaster*, could not endure
To own their Eyes ; nor the *Slanderer*
His *Tongue* ; because at this sad Bar,
They should not give in Evidence
Against them, in the least Offence.
The *Pick-Pockets* did run away,
As fast as Night from *Summer's-day*,
From their own *Fingers*. There was one,
That still had Flesh upon the Bone,
Who had in *Egypt* been Embalmed,
Raging alive, (but now becalmed)
With horrid gnauing of the *Gripes*,
So now was staying for his *Tripes* ;
An *Us'rer* askt him, if the Bags
(Whose filling made some go in Rags)
Must with their Rotten *Bodies* rise ?
Which made me Laugh, and then my Eyes
Behold great numbers of *Cut-Purses*,
Running full speed, with Oaths and Curses,

From their own *Ears* Sir, which were proffer'd
 Them all again, but what was offer'd ;
 They did refuse, for very fear,
 Of Tales, that they should with 'em hear.
 But whilst this Running fight I saw,
 An Out-cry was, *Withdraw, Withdraw.*
 The word no sooner pierc'd my Ear,
 But handsome Ladies did appear,
 Who call'd me *Clown*, because I showed
 Them no Respect, nor to them *Bowed.*
 For all the *Women*, you must know,
 Upon their Pantofles below,
 In Hell it self, do always stand,
 And strive, to have the Upper-hand.
 At first they frolick seem'd, and gay ;
 And pleas'd were to dance the *Hay*,
 And likewise to be Naked seen,
 Being *well made*, in Skin that's *clean.*
 But when they came to understand
 Th' *accounting day* was then at hand,
 Their Consciences took Check, and all
 Their Mirth did in a Moment fall :
 One Wretch there was among this *Leaven*,
 Who had, whilst Living, *Husbands Seven*,
 And promis'd each of them, she'd ever
 Live single, for (Sir) she could never
 Love any thing beside ; she swore,
 No Man she ever could endure :
 This *Dance*, was looking round about,
 For sev'ral Fetches to get out,
 From this most intricate, sad nooze,
 But nothing could her Lies excuse.

Another

The Last Judgment.

79

Another that had always been
As common, in all carnal Sin,
As *Ratcliff-high-way*, neither wou'd
By fair means, *lead, nor drive*, but stood
Humming and hawing a good while,
Pretending (that she might Beguile
The Devil) she had really quite
Forgot her *Night-geer*, but in spite
Of shifting, she was brought at last
Where sentence there on Mortals past;
A World of her acquaintance there
She found, who thro' her *Whoredoms*, were
Sent part of their *Curst* way to Hell;
But seeing her, they joyntly fell
A *pointing*, and a *hooting*, so;
That she took up her heels, to go
And herd among a noisy Troop
Of *Sergeants*, fed with *Brimstone Soop*.

Next saw I, People Lean and Lank,
Driving along a River Bank,
An Old *Physician*; whom he had
Dispatcht, before they were so bad,
As to have really dy'd with that
Disease, which had pull'd down their Fat.
They follow'd him, with Dismal Cries
Of *Justice*, which alarm'd the Skies,
And forc'd him on toward the Place,
Where judg'd was all *Adam's Race*.
I heard, methought, a little after
This rout, a *Padling* in the Water,
Like that in *Bafon*, when one's *Trimming*,
Or rather, if one had been *Swimming*;

And what should this be, but a *Judge*,
 (W ho'd been on Earth, to Sin a Drudge ;)
 Got in the middle of a River,
 Where he did gnash his Teeth, and shiver,
 Washing, and rinsing o're and o're
 His hands, and sometimes would he roar.
 I askt him what he meant by it ;
 He said, he fear'd the *Flaming Pit*,
Because he'd in his life time been,
So very often dawbed in
The Fist, to make the bus'ness slip
The better, which doth make me dip
 My hands in here, to see if I
 Can get the Grease out, with the Dye,
 Before the time doth run so far,
 Of holding one up at the Bar.
 There follow'd next a Multitude
 Of *Vintners* (Sir) and *Taylors* Lewd,
 Under the guard of such a *Legion*
 Of Devils, which did fill a *Region*
 Of the wide circumvolving Air ;
 With *Rods* and *Whips* they Armed were
 These made as if they could not hear,
 And loth to leave their Graves they were;
 Some of them, under *Coffins* dodging,
 For fear of finding worser Lodging.
 As they were passing on, up started
 A little *Lawyer*, much faint hearted,
 And to the Devils humbly bowing,
 He asked whether they were going ?
 They answer'd, looking grim as *Turks* ;
 To give accompt of all their Works.

With

With that, the *Lamyer* full of Pain,
 Threw him Flat, in his Hole again :
 If I must downwards go (did say)
 I'm thus far onward of my way :
 A *Vintner*, as he walkt did sweat,
 Till he was all (Sir) ringing Wet ;
 That's well done, cry'd a Monst'rous Devil,
 Just at his Elbow, it is Civil,
 To Purge thy water out, in time,
 That we may have none in our Wine.
 A *Taylor* there, in *Sarcenet* drest,
 Croock'd-Finger'd, Baker-leg'd, at best
 A meer *Décripit*, all the way
 He went to Hell, did nothing say,
 But, ah ! Alas ! A *Taylor* can't
 (Sir) be a *Thief*, that dies for want
 Of Bread : Which his Companions made,
 For thus discrediting his Trade,
 To fume in mighty Passion. Then
 Appear'd a *Band of High-way-men*,
 In Jealousy and great Distrust, (thrust
 Of Thieves among themselves. They're
 By some of the infernal *Taylors*,
 Among the Herd of Thieving *Taylors*;
 For (said one of the Company)
 Your *High-way-man*, we count to be,
 A sort of *Wild Taylor*. At first (*Curst*;
 They *Damn'd*, and *Sink'd*, and Swore, and
 Being *Quartelsome*, but in the end
 It was, *you're kindly welcome Friend*,
 For Peace, than Brawls, they choos'd rather,
 And Kennel'd quietly together.

Then after these came *Folly*, with
 Her gang of *Poets* out of breath,
 With *Fidlers*, *Fencers*, and great *Lovers*,
 That aim to be your *Women Drovers* :
 The Folk of all the World, that dream
 The least of God, for them no Theme ;
 These were disposed all, among
 The *Jews*, the *Scribes*, and *Hangmen's* throng.
 Many *Solicitors* were there,
 Wondring among themselves, what care
 They had of Conscience, being *Dead*,
 And did not it, whilst *Living* dread.
 In fine, the awful Word was given,
Silence, by some great Voice in Heaven:
 The *Throne* being then erected, and
 The *Day* (wherein Grief drown'd the Land)
 Was come : The *Sun* and *Stars* did wait
 With dazzling splendor all in State
 Upon the Footstool ; still the *Wind*
 Was ; quiet did the *Water* bind,
 The *Earth* in anguish, and suspense,
 For fear her *Children's* weak defence,
 Would scarce avail them : and in fine,
 Disorder most confus'd did twine,
 To th' whole Creation. All the *Just*,
 Unto their *Righeousness* did trust :
 Th' Ungodly, chiefly were *Conniving*,
 And helpless shifts were all contriving,
 The *Guardian Angels* were at hand,
 T' acquit themselves of the Command,
 In their Commissions. Opposite
 The greedy *Devils* stood in sight,
 Hunting

Hunting for Matters that might make
Them all be hurry'd to the Lake,
The *Dec'logue* at a *Narrow Gate*
Kept Guard, which was so very strait,
That the most Mortified Soul
(Which did in Earth its Sins Condole)
Cou'd not pass it, but squeezing in,
Must leave behind part of his Skin.

On one hand there were running Races,
Misfortunes, Grievs, Plagues, and Disgraces;
In Clamour all 'gainst a *Physician*,
Who really was no *Polititian*.

The *Plague* indeed, confest that she
Had struck some with a *Maladie*,
But 'twas the *Doctor* that did do
Them Mischief, and destroy'd them too.

Disgrace and *Melancholly* said
The like; and all *Misfortunes* made
A protestation that they never,
To their best knowledge, did endeavour,
To send a Man unto his Grave,
Before they had a *Doctor's* leave.

The *Gentlemen of the Faculty*,
Were to accompt call'd present ly, (places
For those they'd Kill'd. They took their
Upon a Scaffold, rais'd some paces
Seven or Eight, and as I think,
With *Guildd* Paper, Pen, and Ink,
About them; and still as the Dead (dread)
Were call'd (which made their hearts to
Some one or other of the same,
Would Mumbling answer to the Name,

The

The Year declaring, and the Day
 When such a Patient went away,
 In haste with his *quietus est*,
 Thrô th' Hands of a *Quack-salving* Beast.
 Th' Inquiry they began at *Adam*,
 Who was (with *Eve* the World's first Madam)
 Methought, severely us'd about
 An *Apple*. *Judas* then cry'd out,
 Alas ! if that were such a Fault,
 My Comfort then begins to halt,
 What will become of me, that sold
 My Lord and Master ? Next the Old
 Grave *Patriarchs* advanc'd, and the
Apostles, who immediately
 Their places by *St. Peter* took,
 Who Men, as well as Fish did hook :
 But it was worth the noting, that
 Between the *Kings* and *Beggars*, at
 This Day, was no Distinction made,
 Justice to all alike was paid.
Herod and *Pilate*, 's soon as they
 Put out their Heads, and saw the Day,
 Found it was likely to go hard
 With them. Quoth *Pilate* with long Beard,
 My Judgment's just. Alack ! cry'd *Herod*,
 As loud as any polling *Vayvod*,
 What has my Guilty Soul to trust to ?
Heav'ns not for me, and if in Limbo,
 Among the Infants I should drop
 Which I have Murder'd, there they'll sop
 Me over Head and Ears in Blood,
 T'revenge them for that crimson Flood,

I drown'd them in: So I must e'en
In *Hell* pig, where I mayn't be seen.

Mean time a four rough-hewen Fellow
Came blund'ring in, and thus did bellow,
With stretch'd-out Arms; good Sirs, here be
My Letters. All the Company
Did at his Humour wonder, and
A Porter askt (who there did stand)
VVhat this same brawling Man might be;
VVhich he o'er-hearing, presently
Reply'd, to prove his Innocence,
He was a *Master of Defence*;

And plucking some Seal'd Parchments out,
Said, these shew whom I've whipt about
The *Pig-market*. At which words all
His VVritings from his Hand did fall,
And Two great Devils there would fain
Have snatcht 'em up, but strove in vain;
For th' *Fencer* being very quick,
The taking of them up did nick.

At which same time, an *Angel* off'ring.

His Hand, and very kindly proff'ring

To help him in; the *Fool*, for fear

Of an *Attack*, leapt very near

A Furlong backwards, and with great

Agility, and in a Sweat

VVithal *alonging*, now (says he)

I'll let you taste my Skill, if ye

Think fit. The Company did all

At the poor VVretch a laughing fall,

And this sad Sentence, at the last,

VVas on the nimble *Fencer* past;

That

That since he by his Rules of Art
 Had taught to stab Men to the Heart,
 He by a perpendicular
 Strait Line must tumble from the Bar,
 To th^e Devil. Then the Man did plead
 He *Mathematicks* ne'er did read,
 And no such Line he knew; but while
 He spoke, a Devil, with a smile,
 Gave him a turn (Sir) and a half,
 And tumbled down the simple Calf.

After him came the *Treasurers*,
 With Cryes (as loud as *English Tars*
 Do make when they a Vict'ry Gain)
 Following this infernal Train,
 For cheating; some said *Thieves* were coming;
 Others said no, that Hell was drumming;
 Such noise the Comp'ny were not wont
 To hear, so did divide upon't.
 At the word *Thieves* they troubled were,
 So benefit of Counsel there
 They did Request, skill'd in the Laws,
 To plead for them their desp'rate Cause.
 And reason good (a *Dev'l* replied)
 Here's one that's ready cut and dryed,
 A poor *Apostle* that's discarded,
 But Feats will do, if well Rewarded.
 Let them take him, hola, below,
 Where's *Judas*, that brave *Jewish Beau*!
 The *Treasurers* hearing that, did turn
 Aside, and 'spyed by an Urn
 A Devil, in whose Hands large *Rolls*
 Were ready drawn against their Souls,
 Into

Into a very formal *Charge*.
 With that (within the dreadful *Verge*)
 One of them said, *Away, away*
 With all these *Informations*; they
 Had rather all be strictly bound
 To come to Fine, Sirs, and Compound,
 Though it were for Ten Thousand Years
 In *Purgatory*. Ha! my Dears,
 The Devil said, a cunning *Snap*,
 He was, who that nice *Charge* drew up.
 If you're upon such Terms as those,
 Ye're hard put to't, I do suppose.
 Whereat the *Treasurers* being brought
 To a forc't put, had no more thought
 Of pleading, but were glad to make
 (Since all points did their Cause forsake)
 The best of a bad Market; so
 They to the *Fencer* strait did go:
 These were no sooner gone, but then
 Came in some cheating *Pastry-men*;
 They askt them if they would be tryed,
 E'en as it hits (Sirs) they replied.
 At that Word up a *Devil*'s rose,
 Who did the fatal Cause espouse
 Against them, pressing home their *Charge*,
 Which was laid open very large,
 Alledging they had put off *Cats*
 For *Hares*, and sometimes drowned *Rats*;
 And fill'd their *Pyes* with *Bones*, instead
 Of *Flesh*, and as they further read,
 Th' *Indictment* evidently told
 They'd *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs*, and *Foxes* sold,

For

88 *The Third Vision of*

For *Beef* and *Mutton*, so upon
The Issue of what they had done,
It was against them prov'd so bad,
That honest *Noah* never had
So many *Animals* in his *Ark*,
Which was the World's *Protection Bark*,
As they had all put in their Pyes.
So (with clutcht Hands, and cast up Eyes)
They went to see (since it's their lot)
If their new *Ovens* all were hot.

Next the *Philosophers* came up,
Who did, *ad unguem*, *Logick chop*,
In *Mood* and *Figure*, 'gainst ill Fate.
They nicely did *expostulate*.

Then marched up in *Rank* and *File*,
Poets within a little while ;
Wh' insisted they were to be tryed
By *Jupiter*, and so defyed
The Charge of worshipping *false Gods*,
And all their whipping with the *Rods*
Of *Nemesis* ; for through 'em they
Did Duty to the true One pay,
And were mistaken rather in
The *Name*, than *Worship* ; a small Sin !
Virgil himself said much to these,
For his *Muse Sicelides* ;
But *Orph'us* interrupted him,
Telling his Work was but a whim ;
Himself the first of *Bards* did call,
So crav'd to Plead there for them all.
What he ? one of the *Devils* cry'd,
Yes ; 'cause he never could abide

A Female, and for teaching Boys
 Afforded Men the better Joys;
 But certainly, the Women all
 Swore if they'd catch'd him, they would maul
 His Jaws. *Away with him to Hell*
Once more, where now he'll ever dwell,
 Then cry'd they, let this scraping Man
 With's Lute get out now if he can.
 So they to Tartarus did ride,
 And Orph'us took to be their Guide,
 Because this Hater of a Whore
 For's Wife had been there once before.

Robbers and House-breakers came next,
 But, *go to Hell*, was soon the Text.
 And *Mah'met* with his cunning Pidgeon,
 Were sent to that same Burning Region.

Scriv'ners and *Lawyers* had denial,
 Before the Judgment-seat of Trial;
 Because their Calling both were crime
 Enough, to damn them at this time.
 Well, (cry'd one of the *Scriv'ners*) *This*
It is to do on Earth amiss.

To say the Truth, the *Christians* were
 More troublesome than *Pagans* there,
 Which made the *Devils* swear their fill,
 And took the deed exceeding ill.
 A *Pothecary* there did stand,
 With aching Heart, and trembling Hand,
 For fear of Judgment strangely dozing;
 For when an *Angel* interposing,
 With Commendations he began
 To praise him for a sober Man :

That

That Charity he did adore,
For nothing physicked the Poor ;
 For that no matter, cry'd the *Devil*,
 He's in my Books for one that's Evil.
 And I can prove, with *two small Boxes*,
 He has kill'd more than both the *Poxes*.
 Pray tell me now, is this no Crime ?
 This Wretch in less than Three Weeks time,
 Two Cities did depopulate,
 Sending them packing all to Fate.
 So the poor Villian for this fault,
 Was put (Sir) to the *Summer-salt*.

A dapper Lawyer next came up,
 Who'd but a little mind to sup
 At these sad *Commons*, in pure Oyl
 His Tongue was steeped, who no foil
 In Words or Actions had ; he'd skill
 In moving Passions at his Will,
 Could find a shift, or starting hole
 For the defending of his Soul :
 But all would serve him in no stead,
 For he was to the *Devil* led,
 And by the Verdict order'd to
 Pay Costs, which he could hardly do.

Then there was a discovery
 Made of a Fellow like a Spy,
 Found by some *Devils* in a nook,
 As they for Prisoners did look.
 They askt him, what he was ? he said
 A sort of *Empirick* by Trade ;
 What, said a Devil, my old Friend
Pontaus ? what is it doth send

You

You here ? ah ! thou hadst better be
Ten Thousand times, and more, at *Sea*,
At *Charing-cross*, or *Covent-Garden*,
Than near our raging Master *Warden* ;
Here you will nothing have to do,
Unless (Friend) for a *Burn*, or so,
You sometimes may an *Oyntment* sell,
To People that do fry in *Hell*.
And so *Pontaus* went his way,
But first his kind respects did pay:

Some *Bankers* next came up, that had
Turn'd *Bankrupt*, being grown so bad,
To cheat their *Creditors* ; but they
Were all to *Pluto* sent away,
With Letters of Exchange, but as
It happen'd then, the Devil was
Quite out of Cash ; which made them swear,
For taking such a Journey there.

Next came a *Spanish Cavalier*,
Upright as Justice did appear.
A matter of an Hour he
Made *Congees* to the Company.
We could not see a Head he had,
For swinging Ruff did hide the Lad,
Which stood up staring like the Tail
Of *Turkey-cock*. He looked pale,
But was so strange a Figure, that
A Porter (Sir) was gaping at
It a good while, and asked whether
He was a Man or Beast, or either ?
It is a Man, the *Spaniard* said,
Upon the Honour of my Blade,

And

And know my Name (Sir) is *Don Pedro*,
 Besides brave *Rhodomontadeso*,
Et cetera, his Name so long
 Was telling, that he swell'd his Tongue
 With talking; then a *Devil* cryed,
What wouldst be at? he, Sir, replyed,
 And told him *Glory*, which the Crew
 Taking for *Pride*, his Body threw
 To *Lucifer*, who first was driven,
 For his Ambition, out of Heaven.

The next that was brought to the *Bar*,
 Was a small sort of *Officer*,
 That swept the Church, and cleansed all
 The Pictures, to which *Niseys* fall.
 The Charge against him was for Stealing
 The *Oyl* out of the Lamps; and leaving
 All in the dark; pretending that
 The *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had been at
 Them, and had really drunk it up,
 Without so much as Mug or Cup.
 A trick he'd too, to save his Pelf,
 Out of Church-cloaths to cloath himself,
 Which he new Dyed got; he fed
 Often on consecrated *Bread*,
 Which he to crumb his Broth would steal,
 But in *Confession* ne'er reveal
 The Sin, so with a *Mitrimus*
 He strait was sent to *Tartarus*.

A Woman next to Hell was sent,
 Because she of a *Sacrament*
 Did make a Cloak, and that she might
 With Priviledge Whore Day and Night,
 Was

VWas tyed in the *nuptial nooze*,
VWhich many would be glad to loose.

Next honest *Jack of Leyden* went
To take in *Hell* his Punishment.

Then *Judas* to his Trial stands,
Holding his Bowels in his Hands.

'Tis true (says he) I sold my Master,
But by that very same Disaster,
The VWorld e'er since has better bin,
For my Offence did purge its Sin:
VWhich Allegation was but vain,
For he was sent to endless Pain.

The next that came up to the Bar
VWas (Sir) an old *Astrologer*,
Loaden with *Globes*, *Astrolobes*,
Spheres, *Almanacks*, and *Compasses*,
VWho did a hid'ous bawling make,
That there must needs be a mistake
And gross one too, in th' reckoning,
For *Saturn* (who ill luck doth fling
Most often on a Mortal's Head)
His slow Course had not finished,
And therefore he was sure that the
Old VWorld yet could not ended be.
One of the Devils that saw how
He came provided from below,
Quoth he, I'll warrant you we have
Got here a very saving Slave,
To bring his Firing with him. But
This I must needs tell you, that put
Blind People in a great amaze,
VWith false Predictions which you raise;

'Tis a strange thing, you should create
 So many *Heavens* in the State
 Of t'other Life, and after *Death*
 Has justly stopt your poys'nous Breath,
 Go to the Devil then for want
 Of one. Excuse me there, I sha'n't
 For *going* be, (th' *Astrologer*
 Reply'd) from hence I will not stir;
 But if you'll *carry* me, Sir, well
 And good. So Order was for *Hell*
 Quickly to carry him away,
 And make him there the Porter pay.

Sentence b'ing past on him, methought
 They then broke up the dreadful Court;
 The Throne did vanish; sav'd but few;
 Shadows and Darknes both withdrew;
 The Air was sweeten'd, and the Earth
 Was cover'd with a finer Birth
 Of Flowers; most serene and clear.
 The Glorious Heavens did appear:
 Then 'waking, I rais'd up my Head,
 And found I still was in my Bed.
 Which Vision was not much amiss
 To me, because such use as this
 I made of it; I then betook
 My self to Pray'rs and godly Book,
 With Resolution to refrain
 From evil Actions, which are vain,
 That I with Peace and Comfort may
 Appear, upon that dreadful Day.

The End of the Third Vision.

THE

THE
FOURTH VISION
OF
LOVING FOOLS.

ABOUT the Hour of Four a Clock,
(When all was Froze as hard as Rock)
One Winter's Morning, when 'twas better
For ev'ry one, that Love's his Lister,
To be a-bed with's *Sweet-heart* by him,
Than on the *Church-yard Biere* to lye him,
As I advising lay with Pillow,
Tumbling about like restless Billow,
With Thousand Love-toys in my Cranny,
(If possible to hold so many)
I past the time with no small pother,
Running from one Whim to another,
'Till they increas'd t'a greater number,
Lull'd me at last into a Slumber,
When there appeared, mighty spruce,
The *Genius* of *Disabuse*,
Laying before me all the *Follies*
(We find in *Burton's Melanchollies*)
And *Vanities of Love*. Disdaining
What she had held shou'd want maintaining,
Therefore, the sooner to appease one,
She, with Authority and Reason,

(As mighty Monarchs do their Minions)
 Quickly supported her Opinions.
 Which done, methoughts I strait was led
 Into a fair and pleasant Mead,
 Whose Bounds allow'd of no Restrictions,
 But inf'nitely surpass'd the Fictions
 Of your half-witted Poets Brains,
 With all their farfetch'd Guilded Strains,
 For why ? They value not a Paper
 Stuft full of Verses, worth a Vapour,
 Unless, for it, they force the Hinges
 Of Nature, and Rob both the *Indies*.
 Two *Rivulets* does Nature yield,
 To Water this delicious Field ;
 One *Bitter*, and the other *Sweet*,
 And yet they mingle as they meet ;
 The Use of which, as I observed,
 Was (as a Medium) preserved
 Love's Darts to Temper ; for, whilst my Face
 Was on the Prospect of this high Place,
 I saw a Crew of Naked Curs,
 Call'd *Cupid's little Officers*,
 Dipping of Arrows, not a few,
 For their own Ease, and Pleasure too.
 Now, upon this, as quick as thought,
 My Fancy told me, I was brought
 To one of *Cyprus* Gardens, where
 I saw the very Hive (I Swear)
 In which the *Bee* liv'd, [ah ! sad Disaster]
 That Stung my *Young* and lovely Master ;
 And gave, without the least Evasion,
 To *Anacreon* an Occasion,

That

That Celebrated Ode to Write.
 The next thing which came to my Sight,
 Was in a Mead a *Palace* fine,
 As well for *Structure* as *Design*;
 The *Porches* excellently Framed,
 Were of the *Dorick Order* named;
 The *Columns*, *Bases*, *Capitals*,
Cornishes, *Architraves*, *Pedestals*,
Freezes, (in short, th' whole Front beside)
 Was with feign'd *Trophies* beautify'd.
Triumphs of Love, and *Half-Relief*,
 The Cause of man'a *Lover's Grief*,
 Which, as they intermixed were
 So nicely, (it bespoke much *Care*)
 With Works *Fantastick*, and *Conceits*,
 To aggravate *Venerial Feats*;
 Which *Fancies*, thrô the *Workman's Care*,
 Most *Ornamental* did appear;
 Over the *Porch* I did behold
 These following *Verses* writ in *Gold*,

"Lo ! this is call'd *Fools Paradise*,
 "From *Loving Fools* that in it dwell,
 "Where the *Great Fools* do Rule the *Less*,
 "The *rest* Obey, and All do well.

These were the *Words* found written there;
 But, truly, the *Materials* were,
 As well as *Finishing*, more *Pritty*
 Than e'er was seen in *Madrid's City*;
 The *Portal Spacious*, and the *Doors*,
 Stood always open for the *Goers*,

As well as *Comers*, which many were.
 The *Porter's Place* supply'd was there
 B't a Woman, of most exqu'site Grace,
 As well in Person as in Face;
Tall, delicately Shap'd, her Mein
 Airy and Gallant; nought was seen
 Set off with more Advantage, truly,
 By Madam *Flora*, in hot *July*,
 Than she, with *Jewels*; for, in fine,
 She was made up of Charms Divine.
 Her Name was *Beauty*, as I guess'd, Sir,
 And that I wou'd be no Transgressor,
 A Look I gave her, as a Fee,
 To let me in the House, to see;
 Which She receiv'd: And that, indeed,
 Was all I for my Passage paid.
 Into the Court straitways I stept,
 Where many of both Sexes kept,
 But with such Alteration struck,
 As well in Habit as in Look,
 That they dejectedly did go,
 And scarce did one another know:
Sad, Pensive were their Thoughts, which I
 Observed with some Sympathy;
 Their Faces were with *Paleness* tainted,
 As if they had been lately Painted;
 (Which am'rous *Ovid* says, must be
 Nothing but *Cupid's Livery*)
 No talk was there of that which tends
 To *Loyalty*, or *Trust* of *Friends*,
Duty to *Parents*; but *Relations*
 (To raise Ten Thousand worse Vexations)
 There

There the *Pracurer's* Office do,
And these were called *Cousins* too !
Wives lov'd their *Husbands* *She-Friends* dear,
Altho' they'd cost 'em many a Tear ;
And *Husbands* did not them begrutch,
In loving their Gallants as much.

While I was on some small Reflection,
'Bout these Encounters of Affection,
A strange *Extrav'gant Figure* there,
In *Humane Shape*, to me drew near ;
Nor Man, nor Woman 'twas, in Truth,
But look'd indeed, much like to both :
This Person always seem'd a doing,
(Like Lovers, when they are a Wooing)
And went and came, (whilst Brows did frown)
With eager Motion up and down,
All o'er with Ears and Eyes bespread ;
And the most tim'rous Look he had
As ever in my Life I saw ;
But when I found that no small Awe
Was paid this Wretch, I ask'd its *Name*,
Its *Office*, and from whence it came.

It proving *Woman*, made this Reply,
Quoth she, my *Name* is *Jealousy* ;
And you and I, it must appear,
Should better be acquainted here ;
Or else, how came you here below ?
But, for your Satisfaction, know,
That most Distemper'd People are,
Against their Wills, by me brought here.
Yet I'm no *Doctor*, but *Tormenter*,
That serves for nought, but to *Embitter*,

The Fourth Vision of

And *Aggravate* their *Miseries*.

If you (quoth she) would further please
Your self with Questions 'bout the House,
Never ask me, lest I abuse

The *Truth*, for *Ferry* 'tis to *One*,

But I shall tell a *Lye* as soon :

I have not told you, by *St. Ruth*,

Ev'n of my self, not half the *Truth*,

And to deal plainly, I'm made up, Sir,

Of *Arts*, *Inventions*, and *Imposture* :

But, if you have a mind to Talk,

With that Old Man, who there does walk,

And can with his slow Speech dispence,

He'll give you full Intelligence ;

He we the *Major Domo* call,

Ask him, and he will tell you all:

Whereat I to'ards the Good Man drew,

Whom to be *Time* I quickly knew ;

I begg'd of him, to let me see

The House throughout ; for there might be

Some *Fools* I'd known: --- But he in haste,

Told me, his *Time* he could not waste ;

For he was making Patients up

Candles and *Jellies* then to Sup ;

Adding, to stir he had no Leisure,

But bid me walk therein with Pleasure.

Leave being got, away in haste, Sir,

Out of the *first Court* soon I past, Sir,

And came into the *Virgin's Quarter*,

Which strong was built with *Brick & Morter*.

And so't had need ; for these young *Creatures*

Most of 'em were of such strange Natures,

So

So Furious, Lavish, full of Sin,
 No other Place could hold them in.
 (The *Wives* and *Widows* made to smart
 By being kept in Rooms apart)
 Here you shall see *one* raging, sobbing,
 B'ing Jealous of some Rival; throbbing,
 For Fear of losing her fond Spark.
 There stands a Lover almost stark
 Mad for a Husband; but by reason
 She cannot nick the Time and Season,
 Inward she Bleeds, distressed Lover!
 And yet she durst not this discover.
 A Third was writing Letters there,
 Which *Riddles*, and *Mysterious* are;
 Mending and Marring like Love-fots,
 Until the Paper had more blots
 Than whole words in't. Some others were
 Practicing, with a World of Care,
 In Looking-glass, the Gracious Smile,
 The Rowl o'th' Eye, Gallants to foil;
 The Velvet Lip; the awful Frown,
 To Charm the Youth, or Knock him down.
 Others again could scarcely talk,
 Thro' eating *Oatmeal*, hard *Wax*, *Chalk*,
Morter, *Brick-dust*; which made 'em look
 As if they were of Blood forsook.
 Some Bargains were with Servants making,
 To go t'a *Ball*, or *Serenading*;
 Or hear some fine Musician Sing,
 That the whole Town might on 'em Ring;
Yes, yes, (they cry'd) *you can, and may*,
Go to the Park, or to some Play;

To

To Banstead with this, and that Lady;
 (Who, Heaven knows, have oft misled ye)
 Where ye've set up, without much Slumber,
 And spent whole Nights at Beste, or Ombre,
 With your dear Lady Gay, Pen-tweezel,
 Or else some other Damn'd-bitch Grissel;
 But, ah! with me, though Young and Green,
 You are ashamed to be seen.
 Some I saw on the very point
 Of Sealing; Delivering as joint,
 To each the other's Heart. One cry'd,
 I'm rhine; I Love none else beside;
 If I do not, oh! may I dwell
 With Devils, in the Lake of Hell:
 But, ah! be Constant to the last,
 Since Heav'n alone knows what has past.
 Yes, yes, (he answer'd, to Cajole)
 If I be not, then may my Soul! ----
 Nay, in a Corner, just hard by,
 A heap at Pray'rs ye might descry,
 Who for their Husbands made a Splutter,
 That they might Love at Random better.
 Others were so with Love Diseased,
 That they by no means could be pleased,
 During a Course of Life they led,
 'Till they were marry'd Men's Wives made,
 And this Disease b'ing grown so great,
 Was look'd upon as Desperate.
 And some, again, not over-steddy,
 Stood furnish'd with Love-Letters, ready
 To cast 'em out at VWindows; nay,
 To thrust thro' Doors, or some Gang-way,
 And

And these were Reckon'd, for such Jests,
Not only *Fools*, but senseless *Beasts*.

I having seen what I desired,
By this time grew a little tired ;
For I of Old had learn'd, that he
Who keeps such Sordid Company,
Seldom from them his way does Trace,
But brings off with him a Scratch'd Face ;
Besides, if he a *Mistress* loseth,
He gets a *Wife* that him abuseth,
And stands *Condemned* by this *Wife*,
To strict *Repentance* all his *Life* :
There's no *Redemption* 'fore his *Eyes*,
Until one of the *Couple* dyes.

For, *Women*, in this *Case*, are worse
Than *Pirates*, who thro' *Seas* do *Course* ;
A *Gally-Slave*, for's *Freedom*, may
Compound, and thereby get away ;
But, when the *Case* of *Wedlock's* brought,
To find a *Ransome*, there's no thought.
In fine, I had a *Mind* t' have *Talked*
With some of them ; but off I stalked,
Thinking, they'll *Fancy* I'm in *Love*
With them, and so 'twill dang'rous prove ;
Whereat, (to make my story shorter)
I March'd into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was such a *Ranting* yell,
Of *Damning*, *Tearing*, as if *Hell* (Sir,
Had been broke loose ; but who was't, guess
That did in *Hell* so much *Transgress*, Sir,
But a base, *Disobedient*, *Crew*
Of *Women*, lock'd, and shackl'd too,

By

By their own *Husbands* ; who, thro' strains,
 Had broken *Prison*, and their *Chains* :
 Who now being Madder then before,
 Most hideously did yell and roar ;
Some, I their Husbands saw, *Caressing*
 Tho' just before they had been *Transgressing* ;
Others their Husbands Pockets pick'd,
Which, now and then, a By-blow Lick'd.
Some, on a strict Religious strain,
 Wou'd *Lectures, Pilgrimages* feign,
 When they, alas ! had nought to do
 With *Churches*, nor their *Altars* too,
 Besides a *Sacrifice to Love*.
Divers there were, that wou'd remove
 To *Baths* ; and *others* to *Confession*,
 When they designed a *Transgression*,
 Who wou'd, with *Cunning*, (*I profess Sir,*)
 Mistake their *Martyr* for *Confessor*.
Some (in themselves not over-zealous,)
 To be *Revenge'd* of *Husbands Jealous*,
 And pay them all in their own *Coin*
 Wou'd, to the thing they fear'd, incline.
Others by way of true advancing,
 Were making sure, before of *Prancing* ;
 For that *Revenge* they say's, in fine,
 As sweet as *Eggs and Muskadine*.
One Pensive was, for a *Delay* ;
Another for a *Defeat* that *Day* ;
A Third in finding out the way,
 To make her *Market* at a *Play*.
 There was indeed, among the rest,
One, who in Indian Silks was dress'd,

Who

Who never out of *Coach* wou'd tread,
 I ask'd the Reason, and she said,
 She loved Jolting. In this throng
 Of *Women*, none was found among
 That were the *Wives* of *Merchants*, *Soldiers*,
Embassadors, *Commission-holders* ;
 For these consider'd were so strict,
 As *Single-Women*, in Effect ;
 And therefore not allow'd to be
 Members of this their *Anarchy*.

The Quarter next came to my Eyes
 Was that of the *Sedate*, and *Wise* ;
Right Rev'rend Widows ; *Women*, in
 The which did not appear much Sin ;
Severe, *Reserv'd*, yet ev'ry One
 Had her weak side to lean upon ;
 And any one, without two Eyes,
 Might plainly Read, thro' her *Disguise*,
 Her *Folly* and *Disease*. Indeed,
 One of them I observ'd with heed,
 Crying with one Eye very fast,
 For loss of *Husband* late *Deceast*,
 And Laughing with the other Eye,
 On the next *Husband*, she cou'd espy ;
 Another *Matron*, Mighty Valliant,
 Was sporting with her am'rous *Gallant*,
 Before her *Husband* was quite *Cold*,
 Considering what's been often told,
 That he that half an hour lyes dead,
 (As properly it might be said)
 As surely dead is, (I do Vow)
 As Will. the *Conqueror* is now.

Here

106 *The Fourth Vision of*

Here *Widows*, out of *Mourning* were,
 Who did demurely look I swear,
 Yet they Poor *Tits* (as I was told)
 Curfed *Apostacy* did hold;
 And were kept in as strict Condition,
 As bad as *Spanish Inquisition*.
 Some, in their *Peaks* and *Veils* well drest,
 Wou'd *Wagers* lay that theirs were best,
 And nearest *A-la-mode*, and *Nice*,
 So full they were of haughty Vice!
 Some *Widows*, in a place most dark,
 Who from their *Mouth*, had lost the *Mark*,
 Were marching merrily along,
 Hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*;
 Talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fidling Feats*,
Banquetting, *Jigging*, *Chanting*, *Treats*;
 All *Hoyty Toyty*, 's if they'd been,
 Exact mad *Wenches* of *Fifteen*!
 The *Younger*, on the other side,
 Made use of both their *Time* and *Tide*,
 And passing by all that was sad,
 Took *Pleasure* while 'twas to be had.
 Divers too, of *Religious Breeds*,
 Who much were privately at *Beads*,
 Where styl'd *Love-hereticks*, or such
 That are *Platonicks*, very much,
 Who were commanded to *Desist*
 From eating that *Flesh* they lov'd best,
 Which is, thò they *Religion* bawl,
 Th' most *Mortifying Lent* of all
 Some that had skill in *Perspective*,
 Before the *Looking-Glass* did strive,

With

With *Boxes* full of *Patch* and *Paints*,
 To make 'em lovelier for their *Saints*,
 With *Shadowing*, *Cov'ring*, *Drawing out*,
 From *Forehead*, down below the *Snout*,
 Striving against the course of *Nature*,
 To cover all the *Faults* of *Feature* !
 But these b'ing *Old*, and *Head-strong* grown,
 Were hated there by ev'ry *One* ;
 Because they having got the best,
 Of their late *Husbands*, now at rest,
 They'd take upon them, and thought here'
 (As if at *home*) to *Domineer* ;
 Which, for the *Colledge Master* found,
Busness enough the whole *Year* round.

With *Madness*, and with *Folly* spent,
 To the *Devotees* strait I went ;
 Where *Girls* and *Women* *Cloister'd* lay,
 Who, weary of this *Lump* of *Clay*,
 Had from all *Converse* here on *Earth*,
 Confin'd themselves from *Worldly* *Mirth*,
 And yet these *Green*, and pleasant *Willows*,
 Were not more *Sober* than their *Fellows*.
 These one wou'd *think*, might have been *cured*,
 But many of them were there *immured*,
 For their whole *Lives*, nay in *Despight*
 Of *Physick*, or what *Counsell'd* right.
 The *Room* which did them round *invirion*,
 Was made *secure* with *Bars* of *iron*,
 And yet when e're the *Toy* did seize 'em.
 A *Sally* now and then, to ease 'em, (them
 They'd make ; for when the *fit* drew nigh
 They'd suffer no *Superior* by them,

But

But the God *Love*, (tho Vail'd with's *Bonnet*)
 Let the Event come what wou'd on it.
 The greater part of these good People,
 With hopes buoy'd up above a Steeple,
 Were *Tickets Writing*, and *Dispatches*,
 Which every one did bear the *Badges*,
 Of *Cross* at top, (that *Love* might work in)
 And *Satan* at the bottom Lurking,
 With this, or some such Postscript ending,
This Paper, which to you I'm sending,
I hope will not be thought Transgression,
If it be left to your Discretion.

The *Fools* of this place, with their *Twatling* ;
 Did night and day keep up a *Ratling*.
 And if, as it was very rare,
 One talk'd her self a weary there,
 She presently would think it best,
 With Gravity t' reprove the rest ;
 And to the Company a while hence,
 Gravely a Lecture Read of Silence.
 Some *Fops*, and *Ninnies*, here together,
 Wou'd fall in Love with one another ;
 But this was look'd upon to be.
 No other than Simplicity.

The Root of these Extravagancies,
 Chimerical Conceits, and Fancies,
 The least unthinking Man may guess,
 Nothing else vvas but Idleness ;
 Which (as Old *Petrarch* once did say)
 For *Wantonness* does make away.
 There one among the rest did Range.
 That had more Letters of Exchange

On the Credit of her vast Desires,
 Than a whole Regiment of Banquiers,
 Some with Old Visitors b'ing Pall'd,
 In haste, for fresh Men, loudly call'd.
 Others by Intervals, and fits,
 (I saw) about them had their Wits,
 Who were, content with their condition,
 And took up with the House Physician;
 In short, it even mov'd my Heart,
 To see so many People smart,
 Without the least sign of Relief,
 To Mitigate their boundless Grief.
 Who Puddering, and Royling lay,
 VVasting their Bodies Night and Day;
 And if one Minute ease they had,
 And were not then by much so bad;
 The next, they wou'd more wretched look;
 So soon as they'd their Medicine took.

To the Single Women I next hurry'd,
 (Such as had vow'd ne'er to be Marry'd)
 VVho were not discompos'd at all;
 For they to make the Devil fall,
 Had studdied out a Thousand ways,
 As well as upwards him to Raise.
 Some like to common High-way-men,
 (VVho do no Robberies contemn)
 A Living got, and that was all,
 By Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
 Others, who made me Laugh, I swear,
 Out of their seven Serfes were;
 VVho like March-Hares, were Mad, to be
 Ty'd to some Wit, or Poetry;

H

VVho

Who never did neglect their Times,
 But paid them back again in *Rhimes*.
 And *Madrigals*, which off were set
 VVith *Ruby Lips*; and *Teeth* more *White*
 Than *Pearl*, or *Snow*; so that a Man
 To read their Verses, and to scan
 Them over, wou'd, without a Guide,
 Swear the whole VVoman *Petrify'd*.
 "Of *Saphir Fair*, or *Christal Clear*,
 "The *Fore-head* is, of my *Bright Dear*, &c.

Next unconcern'd, I look'd again,
 And saw one with a *Cunning-man*
 Consulting, which way she might know
 Her *Fortune*, and how things wou'd go.
 Another with a *Conjurer* stood,
 Buying of *Philtres*, *Liquor* good
 To make, one Love her; and a *Third*,
 An *Aged*, ruin'd *Face* besmeer'd
 All o'er with *Patch*, and *Paint*, in Vain,
 To make it fresh and Young again;
 But she as well desisted might,
 And strove t' have wash'd a *Black-moor* white.
 But, to be short, a VVorld there were
 VVith borrow'd *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, *Hair*;
 VVho, at a distance, fine did show,
 But like to nought but *Esop's Crow*.
If this be Woman (strait I said)
 Deliver me! - - + So shook my Head.

Stepping into a Place, vvhere lay,
 The Men confin'd 'tvvixt VValls of Clay,
 This vvas their *Quarter*, I vvas told,
 VVhere they their *Miseries* did unfold,

And

And that vvhich most promoted Grief,
 Vvas the bare *thoughts* that they vvere Deaf
 To good Advice, vvho nought vvou'd take,
 That might their Vitals merry make;
 But, in this Obstinate Condition,
 They *obd* both *Physick*, and *Physician*,
 For if they vvou'd have chang'd, or quitted,
 They might vvith Cures enough be fitted;
 But they chose rather far to Dye,
 And tho' their Error they did 'spy,
 They vvould not mend it, vvhillt' in time,
 VVhich made me think of this *Old Rhimes*.
 "Wherever Cupid in the Case is,
 "Four Doctors are but simple Asses.

These Fools securely kept 'mong Dead,
 Their Humours one might truly Read,
 And tell vvhat ail'd 'em by their Look
 And Gestures; Who vvere all mistook.
 How many a Lad did I see Drest,
 In a point Band, and 'broider'd Vest,
 Who, notwithstanding these, did lack,
 To have a whole Shirt on his back!
 How many Theves, and High-boys there,
 Who nothing did, but Vow, and Swear,
 Their Lives and Fortunes shou'd be spent,
 To give their Ladies kind Content!
 That would have run, as Porters do.
 For Threepence, and have thank'd you too!
 An Errand of five miles. Ah, me,
 How many others did I see,
 Poor Devils, that had not one Crust
 Of Bread into their Heads to thrust,

Who yet (as strong as any Stallion)
Were troubled with a Flesh Rebellion.
 Some their vvhole time did spend in dressing
 And on their ugly Face carelling,
 Setting the *Peruke* right, the modish twist,
 Of *Neckloth*; *Ruffles* round the *Wrist*.
 Ord'ring the *Mustache*; and their Duty
 They think not due, until a beauty
 They dravv from *Lucifers* damn'd Face;
 VVhich nothing adds, but more Disgrace.
 Others, vvho made it all their Glory,
 To tell of *Pedigrees* a Story,
 Call'd themselves *Hectors*, Sons of *Briam*,
 VVhen they were no more such, than I am;
 Yet talk'd of nothing but *Combats*,
Reverses, *Stramazons*, *Attacques*,
Stoccadoes, and such things they lacked,
 Not thinking that a *Weapon Naked*,
 VVill put a Covvard out of Breath,
 And is to a tim'rous Woman Death.

Some up and dovvn, vvith often dodgings,
 The Round did take of *Ladies Lodgings*,
 VVhen 'twas Mid-Night; and then they'd
 It softly back again to Bed; (tread
 VVho, vvhen the Morning ope's their Eyes,
 No vvifer are than vvhen they rise.
 Others infected by Contagion,
 Fell deep in Love, thro' Conversation.
 Some again, every *Holy-Day*,
 VVou'd Post to *Chappel*, there to Pray,
 Or, be upon a narrow scout,
 To find some handsome *Mistress* out,
 Turning

Turning a day of *Rest*, like *Turks*,
 Into a day of shameful *Works*,
 Others from House to House were gadding,
 Yet nothing got by this their Padding;
 Some with more cunning, made their Case,
 Like Crafty Beggars, worse than 'twas;
 And others, tho' 'twere ne'er so bad,
 Durst not so much as speak, 'Egad.
 Believe me, I was griev'd to see
 These poor Mutes in Iniquity,
 And truly wish'd with all my Heart,
 Their Mistresses knew Magick Art,
 That they their meaning might have known,
 By this their mumping mumbling Tone,
 And to advise them I was cross'd,
 For they were to all Counsel lost.
 Another sort of Lovers, which
 Were Elevated to such a Pitch,
 Besides Conceited in themselves,
 Wou'd not be satisfy'd poor Elves!
 Without they had (not by degrees)
 The seven Lib'ral Sciences;
 Nay, more than this, they made ado,
 For the Four Cardinal Vertues too;
 All Pictur'd in a Woman's shape,
 And thus their case was desperate.

The next among this num'rous throng,
 That I observ'd to pass along,
 Was a vvhole herd of Modest Fools
 That hurry'd on without set Rules.
 These of themselves for People went,
 That most of all were diffident

All *Younger-brothers*, whose *Estates*
 The Heirs reduc'd had to low Rates,
 Were forc'd with common Stuff to take,
 Which Ten times poorer did them make;
 And did in time to Begg'ry tend,
 Bringing *Repentance* in the end.
 The Husbands, tho' their Feet were Shackled
 As I perceiv'd, and Hands Manacled,
 So furious were they in their Lives,
 Some of them left their own dear *Wives*,
 And on their *Neighbours* often fell;
 Others again, to manage well,
 And keep good Women under Awe,
 Wou'd make their words pass for a Law,
 Playing the *Tyrants*, but, alas!
 They were mistaken in the Case;
 For though they fierce as *Lions* came,
 They off retir'd, as *Muttons* tame.
 Some with their *Wives* She friends partaking,
 Were a more stricter Friendship making,
 Agreeing on *Cross-gossiping*,
 VVhoever should the first Child bring.

The *Widowers*, that ne'er were Idle,
 VVho oft had bitten of the *Bridle*,
 From place to place did pass away,
 VVhere more or less they'd make a stay,
 According as they found Reception,
 (A cunning piece of their *Deception*)
 And so wherever they but tarry'd,
 They were almost all one as *Marry'd*,
 For so long time as they thought fit:
 These Single liv'd, and spent their VVit,
 And

And Time in visiting one Friend,
 And then another, till i'th' end
 They fell in *Love*, which they, fly *Elves*,
 Contracted in one place themselves.
 But here the Miracle still lyes,
 That ev'ry one was still so Wise,
 That they confess'd themselves a Crew
 Of *Mad Fools*, yet continu'd so.
 Those that in *Musick* had some Skill,
 Cou'd *Sing* or *Fiddle* when they will,
 Made use of Gifts and such Pretences,
 T' intice the *half-mop'd* silly Wench,
 Out of their *Wits*: And they that were
 Poetically given there,
 Were hammering Continually
 Upon these Subjects, *Cruelty*
 And *Disappointment*. While some other
 Tells his *good Fortune* to another,
 Who, with a wretched look, most sad,
 Requites him with a Story *bad*.
 They that had giv'n their Hearts away
 To *Girls*, did beat the Streets all Day,
 With hopes to find *Avenues* right,
 To lead to's Lady's Room at Night.
 Some tamp'ring were with *Chamber-maid*,
 To lead him to her Lady's Bed.
 Others do put it to the Push,
 And on their Ladies boldly rush.
 Some were examining their *Pockets*,
 Taking a View of what *Love-Cockets*
 They had about them, which were Seal'd
 Up with sweet Wax, to make 'em yield!

Upon Raw Silk : With many pretty
 Devices, which he fancy'd witty,
 Wrapt up in *Riddle*, and in *Cypher*,
 With divers other things beside, Sir,
Locketts, Pomanders, Ribbands, Knots,
Garters, Rings, Gloves, and Beauty-spots.
 Others there were call'd *Husbands She-friends,*
 Both *Soldiers, Citts,* and boyf't'rous *Seamen,*
 Who for the Husband ready were,
 With Purse, and Coach and Horses there,
 To do a Kindness (wretched Man!)
 Who at that time they do trapan,
 Gallanting with the Wife to Park,
 And play at *Gammer-Cook* i'th' dark,
 Or in some *Play-house* take a Seat,
 Or find a *Garden* out to Treat,
 Or, to divert all *Melancholly,*
 Take *Boat*, and go aboard the *Folly!*
 When Forty 'tis to one, but they
 By by some good luck, find out that Day,
 An *Aunt*, who in her Life has been
 House-keeper to the Man of Sin,
 Who Loves the *Mathematicks* well
 As dawbing Fists, or bribing Spell,
 No sooner she does take the Hint,
 Although there's Death and Ruine in't,
 But, without any false Alarms,
 She the good Office then performs,
 As a dear, kind, related One,
 And so the Husband's Work is done.

Now, in this place, among these Shoals,
 Methoughts there were two sorts of Fools,
 Which

Which here fell to the *Widows* Lot,
 The one *Below'd*, the other *Not*,
 The latter were content to be
 Under a willing Slavery,
 So they cou'd bring about their ends ;
 But th' other were the happier Friends,
 For they had always, at their Leisure,
 Full Liberty to do their Pleasure,
 Unless perchance some Friend that Day,
 Or Child o'th' House crept in the way,
 Catching them in the Nick of time ;
 But then to cover this their Crime,
 T' excuse that Colour Love had rais'd,
 Or Handkerchief's b'ing over-teas'd,
 'Twas but the changing that dark Scene,
 And make a struggling hard between
 Them both, for Verses one had got,
 Or some such thing to mend the Blot.
 Some wou'd accost their dearest Honeys,
 And them assault with Love and Moneys,
 And these were never put to shame,
 Because they double armed came ;
 For Spain's Pistols are Batt'ries good,
 That hardly, Sir, can be withstood.

This being over, strait I came
 To make Reflections on the same,
 And just as on my Agitation
 Of walking (in this Meditation)
 Towards another Lodging there
 I found me (e're I was aware)
 To the first Court brought back agin,
 The which at first I entred in,
 Where

Where being enter'd, I beheld
 The place new Wonders now did yield,
 The Mad Fools number 'fore my Eyes,
 Did vastly ev'ry Moment rise.
 There *Jealousy* (like angry Shrews)
 Was plaguing and tormenting those
 That wou'd the most of all confide
 I'th' Faith of what they Lov'd. Beside,
Memory, to renew their Scores,
 Was fiercely rubbing up old Sores.
 There *Understanding* lock'd up fast,
 Was in a *dismal Cellar* cast;
 And *Reason* too, *lost both her Eyes*,
 Because they'd serv'd too long for Spyes.
 Here I a little breathing took
 The better on these things to look;
 And after I had star'd a while,
 To see such things which made me Smile,
 I spy'd a Door so very narrow,
 That any one could scarce pass thorow,
 Who yet, for all it was so strait,
 Divers there were rusht through thereat,
 Who were, by *Infidelity*
 And base *Ingratitude*, set free.
 Upon which Opportunity, Sir,
 I made what haste I cou'd to be, Sir,
 One of the first next to the Door:
 But whilst I in this place did pore,
 The Curtain of my Bed was drawn,
 When, lo! the Morning far was gone,
 Whereat I rais'd, from Sleep exempt,
 Found I had nothing done but Dreamt.

The

The Loving Fools.

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The very Fancy notwithstanding,
That I had been so much time spending
In Fools and Mad-men's Company,
Did truly much disorder me;
But to my self this Comfort taking,
That I both Sleeping had, and Waking,
Found Pass'ionate Love to be no more
Than I've been told it was before,
That is, mad *Frenzy*, and meer *Folly*,
Th' Ingredients of Melancholly.

The End of the Fourth Vision.

THE
FIFTH VISION
OF THE
WORLD.

WHILST *Serious Matters* did invade
My Thoughts, and I was pensive made,
From *moral Speculations* Fate
Did take me off, and through the Gate
Of *Vanity* and *Weakness*, hurl'd
Me into the *Tempestuous World*.
Where, as I pass'd from Place to Place,
Sev'ral, that view'd well my Face,
Made Sport of me : The further I
Did rove, my humane *Frailty*
Was (in that *Labyrinth* of cross
Delusions) at a greater loss.
One while (with trouble) I was in
With *Sword-men*, and *Bravoes* of Sin,
Up to the Ears in *Challenges*
And *Quarrels*, never was at ease ;
In Scarf I'd sometimes have an Arm,
A broken Head, or worser harm.
Another Fit, I ne'er was well,
But either at the *Fleece*, or *Bell*,

Or

Or *Bear* at *Bridge-foot*, stuffing, Sir,
My *Guts* with *Food*; and seldom stir,
Till *Guzzle* ready was to burst
The *Hoops*, b'ing likewise stretcht with Lust

As I was once in one of my
Unquiet Moods, most suddenly
One called after me, and pluckt
Me by the Cloak, that close was tuckt
He was with Age most sadly worn,
His Cloaths like Ragged Ensigns torn,
His Face, as if it had been bruised,
And very much with Blows misused,
Which did not yet (as I'm a Sinner)
His *Air*, and good *Appearance* hinder,
For still with those *Parts* he was deckt,
Which did from me deserve *Respect*.

Good Father (said I to him) why
Envy you my *Felicity*?
Pray 'e let me alone, and mind
Your own Concerns; but now you find
Your self beyond the *Verge* of *Youth*,
You hate its *Pleasures*; of a *Truth*,
It is a trick of old *Superiors*,
To chide the *Actions* of their *Juniors*,

Son, said the *Sage*, I do not blame
Thy *Mirth*, I'd have you to reclaim.
Dost know the *Price* of one poor *Hour*
Of *Minute*, which time doth devour;
If (Son) thou had'st, thou wouldst employ
Them better, than on fading *Joy*.
Know, all the *Minutes* of our *Life*,
Which leads us into daily *Strife*,

Are

Are but (Sir) as so many Links
Of any mettall Chain that chinks,
Having upon the end of't *Death*,
The desp'rate Foe to humane Breath;
Wherefore, how stupid is the Wretch,
That fears not *Death*, till he doth fetch
His Soul away, in such a case
That will condemn it to disgrace!

Hearing a Stranger so implore
For my Conversion, Ten times more
Than I desired him, I cry'd,
Who are you, that you can't abide
The World, and what's your Bus'ness here?
Quoth he, *it plainly may appear*
By this my Poverty and Rags,
My meagre Looks, and tatter'd Jags,
I am an honest Man, a Friend
To Truth, and will her Cause defend.
Some me (Sir) the *Plain-dealer* call;
Some *Undeceiver General*.
You see me here severely batter'd
With Bruises, Wounds, and sadly tatter'd,
And what's all this but the Requitals,
Which People give to stop my Vitals,
For giving them good Counsell; yet,
Altho' they strive from me to get,
These cruel and deceitful *Fiends*,
Will often call themselves my *Friends*.
But if thou hast a mind to see
The *World* I talk of, come with me,
And you shall such a Prospect have,
As Curiosity can crave.

Quoth I then, what place call you this?
 So presently he said, it is
 The *Walk* of *Hypocrites*, which reaches
 As far as either *Pole* (Sir) stretches:
 'Tis very *populous* and *large*;
 For I believe (within its *Verge*)
 There's not a *Man* but what has in't
 A *House*, or *Chamber* made of *Flint*.
 All, more or less, (Sir) from *Eleven*,
 Have got a *tang* of this same *Leaven*.
 That *Fellow* in the *Corner* there,
 Did once a *Leathern Jerkin* wear,
 But now of *Plough* he hates the *Tale*,
 Into a *Sword* has turn'd his *Flail*,
 And doth endeavour all he can
 To get the *Stile* of *Gentleman*;
 But he had better pay his *Debts*,
 Than swagger so by others *Bets*.
 There is a *Rascal* that would fain
 Look great too, so applausè to gain
 The *Face* and *Garb* of *Nobleman*.
 He strives to put on if he can,
 Continually Swears like a *Lord*;
 Drinks like a *Fish*, Lies like a *Bawd*, (*Whores*;
 Games Night and Day, keeps *Hounds*, and
 Which shortly eat him out of *Doors*.
 Now yonder *Piece* (Sir) do you see
 Of idle *Form*, and *Gravity*?
 He *Walks* as if he only strove
 To shew he did by *Clock-work* move;
 His words are few and very *low*;
 And if his *Answers* you would know,

Lay

Lay by your *Ears*, for only *sight*
 Will serve, take *shrugs* and *nods*, but right;
 This is a Minister of State,
 Who with pretended Wit (I sa'yt)
 Is but a *Counterfeited* Creature,
 And ver'est Noddie that's in Nature:

Face now about, and cast an Eye,
 On some deceitful Sots hard by,
 That o're a Threshold scarce can lift
 A Leg, but yet (like *Snakes*) they'd shife
 Their Skin, by *dying* all their Hair,
Col'ring their *Beards*, and playing there
 The *young raw* Fools again. Behold
 The other side, see there a bold,
 Mad Company of *silly* Boys;
 Under the *mask* of being *wise*,
 Taking on them to rule the World,
 Which oft is topsie turvie hurl'd.
What Lord is that (said I) *that's there*
In those rich Cloaths, and *Laces* rare?
 Quoth he, that *Lord's* a *Taylor*, in
 His Sunday *Cloaths*, who *ltae* has bin
 To sell his *Cabbage*; and if he
 Should now upon his *shop-board* be,
 His *Scissers*, and his *Needles* scarce
 VVould know their Master by his Face :
 Know, that *Hypocrisie* thrô all
 The Land is th' *Epidemical*
Disease, which has on *Trades* laid hold,
 As well as *Masters*. For so bold
 The *Groom* is, that himself he'll name
Gentleman of the Horse, for fame.

The

The *Cobler* a *Translator*. He
That holds my *Ladys Tail in Fee*,
A *Child of Honour*. *Squire Catch*
Finisher of the Law. The *Wretch*
That carries *Guts to Bears*, you see,
Writes, *Servant to his Majesty*.
The *Mountebank* an *Able-man*,
A *common Whore* a *Courtezán*.
An *As* commences *Master-doctor*.
A *Blockhead* climbs up to a *Proctor*.
Lust, *Friendship*; *Cheating*, *Gallantry*;
Lying, *Invention*; *Usury*
Is termed *Thrift*; in fine, your *Eyes*
May all things see in a *Disguise*
Of filthy, base *Hypocrisy*,
Guarded with cunning *Knavery*.

So take the *whole World*, where you will,
You'll a meer *Juggle* find it still;
Wrath, *Av'rice*, *Murder*, *Lux'ry Pride*,
And *Thousand* other *Sins* beside,
Have all of them *Hypocrisy*,
To mask a heinous *Villany*.

Tripping along with hasty pace,
We now were come, Sir, to the place
The *Old-man* told me of, where I
Did sev'ral *Passages* espy.
First, coming thro' a dirty *Lane*,
I saw a solemn *Fun'ral Train*
Of *Guests* and *Kindred*, following
A *Lady's Corps*, whom *Death* did sting;
The *Mourners* walked all in *State*
With *Widower* disconsolate;

Who

Who made his very pensive Breast
 For Chin (like *Tuiston's*, Sir) a rest,
 Marching a sad and heavy pace,
 As fuitable to such a case,
 B'ing muffled up in Mourning Hood,
 With Gown of Cloth too very good,
 Which with its Train, as black as Soot,
 Contain'd in length (Sir) Eighty Foot.
 Alack ! alack ! cry'd I, that ever
 Grim Death should a poor Husband sever,
 From such a Wife for whom he shows
 Such Grief as to her *Grave* he goes !
 Which was a sign she merited
 The *Tears* which he did seem to shed.
 With that, the *Old-man* on me smiled,
 And said, my Pity was beguiled,
 I'll make you otherwise believe,
 And presently you shall perceive,
 The *World* is nought but *Vanity*,
Imposure, and *Hypocrisy* ;
 To see by *Torches* so much light,
 [As on Illumination-Night.]
 With so much Ceremony, and
 The Males and Females Hand in Hand,
 One (Sir) would think some mighty matter
 Might really be in all this clatter :
 But truly, all this noise and pudder,
 Is like a *Ship* without a *Rudder*,
 Signifies *nothing*. But the *Dead*,
 On whom *Corruption* will be fed,
 It seems must have their *Vanities*,
 Their Festivals, and Holy-days,

As

As well (Sir) as the *Quick*. Alas !
 What is a Carcass, but the mass
 Of a *corrupted, noisome Earth*,
 That's putrified from its Birth ;
 To which devouring Worms do knit,
 For *Fruit* nor *Tillage* neither fit,
 Then for the Melancholly Looks
 Of *Mourners*, colour'd like to *Rooks*;
 They only out of Fashion weep,
 To keep their drowsy Eyes from Sleep.
 By their *Behav'our*, and their *Talking*,
 You might have seen where they were walking ;
 For when they should have praying been
 For the *Departed*, some were in
 Discourse about a *Pedigree*,
 And what she left to me; and me.
 Says one, I'm not so near a Kin,
 But that I might have spared bin ;
 And I had Twenty other things
 To do, which *Bus'ness* on me flings.
 Another at a Tavern shou'd
 Have met some Fellows called good :
 A Fourth (Sir) to himself doth mutter,
 And keep a very heavy clutter,
 Because he cannot placed be
 According to his *Quality*.
 Pray let me tell you further, that
 The *Man himself's* not grieved at
 His *Consort's* Death ; but for the damn'd
 Expence which has been on him cram'd,
 In *Mourners*, *Scutcheons*, *Blacks* and *Tapers*,
Rings, *Claret*, *Scarfs*, and *Service-papers* :

And that she was not fairly laid
 To rest, without such doings made;
 For, for the saving of his Pelf,
 The *Widower* persuades himself,
 That, she without a Candle might
 Have found her Grave, though it was Night.
 And since she was to Dye, he thought,
 That quicker work on it she ought
 To've made; for a good, loving Wife,
 (Like a good Christian) when her Life
 Is threat'ned by the conq'ring Ghost,
 Should presently ride with him Post,
 Without long ling'ring in the Hands
 Of such as eat up House and Lands,
 As 'Pothecaries, Surgeons, Doctors,
 Villains as great as sharpening Proctors,
 Like them no Mercy ever knew;
 Away to kill the Husband too:
 But Fortune ne'er was on my side!
 Or of the Plague she might have Dy'd,
 Which would have stav'd off Company:
 This is the *Second Wife* which he
 Has turned o'er the *Pearch*, but yet
 (To give the Man his due) his Wit
 Is such, that he secur'd a *Third*,
 Before *this* from her *Death-bed* stirr'd,
 So that his Case (Sir) is no other,
 Than chopping one *Wife* for another:
 A cold one for a warm one, and
 His Sorrow he will soon disband.

The good *Old-man*, methought, spoke *Won-*
 Making in all his talk no blunders; (ders,
 He

He soon convinc'd me, that I must
Not to the World's Appearance trust.
With that, the *Fun'ral* vanish'd ;
And this I gather'd from the Dead ;
I'm gone before you all, you see,
But as I am, so must you be.

Soon from this meditating Thought,
We were to Admiration brought,
Thro' Screeches which we both did hear,
Behind us in a House, Sir, where,
No sooner enter'd we the Door,
But People did begin to roar,
A Consort of *Six Voices* there,
Did sweetly entertain the Ear,
With Harmony well set and tuned,
To th' *Sighs* and *Groans* of a bemoaned
Young pritty *Woman*, newly made
A *Widow* ; their Grief Joy out-weigh'd ;
Passion was acted to the Life ;
But yet the *Corps* heard not his *Wife* ;
So not the better for't. She wou'd
Cry sometimes, ah ! cou'd I weep Blood,
It all should go, for this my *Dear*,
That like a Senseless Block lies here.
Often they would their Hands be clapping,
And on their pensive Breasts be wrapping,
Pour Groans and Sighs out by the *neck*,
Then hanging on each others Neck.
Crying (like one with Belly-ach)
As if their very Hearts would break.
The *Pictures*, *Hangings* too, and all
The *Furniture* upon the Wall,

Are taken down, and hung with *Black* ;
 Nothing of *Mourning* did they lack,
 Alas ! the poor *Disconsolate*
 Upon a Couch bewail'd her *Fate*;
 With her *condoling Friends*, about
 The Room, to help her *Sorrow* out ;
 Of Day-light there was not a Spark,
 As blackest Pitch it was as dark,
 For the sad part they had to play,
 Required not the glimpse of Day,
 Which had their *Grief* in *Masquerade*
 Discover'd, and the *Strains* they made,
 To fetch up all those *feigned Tears*,
 Which wash'd them over Head and Ears.
Madam (says one) *your Tears in vain*
Are thrown away ; and you complain
For that which cannot be recalled ;
Nor from the King of Terrors hauled,
But yet to see you thus lament,
My Sorrow likewise must have vent.
Madam, cheer up, (another cries,
With Finger dabbling in her Eyes)
Your Husband's happy, that he's harl'd
Out of this miserable World.
Patience, ah ! Patience (cries a Third,
That on good Bisket chews her Cud.)
Madam, it is great Heaven's Will,
That he and you no more must Bill.
Doſt talk of Patience (says ſhe) here ?
Forbear the Loſs of ſuch a dear,
Kind, loving Husband ? ah ! I can-
Not ſiſte Grief for ſuch a Man.

That

That ever I should live to see
This wretched Day of Misery.
And then she fell to *Blubbing*,
Sobbing, and *raving* at the Sting
Of quarrelsome, unlucky Fate,
Who would so soon her Sorrows Date.

Whilst she was in these *Discontents*,
A *Chorus* of *Nose Instruments*
Came in, and made a hideous rout,
Of throwing Snot and Sniv'l about;
There was such *Blowing*, *Sighing*, *Snobbing*,
Wringing of Hands, and often *Sobbing*,
That one, who's full of Mirth, I'm sure,
Could not the fable House endure.
Yet know, that all this *Discontent*
For *Physick* serv'd, and *Complement* :
For, a *Condoling Office* it
Did pass, Sir, and whilst they did sit,
Their *Heads* of foul ill Humours were,
All under one (Sir) purged there.
Indeed (said I) good Father, you
Must pardon me, if I do shew
The *Widow* Pity, and do bear
A *Part* in this sad *Consort* here.

Then said the aged Man to me,
I'll solve this Mourning Mystery ;
Observe the *Widow* there, that cries
As if she'd drown us with her Eyes,
That looks as if she nothing had
In Mouth, but *Service for the Dead*,
And as if only there did rowl
Sweet *Hallelujahs* in her Soul,

Has underneath her fable *Veil*
Green Thoughts, which do so much prevail,
 As to raise brisk *Imaginations*,
 Amidst her woful *Lamentations*.
 The *Chamber* there is dark you see;
 Their *Faces* likewise muffled be
 Up in their dolesome *Fun'ral Dresses*,
 And tearing their *dishivel'd Tresses*.
 And what, Sir, of this dismal Feat,
 When *all their Mourning's but a Cheat*?
 Their *Weeping* signifies no more
 Than *Crying*, at so much per Score,
 Or Hour; for their briny *Tears*
 Are hackney'd out, it plain appears,
 And when they have *wept out their Stage*,
 They take up, and abandon *Rage*.
 What now I'll tell, you may believe;
 If you these Creatures would relieve,
 To leave them to themselves is best;
 Then will they all their Grief detest,
 Your Back b'ing turn'd, they'll cease their
 And they'll as merry be as *Greeks*; (Skrieks,
 For take *Spectators* all away,
 And soon is done the feigned *Play*:
 No more they moisten then their Chins,
 But thus the pritty *Game* begins.
 Come, come, dear Madam, 'saith we must
 (Cryes one) be merry; not by *Dust*
Are we to Live, but by the Living,
 Who can a Thing that's Warm be giving:
 For such a brisk, young, airy, fair,
 Neat, handsome Widow as you are,

To whimper Opportunities
 Away, indeed you are not wise !
 There's you know who, I dare to swear
 Has a months mind to you ; a pair
 Well match'd you'll be, and by my troth,
 I wish 'tween Sheets of Holland Cloth
 Ye were together, and I'd be hanged
 If that you'd not as well be banded,
 As Venus was by Mars, when Laine
 Poor Vulcan caught them at the Game.
 Really, dear Madam, (cries another)
 By her Advice she seems your Mother,
 And 'faith, if I were in your place,
 I'd follow it ; time flies apace
 So use it ; let not grief abound,
 For 'tis but One lost, and Ten found.
 Pray tell me, Madam, if I may
 So bold be on this mournful Day ;
 What think you of that Cavalier,
 That Yesterday was so long here ?
 Surely he has a deal of Wit,
 And for your Business will be fit ;
 The Gentleman is not too Tall,
 Yet proper, handsome, wherewithal.
 Well ! if that Man has not a strange
 Passion for you, I'll quickly change
 My Eyes, for I will ne'er believe
 Them more, that did me so deceive :
 But 'faith my Love is so sincere
 For you, that I do wish you were
 Well in his Arms this Night before
 To Morrow Ne'er on nothing pore ;

Let

134 *The Fifth Vision of*

*Let not your Wisdom be so shallow,
As to let Beauty now lye fallow.
The Widow this doth set a pinking,
And on some pleasant Fancies thinking,
It makes her seem to be all Mettle,
And simper like a Frum'ty Kettle;
At length, without a Curse or Oath,
She makes a pretty little Mouth,
And says, as yet my Sorrow dares
Not talk, ah! me, of those Affairs;
But let it be as Heaven pleases,
I'll at the first that on me siezes.
The bottom of her Sorrow, here
You see most plainly doth appear.
She has a second Husband taken
Into her Heart, the first's forsaken,
Before he in his Grave is laid;
Thus feign'd Affection is betray'd.
I should have told you that your right
Made Widows, do in Peck Delight,
Eating and Drinking for their good,
The first Day of their Widowhood,
More than in all their Lives beside;
For Glutt'ny with their Grief doth ride:
A Visitant does not appear,
But presently comes out good Chear,
As cold bak'd Meat, or groaning Cake,
Which they Eat for the Dead-man's sake;
And Cordial-Bottle quick doth fly,
Among the Guests, for Sorrow's dry.
But then at ev'ry gulp and bit,
The Lady Relict Sighs at it,*

Pretends

Pretends to *chew false*, and doth vow
 Sh'as lost her taste, she knows not how,
 She her *Digestion* too has lost,
 And *Fortune* has her Pleasures crost.
 Ah! (in the greatest Truth saith she)
 How otherwise, pray can it be ?
 Since he is gone that gave the Relish
 To all my joys, my Fate is hellish !
 So now there is *no Remedy*
 But only *Patience*, left for me.

No sooner was this story told,
 But Uproars on our Ears took hold,
 And what should the great Hubub be,
 But we a *Catch-pole* (Sir) did see,
 Without so much as *Hat*, or Band,
 Or *Sword*, or any *Stick* in's hand,
 His *Face* all *Bloody*; and the *Whelp*
 Was crying out *help, help Sir, help,*
In the Kings name, stop Thief, stop Thief;
 And fetch to aid him some *Relief* :
 Who all the while (as I'm alive)
 Did run as fast as he could drive,
 After a *Thief* that made away
 From him. The Dev'l was there to pay,
 For after him, there nimbly came
 Up an *Attorney*, of ill fame,
All dirty, with a load of papers
In both his hands, with Wax and Wafers,
Sealed, an Inkhorn at his Girdle,
And Crouds (as thick as round a Hurdle,
With Pris'ner in't) did round him flock;
 But down upon a *Butcher's Block*

He

He sat, and somewhat on his Knee
 He writ, but what we could not see :
 Bless me (thought I Sir) how a cause
 Prospers in such a Fellow's Paws,
 For e're a Man could draw his Rap'er,
 He nimble had fill'd up his Paper.
 These *Catchpoles* (said I then) had need
 To be well paid for work indeed,
 For all the Mischiefs they endure,
 Our *Lives*, and *Fortunes* to secure ;
 And truly they deserve it. See.
 The Wretch has been in Jeopardy,
 He's sadly batter'd, torn Sir, bruised,
 And really very much abused ;
 Has lost, a Quart, or two of Blood,
 And all this for the Publick good.
 Sir, soft, and fair the old Man cryed,
 For what you say, may be denied,
 Know, *he that 'scaped in the scuffle,*
And this same Catchpole are a Couple
Of pot Companions, and old Friends.
 But now this Rogue (who Rogues defends)
 Quarrels the *Thief*, whom he would strip,
 Because he gave him not a Snip,
 Of his last Booty ; and the *Thief*
 B'ing strong, with eating powder'd Beef,
 After a bout of Cuffs, made shift
 To save himself without a Gift.
 So that a thought of *publick good*
 Sir, ran not in the *Catchpole's* Blood ;
 But meerly Prosecution right
 Of his own *Profit*, and a spight

To

To see himself so purely choused :
For which he was but justly doused.
In time, no greater *Rogues*, I swear
Upon the Earth then Bailiffs are.

(Said I) I hope you do afford
Skilful *Attorneys* your good word.
Yes, yes, (the Old Man said) ye need
Not doubt (Sir) of it, for indeed
Attorneys and your *Catchpoles* ever,
In Couptes haunt; they will not sever.

Th' *Attorney* the *Information* draws,
All Forms has ready for his Cause,
So then 'tis only but to fill
Up *Blanks*, which helps to cram his *Till*,
By sending some *Delinquent* strait
To Jayl, to curse his wretched state.
Give but a damn'd *Attorney*, Pen,
A little *Ink*, and *Paper*, then
Let him for *Witnesses* alone,
To swear to things to them unknown.

The good old Man, now from his tatling
Was taken off Sir, by the ratling
Of a *Gilt Coach*, wherein did sit,
A gawdy *Courtier* void of wit.
He was Trickt up in *Meclen Laces*;
A Student was he in *set Faces*,
And much affected (in his Wig)
With looking *Politick* and big.
But for his *Arms*, and *Body*, He
Had nurs'd by *Inciv lity* :
For truly, he could not tell how
To move his *Beaver Hat*, or bow

To any Man, of good Repute,
That did his *honour* much salute.

After this *Statue* followed

A swarm of *Skipps*, but bare on head :

And in his *Lordships* Company,

Within the Coach, I did espy

A *Buffoon*, and a *Parasite* ;

In whom the *Great* do most delight.

Oh blessed *Prince* ! (said I) to Live

In such great *splendor*, which doth give

The most *admiring* Eye its fill ;

And thus to have the *World* at will !

His *Train*, how glorious it showed,

Better was *Riches* ne'er bestowed.

With that, the Old Man frowns did make,

Saying I was in a *Mistake* ;

Save only, when my little skill

Did say he had the *World* at will ,

In that (says he) you guessed right,

For what's the *World*, and its delight,

But *Labour*, *Folly*, *Vanity*.

Ambition, *Pride*, and *Luxury*:

Which do *compound*, and *entertain*

This *Cavalier*, and all his *Train*.

As for the great *Retinue*, which

Waits on this *Man* that seems so rich,

In it more *Creditors* you'll find,

Than *Servants* : See, there lags behind

A drove of *Bankers*, *Scriveners*, *Mercers*,

Jewellers, *Tailors*, *Brokers*, *Drapers* ;

And these are properly the stay,

Of that dull *Ass* which looks so gay.

Robes,

*Robes, Money, Wages, Liveries,
Linnen, Meat, Drink, and all supplies
Do daily from their Pockets drain,
T' uphold the Grandeur of their Train.
For their security they've got
His Honour ; and this choused Knot
To their full satisfaction, must
To promises, and fair words trust,
Unless a Skip with Cudgel, they
Had rather take, for all their pay.*

But, now mark his *Companions Sir,*
His *Fool* and cringing *Flatterer.*
They are too hard for him, you see ;
At bed and board with him they be,
Who being stockt with Impudence,
Make Merry both at his Expence ;
*What greater shame and Misery,
In all the World besides can be,
Than for a Man such Friends to make,
Who Love him for their Riches sake,
And thus to spend a vast Estate,
On Rascals that do Vertue hate !*
But now behold this filthy, base,
And treach'rous Kindness of this Race.
*My Lord (says the Buffoon) you were
Infallibly wrapt in (I swear)
Your Mothers Smock ; for, let me be ! ---
If ye've not that Complacency,
Which sets the Ladies of our Land,
Agog to Kiss your Lordships Hand.
Faith (cryes the fawning Parasite)
Your Honour is the sole delight*

of

Of all Mankind, who deem you wise,
 And cast on none but you their Eyes.
 Which Flatt'ry makes the Lord surmize,
 He is some God dropt from the Skies.
 Thus do these *Asses* keep a pother,
 Both *knab* and *curry* one another,
 And whilst the Lord with *Glory* burns,
 They play the *cunning Fools* by turns.

The Old Man had his word, between
 His Teeth yet, when by us was seen
 A *pleasure Lady*, passing thro' won
 A *street* in Garments fine, and new,
 Of Shape and Garb so excellent,
 That none but must a Passion vent,
 Who look'd upon her Angel's Face,
 The feat of Beauty, and of Grace.
 They that had seen her once, no more
 Were this sweet Creature to adore,
 For still she turn'd her Face to all
New-commers, who to Love would fall.
 Graceful her motion was, and free,
 One while she'd stare on him, than me,
 Under pretence of opening
 Her Hood, that she might better bring
 It into order. By and by,
 A look at us (Sir) with one *Eye*
 She'd steal, and a side *Face* to boot
 From behind Mask. And then comes out
 The pretty *Hand*, which shews the white
 Snow *Neck* and *Breasts*, to set more right
 The Scarf, or other thing, and please ye,
 Which made her Ladiship uneasy.

Black were her *Eye-brows*, and her *Hair* ;
 Her *Cheeks* as if they tinctur'd were
 With right Vermilion seem'd ; her *Lips*
 The same ; and slender by the *Hips* ;
 Her *Forehead*, *Cupid's Battery*,
 Was high ; in fine, what she did see
 Was all her own ; and this blest sight
 'Bove all, gave me the most delight.
 As she was marching off, my mind
 To follow her my Heart did bind.
 But just as I was e'en departing,
 My Old Man stopt me at the starting ;
 Which would affront a Man (by *Jove*)
 That was in *haste*, Sir, and in *Love*.
 Officious Friend (said I) he must
 Be barb'rous that is not so just
 That cannot daily pine and whine
 For one who's Beauty's most Divine.
 Nor would (Sir) any but a Sot
 (That hates the Soul, to Love the Pot)
 Let slip the Opportunity
 Of storming what doth please the Eye.
 A handsome Woman ! O great Powers !
 Who view us from yon azure Towers ;
 What was she made for, but to be
 Belov'd ? And, ah ! the happy He
 Who her Enjoys, has got the Creature,
 Which is the Master-piece of Nature.
 What Light'ning does she carry in
 Her Eyes ! that dimple in her Chin,
 And pritty Motions, would entice
 A Man to hazard Paradise:

Here the Old Man (Sir) bid me end
 This dull Discourse, and said, *My Friend,*
He that doth trust his Eyes, exposes
His Soul to Torments, and encloses
Confusions : He the Clouds shall take
For Mountains ; Crooked for the Strait ;
One sort of Colour for another,
And Female-Creature for a Brother,
By means of Distance that's undue,
And indisposed Medium too :
 But what now will you say, if this
 Your new found Mistress proves a *Miss,*
 Is an Imposture, and a Cheat,
 That's only fit for Devil's Meat ?
 As ugly as a Witch last Night
 She went to Bed, by Morning-light,
 She like an Angel doth appear :
 But now to my Report give Ear :
If you this Poppit did but see
To pieces taken, it would be
A little Paint and Plaister found,
Or nasty Flesh, which is unsound.
 And now I will Anatomize
 This Creature, which enchants your Eyes.
 The *Hair* she wears upon her Head
 Of *Tire-Woman's* borrowed ;
 For all her own was lost (Sir, know)
 In Storms which did from *Naples* blow.
 Her *Eye-brows* and *Complexion* are
 By skilful Pencil made so Fair.
 All that you see of her that's good,
 Continually comes from a Flood

Of distill'd Waters, Essences,
Powders, and such like things as these;
Perfumed Drawers, Spanish Pockets,
Pomanders, Powders, scented Locketts,
All which will scarce yet qualify
The noisome poys'nous Whiffs which fly
From Arm-pits, Toes as black as Ink;
And Scores of Pole-Cats would out-stink.
Kiss well she needs must, 'cause her Lips,
(Thro' which lewd Language often slips)
Are always bath'd with Oyl and Grease.
And if you would this thing embrace,
The better half of her you'll find
The Taylor's; who, your Eyes to blind,
From seeing her Deformity,
With Pads her Body doth supply.
Take notice, when to Bed she goes,
Half of her Person with her Shoes
She puts off, and from stinking Gum
An Artificial Tooth doth come,
Which by her till the Morning Lyes;
Still worser, Sir, one of her Eyes
She pulls out too, that's made of Glas;
Yet this must for a Beauty pass!
What to your Mistress can be said?
Have not your Eyes your Sense betray'd?
Well, well, your Error own, and mend;
Ne'er let your Eyes your Soul offend;
For know, by Women it's design'd,
Our Sex their Captives (Sir) to bind.
Nay, take the best of them, and see
What with the Pains to get a She,

And trouble too of pleasing them,
 A Man his Folly would condemn;
 And find that he who comes off best,
 A loser at the last doth rest.

The End of the Fifth Vision.

THE

THE
SIXTH VISION
OF

HELL.

ONE *Autumn*, in a Moon-light Night,
Whose Silver Beams the *Fairies* fright,
I took a Walk into a Park (dark:
Where Groves of Trees made brightness)
At length I left the Path, and went,
Where *Fancy* led me by the Scent,
Further into the Wood, till I
The blushing Morning did espy;
Where such a Prospect I beheld,
That *Fountain-bleau*, Sir, it excell'd.
The Air was calm and temperate,
Where Peace and Silence sat in State,
On th' one hand I was entertained
With Chrystal Rivulets, which strained
From moisture rushing from the Fountains,
Which took their Springs from lofty Moun-
On t'other side from whisp'ring Trees (tains:
The *Birds* sent pleasant Melodies;
But yet to shew Tranquility
Was cloy'd, I long'd for Company.

When in the very instant, there
(To my great wonder) did appear
Two Paths from one beginning go,
Yet could not tell why it was so.
That on the *Right-hand*, Sir, was narrow,
The other wider than a *Barrow*.
But that which was so narrow, I
Observ'd had little Company ;
For very few (Sir) there took *Rambles*,
B'ing over-grown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*;
Besides, so stony was the way,
That Feet must have on it foul play :
However, one might sometimes see
Plainly the Marks and Prints to be,
Of sev'ral Passengers that had
(Tho' I must think them something Mad)
Rubb'd thro', though with exceeding pains,
And I am sure for little Gains.
For pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet,
Whole Skins of some, and Winding-Sheet,
Were left behind them. On the Road
I pressing forward saw a Crowd,
Without so much as looking back,
Whose Visage Dread did seem to rack ;
For some were *pale-fac'd*, *lean*, and *thin*,
And *sadly mortified* in
Their Journey, There no *Horse-men* were ;
And good *St. Paul*, who took such care
To save the *Gentiles* left his Horse,
When Death his Body there did force.
Truly, the footing of no Beast
Could there be seen from West to East,
Neither

Neither so much as *Ass* or *Mule*,
Nor *meddling, self-conceited Fool*.
No Coach nor Chari't there did ride,
Here nothing was which shew'd of Pride.
Musing upon the things I'd Eyed,
At length a *Beggar* I espyed,
Resting himself a little to
Take Breath; said I then, how dost do
Old Friend? what Inns do they afford
Or Lodgings on this narrow Road?
His Answer was, no stopping there
Was, till the poor Sojourners were
Arrived at their Journey's end.
For this way (said he) doth ascend
To *Paradise*, and what should they
With any *Inns* do on the way,
Where so few *Passengers* do ride?
In this Road Men are to be try'd,
Ah! know you not the course of Nature,
Which is entail'd on ev'ry Creature,
To *Dye* is to be *Born*, to *Live*
Is (Sir) to *Travel*; and receive
The *World*, which is an *Inn* of Troubles,
Curst Vanity, and empty Bubbles,
Which afterwards for ev'ry Age
To *bliss* or *pain*'s one only Stage.
And with these Words he forwards march'd,
For he for his Salvation searched.
But as his Journey he pursued,
His trouble was the more Renewed,
He stumbled over Rocks and Stones,
Tearing his Flesh; and heavy Groans

He yelled, ev'ry time he slept ;
Most deeply sighed ; then he wept,
Then thought I to my self, this way
Is not for me to go, for they
That went it, were a Company
Who would not to my mind agree.
So from a Mount by Earth-quake cleft
Of late, I strook off on the left.

There I found Company enough,
Besides more Room, of gentile *Stuff*.
There I was up (Sir) to the Ears,
Among your *Noble Cavaleers*,
Gilt Coaches, *Grooms*, *Rich Liveries*,
And *Lasses*, lively round the Eyes,
As glorious as the quick'ning *Sun* !
When he doth from *Aurora* run ;
Some of them *Laughing*, others *Singing* ;
And others in *Calashes* *Swinging* ;
Others were tickling *one another*,
And toying, like young Child with Mother ;
All there did very merry seem,
Some Sugar'd *Strawberries* and *Cream*,
Had in a *Silver Porringer* ;
Some on a *China Orange* (Sir,
Were Nibbling ; some aset at *Cards*
Appointed ; here were store of *Bards*,
So being got into the *Mode*,
I jogg'd on with 'em on the Road.
Where I diversion found in *Plays*,
Balls, *Masquerades*, and *Dalliances*,
Collations, *Amours*, and the joy
Which *Leachers* think can never cloy.

Here

Here (as on t' other Road) no *Naked*,
And *Barefoot* People with us *Raked*,
For want of *Shoemakers* and *Taylors* ;
For here they flock'd as thick as *Jailors*.
Beside large Shoals of *Mercers*, *Jewellers*,
Drapers, *Bodice-makers*, *Milliners*,
Perrwig-makers, and a *Whore*,
And *Cook* at ev'ry other door ;
French *Ord'naries* there were enough ;
And *Pastry Cooks* to raise up Puff.
I with my new acquaintance took
Great pleasure, which doth tempting look ;
Yet now and then, upon the way
Justling disorder would bear sway,
Chiefly 'tween *Doctors* on their *Mules*,
And th' *Infantry* of *Temple Fools*,
Who in great Bodies march'd before
The *Judges*, and aloud did Roar.
'Gainst *Doctors*, did their *Call* disgrace,
All which contesting was for place.
But the *Physicians* (with great Laughter)
Carry'd it in favour of their *Charter*,
Which gives them *priviledge*, to *study*,
Practice, and ever *Teach* the bloody
Art (*Sir*) of *Killing* ; and to read
Lectures of it, with care and heed,
In all the *Universities*,
Which now are underneath the *Skies*.
While they their honour were disputing,
I sev'ral People saw saluting,
Crossing from one way to the other,
And changing Roads with one another.

Some

Some of them stumbled, tho' not Night,
 And some there were, that fell down right;
 But the most pritty sport of all,
 Was (Sir) to see some *Vintners* fall,
 Together in a darksome Pit,
 Which did with Laughing almost split
 My sides, but finding they were all
 Out of their *Element* did baul,
 For help, and getting out at last,
 Away they trudg'd it very fast.
 Those that were in the *Right-hand-way*,
 Which to'ards the House of *Vertue* lay,
 Advanced very heavily,
 Which made sport for our Company.
 Look (crys one, void of any Grace)
 What a sad severe *Friday-Face*,
 That Fellow makes? He'll fright one Sir,
 Another calls him, prick-ear'd Cur,
 Dam'me (a third crys with great Laughter)
 If th' Rogues ben't drunk with *Holy-water*;
 Rake Hell, and scum the Devils we
 Such ill lookt Rascals could not see,
 Another says: But all their jeers,
 Some heeded not, but stopt their Ears.
 Other some, out of Countenance
 We put, and they with us did dance.
 And others (wanting grace or shame)
 Out of pure Love unto us came.
 After this, in a *By-path* I
 Vast many People did espy,
 Who had a great shew of a motion,
 To hard *Contrition*, and *Devotion*,

In look and gesture. For the sake
Of Bliss their Noddles they did shake,
For change of which some Tears were given,
And lifting up their Hands to Heaven;
They'd most of them large Ears, and in
Their Hands, Geneva Bibles seen.
I took this precise Company,
To be of great Integrity,
And Holiness (Sirs;) but in time,
These (who with grace would seem to shine)
We found to be but *Hypocrites* :
Tho' all what *Libertines* delights,
They rail against, yet in the end
To Hell they'll fall not to descend.
For know *Repentance*, *Fasting*, *Prayer*,
And other *Duties* too, which are
Good *Christians* Pass-port to *Salvation*,
Are but a kind (Sir) of *Probation*,
To those Men really cram'd with evil,
To fit them rightly for the Devil.
Your holy Sisters, and Devotes,
Pulled and hall'd 'em by their Coats,
To kiss the Skirts thereof, but whether,
These tender Creatures Zeal was either
Nat'ral or Spirit'al, is hard,
To say; for I knew their Reward
Was small, Sir, when they came to kiss
Each others Face, to merit Bliss,
More of the *Flesh* I thought there was,
Than of the Spirit in the Case.
With cast up Eyes, and shaking Heads,
Our Females would be drawing Threads
Out

Out of their *holy Brethren's* Cloaths,
 Reliques to make of, I suppose.
 Cutting large Snips out others be,
 As if they had a mind to see
 Them Naked. Some again desired
 That when they were with Pray'r inspired
 To think on them; which been so civil,
 By a third Person to the Devil,
 Themselves commending is. Some pray,
 Their *Daughters* all good *Matches* may
 Obtain; some others *Children* crave:
 And sure the Miserable Slave,
 The Husband that his Wife allows
 To ask abroad for Children, knows
 He must so kind be as to take
 Them home, when given for her sake.
 In fine, these *Hypocrites* a while
 The ign'rant People may beguile,
 Yet slender Proof is their disguise,
 Against the great *Almighty's* Eyes.

These went apart, who wear the name
 of *Christians*; but to such a shame.
 For, with the Pleasures of this Life, (strife)
 (Which breed 'tween Earth and Heaven
 They do content themselves, because
 They nothing know of *sacred Laws*.
 They to be damn'd all, take more pains,
 Than to obtain what *Virtue* gains.
 In short, we all went onwards walking,
 On very many Matters talking.
 The *Rich*, they followed their *Wealth*,
 The *Poor* the *Rich*, and *Sick* their *Health*;
 Begging

Begging there what just Providence,
Had them deny'd, for some offence.
The *Stubborn* by themselves (Sir) ganged
And were resolv'd they would be hanged,
E're they would here a Man more wise
Than them, for *Wisdom* they despise.
Magistrates after *Block-heads* drew,
And base *Attorneys*, not a few.
Your Shammaking *Solicitors*,
Who only serve to spoil a Cause.
Corrupted Judges, carry'd were
By *Avarice*, and *Passion* there:
Vain and *ambitious Princes* took
Their *Realms* with them, and Heav'n forsook.
A world of *Clergy* on this *Road*,
Did e'ry *Tipling House* afford:
A *Troop of the Life-guard* was there,
Who, could they fight, as well as swear,
Had all brave *Fellows* been indeed,
And good might do in time of need.
Their whole Discourse was of their *Faults*,
How they sneakt off at such *Assaults*;
What *Wounds* they got at such a place,
When *Running*, in the *Leg*, or *Face*;
What *Rubs* they might have had in *Towns*,
Had not good *Distance* sav'd their *Bones*,
When they had been for *Poultry* sneaking,
And other *Belly-timber* seeking.
Which *Stories* in at one Ear came,
And out at t' other went for shame.
Sirrah (says one) don't you remember,
' Bout this time Twelve-month, in *September*,
How

How we all clawed it away,
 At such a place for Night and Day!
 Yes, ye damn'd Rogue you, cries another,
 When you so drunk were, that your Mother
 You took to be the rotten Bawd,
 No other Feats could you afford.

A Reg'ment of Foot-Soldiers were
 Of such Exploits too bragging there;
 But whilst they were on their *Romances*,
 And stumping all of idle Fancies,
 Certain bright *Sp'rits*, without delay,
 Came to them from the *Right-hand-way*,
 That knew what they were by their Boxes
 Of Pass-ports, and their Scars of Poxes;
 Crying out to them, as if they had
 Been going t' an Attack like Mad.
Fall on, fall on my merry Boys,
And follow us, to endless Joys.
This is the path of Honour where
You Poultrons need not quit for fear
Of marching hard, or lodging ill,
That Fame for which you need not kill.
Courage brave Lads, and be assured,
That if this Combat's well endured,
Fortune to cross you sha'n't endeavour,
And Crowns ye shall obtain for ever.
Here shall ye all be sure of pay,
And be rewarded ev'ry Day,
Without relying on the trust
Of Princes, who are seldom Just.
How long will you this Trade pursue
Of Blood and Rapine, and undo

To

Your Follow-Creatures? and your Tongues
Accustom'd to the Tragick wrongs
And out-cryes of Barbarity,
As Burn; no Quarter, Kill or Dye:
It is not Pay or Pillage, but
True noble Vertue that must glut
The brave Man with a Recompence.
Trust her, for she's the best defence.
If it be dreadful War you Love,
Come to us, we'll your Manhood prove;
Bear Arms on our side, and we'll find
You Work, which Soldiers ought to mind.
Do you not read, or hear of this,
That Man's frail Life a Warfare is?
That Flesh, the Devil, and the World,
Are Foes that Wrath have on you hurl'd?
And that it with his Soul goes hard,
To be not always on its Guard.
Princes will tell you, that your Bloods,
And Lives too, are their proper Goods;
And that to shed the one, and lose
T'other for them they mayn't refuse,
For Duty, not an Obligation,
Compells them to their Inclination.
But Men should first observe their Cause,
So Kings may bind, to save their Laws,
Wherefore turn Head, and come along
With us, from this perfidious Throng.
All this the Men with Patience heard,
But yet of Heaven were afraid;
So without more ado, like Men
Of Honour, left their Road, and then

As bold as Lions head-long charged
Into a Tavern, much enlarged.

Next after this, we saw a Troop
Of *Women* trundling, like a Hoop,
Along the *Road to Hell*, with Cags
Of *Brandy*, and their loaded *Bags*;
And Fellows dangling at their Heels,
Saluting them in bawdy Peals.
After this prospect, did I see
A *Lady* of great Quality,
Without (Sir) either *Coach*, *Sedan*,
Chariot, *Calash*, or *Waiting-man*,
Foot it here all the Way to *Hell*,
At which sight Wonder on me fell,
So much; consid'ring how she had
Liv'd in the World, that I was Mad
To find a Publick *Not'ry* out,
To make an *Entry* of my *Note*.
But finding none, or *Register*
At hand, yet was I pleased Sir;
For then I thought I was forgiven,
And in the ready Road to *Heaven*.
But soon my Spirits were dejected;
For when I seriously reflected
Upon th' *Affections*, *Troubles*, *Crosses*,
Mortifications, *Sorrows*, *Losses*,
That in the way to *Heaven* lye,
And to consider, that my Eye
Saw nought of that upon this *Road*;
But on the contrary afford
Songs, *Laughing*, *Dancing*, *Jollity*,
Shews, *Drunk'ning*, and *Debauchery*:

This

This gave to me as great a *Qualm*,
 As *Rope* and *penetential Psalm*
 Gives *Pris'ners*; and made me to doubt,
 Whither I then was marching out.

But of my doubt, I soon was eased,
 Besides, I mightily was pleased,
 By a great Gang of *Marry'd Men*,
 Whom we came up to near a *Fen*,
 Having all in their Hands their *Wives*,
 In Evidence of their sad *Lives*,
My Wife's my Witness (crys out one)
 Who really (Sir) has me undone,
 To temper her with *Luscious Jelly*,
 And *Cock-broth*. Furthermore I tell ye,
 To keep her in her *Silks and Shags*,
 I'm forc'd my self to go in *Rags*.
 So that upon the Matter, I
 See ill luck is a *Nuptial Tye*,
 May make a *Man* as much in vogue
 In the blest *Martyrs Catalogue*,
 As if his days he at the *Stake*
 Had ended, for *Religion sake*.

The *Mis'ry* these poor *Slaves* endured,
 Made me to think my self secured
 In the right way again; till I
 Behind me, heard a dismal Cry,
 Make way there, all ye *Spirits and Fairies*,
 Make way there for the *Pothecaries*.
 Bless me, thought I, if they be here,
 We're to the *Devil* very near.
 And so it prov'd, for we were just
 Then to a little *Trap-door* thrust,

L

Where

Where it was easy to get in ;
But not a getting out agin.

A wondrous thing it to me seemed,
That scarce a Soul so much as dreamed
Of *Hell*, Sir, all the way it went,
Till at the length they smelt the scent
Of Brimstone ; then they all did cry,
O sad, we're Damp'd eternally.
That harsh Word made my Heart to ach,
And did my Conscience sadly shake ;
Ah ! is it come to that ? said I.
Then wept I at my Misery,
And thought what I had left behind
On Earth, I never more should find :
As my *Relations, Ladies, Friends,*
And *Filts*, who love for their own ends :
When with a heavy Sigh, and Fasting,
A wishing Eye behind me casting,
Great part of them I then did see
Most swiftly passing after me ;
Whose Company some Comfort gave,
And made me think that one might have
At certain times some small Relief
In *Hell* it self, to ease one's Grief.

Going on further, with some *Saylors,*
I got into a Crowd of *Taylors,*
That in a Corner stood up sneaking,
Trembling to hear the Devils speaking.
At the first Door were *Devils Seven,*
Taking their Names that came from Heaven :
One scribbling Spirit asked me
My Name ; and what my Quality,

And

And so they let me pass, to view
This Place where Sin doth Plagues renew.
But then the black, infernal Goalers
Were for examining the Taylors;
These Fellows, who have tainted Souls,
A Devil, cry'd, come in such Shoals,
As if all Hell was only made
For those of that damn'd cheating Trade.
How many are there? said another,
Answer was made thro' smoak and smother,
About an Hundred. What do'st say?
Says t'other, 'bout an Hundred? They;
If they be Taylors, are above
An Hundred, for we most can prove
More num'rous they upon us throng,
At least they come Twelve Hundred strong;
Beside, so many have we here
Already, that I know not where
To 'stow them. Say (Sirs) e're you go,
Shall's let these Fellows in or no?
At that all the poor Prick-lice were
Startled most damnedly, for fear
They should excluded be, but in
The end, some Devils did begin
To speak for them, and then they were
Admitted to be Lodgers there.
B'ing enter'd, dawb'd with Snot and Snivel,
A club-footed, crump-shoulder'd Devil,
Took each poor Taylor by the Jole,
And flung them into dismal Hole.
Beholding such a monstrous Devil,
To these poor Wretches so uncivil,

I ask'd him how he came to be,
 Deform'd with such Deformity.
 He told me had spoil'd his Back he
 With carrying *Taylors* in a Sack;
 For, said he, I've been formerly
 Us'd as a Sumpter for this *Fry*,
 But now of late these *Rascals* are
 So kind, that me that toil do spare,
 And of themselves do come so fast,
 That it one *Devil's* work is past,
 To place them in the deepest Cell,
 Which we of late have made in *Hell*.
 While this *Tormentor* yet was speaking,
 Another Clut of them came reaking,
 All thro' a bitter show'r of Rain;
 And presently, Sir, I was Fain
 To make way, that the Devil might
 Have room there, by a Glim'ring Light,
 To work in, who with Pile on Pile
 Did Pile them up; then, with a Smile,
 He told me, that they made the best
 Of Fewel, in their *Hellish Nest*.

Into a Small *Dark Alley*, then
 I passed eagerly, but when
 I heard one call me by my Name,
 Wrapt up in *Smoak* and *Sulph'rous Flame*,
 It made me Start. *Alas!* Says he,
 Sir, have you now forgotten me,
 Your Old true Bookseller that dwelt
 In *Pope's Head Alley*? With some Guilt,
 Quoth I, *What?* Art thou here? Yes, yes,
 (Says he) *I'm in the Devil's mess*.

Too

Too sure. I never dream'd it wou'd
 Have come to this. He thought I cou'd
 No less do, than to yield him pity,
 To such a lamentable Ditty;
 But truly I reflected rather,
 On Justice which had brought him thither.
 For in a word, his dark-hole-shop,
 To which the *Factions* oft would hop,
 Was (Sir) the very Mint of *Schism*,
Sedition, *Heresie*, and *Dis'm*.
 A Face of seeming Pity, I
 Put on, to ease his Misery,
 Which he took hold of, and did vent,
 His sorrow in much discontent.
 Well (says he) would my Father, Sir,
 When he made me a Stationer,
 A Hang-man then of me had made,
 Which would have prov'd the better Trade;
 For we to an accompt are called,
 Tumbled and tofs'd about, and haled
 By *Devils*, looking grim as *Turks*,
 And *Moors*, for other People's Works.
 Besides, there is a worser thing,
 Which they into our Dishes fling,
 And that's the selling a *Translation*,
 So cheap, that each *Sot*, thro' the Nation,
 Knows now, as much as would have made
 Formerly one of *Levi's Trade*:
 And ev'ry *Skip*, and Nasty *Groave*,
 A great acquaintance will assume,
 With famous *Homer*, *Ovid*, *Virgil*,
 As if it were *Robin the Devil*;

*The Seven Champions, or a Piece
Of Withers.* But his Tale did cease,
For soon the Devil chang'd his Note,
By thrusting down his parched Throat
A noisome great Whiff, from a Rowl
Of Papers, which made him to howl,
Till the most loathsome Clouds of Smoak
Did with their Stench his Vitals choak:
This Fume had too dispatched me,
If I had not got presently
Out of the reach on't, but I went
My way, and thus did I comment
Unto my self, if *Stationers*
Be plagued thus, as it appears,
What Plagues on *Authors* must be hurl'd,
When ever they depart the World?

Into a darker Alley, next
I rambled in my Thoughts, perplex't,
But never had I such a Fright,
Since Nature gave me first my Sight;
Such hellish Grunting I did hear,
As made the Devils storm and tear,
And wond'ring who this Noise shou'd make,
I askt a Devil in that Lake,
The meaning of it, and he cry'd,
Come follow me to yonder side;
And you shall see this perjur'd Fellow,
Who thus does Grunt and Roar and Bellow,
The which I did, but when I came
A little near him, the vast Flame,

The Smother, Stench, and sulph'rous Smoak,
 That issu'd from this Wretch's Cloak,
 Had like to've choak'd me, but I found
 'Twas, One who in the Earth's vast round,
 Had often been a Plague to Men:
 Whereat, the Devil quickly then
 Put in, and cry'd; this Wall-ey'd Dog,
 Which now you see is Robin Hog,
 A Lying Fellow, Whining Car,
 A Fawning Whelp, a Flatterer:
 One, who would Lye, and speak the Truth,
 Swear, and Forswear too, by St. Ruth.
 Ask him his Name, like angry Turks,
 He'll storm, and say it came by Works,
 Which Bacon's were; but he knows how
 It came by sucking of a Sow,
 When he, more Nat'ral than his Brothers,
 Esteem'd the Milk beyond his Mother's.
 With that the Devil made him Drink
 A Tub brim-full of Printer's Ink;
 Saying this is his daily Doom,
 Because he shou'd remember Cr --- m:
 Besides, he's Fat, and therefore he
 Must be well Dry'd, before he'll be
 Good Bacon for grim Pluto's Table,
 Which spread is with a Cloth of Sable:
 Whereat he took a Crooked Prong,
 Thrusting it thro' his Perjur'd Tongue,
 And up a Chimney straitways drew him,
 At which the Wretch perceiv'd I knew him,
 And much ado, he forc'd this Yelp,
 Egad, poor John, I can't it help.

With that I left him quite Forsaken,
To Hang till he was turn'd to *Bacon*.

From this sad Meditation, I
Was soon deliver'd, by the Cry,
And Cruel Groans, of many Souls,
By Devils *Last*, that lookt like Owls.
Their crime I askt, that went to Pot,
One told me, that a horrid Plot
Was prov'd, 'gainst *Hackney-Coachmen* clear,
In that an *Information* here,
Against the Devils they designed
T' Exhibit, 'cause they undermined
Them all, by taking there the *Whip*
Out of their Hands, and setting up
A Trade they'd never served to,
Which thing they'll have them all to know,
Contrary's to (altho in Hell)
Quinto Elizabetha: Well,
Said I : For this they're plagued here ?
With that, a four-look'd *Coach-man* there,
Where smoak had made him black as *Rook*,
Out of the Devil's Mouth (Sir) took
The Answer ; saying in that flame
They're Plagu'd, because to Hell they came
On Horseback, which they all pretend
Was honour, that did ne're descend,
(Know what we would in *Herauldry*)
To Rogues of our mean *Quality*. (cry'd ;
Speak Truth, and be Hang'd, the Devil
For true Confession's on our side.

Say

Say Sirrah (else you'll me despise)
 How many Bawdy Voyages
 Have you to Bow, or Hackney made?
 How many Nights too have you staid,
 Pimping at Mary-bone? You slave,
 To us! How many Whores and Knaves
 Together have you brought? How many
 Damn'd Lyes, have you (to get a Penny)
 To keep all hush, and private made,
 Since you first drove this scandalous Trade!
 There was a Coach-man by, that had
 Served a Judge, who thought it bad
 His Cause was, yet it was no more,
 Tho' it was on the Stigian shore,
 For his old master (Sir) to fetch
 A Rascal, or the basest Wretch
 That e're was, out of Hell, than out
 Of Newgate; being very stout,
 He stood upon his Points, and asked
 The Devil (who, Forsooth, was Masked)
 How he such Language durst to give,
 To any tha by driving Live:
 For (says he) who wears better Cloaths
 Than Coach-men? Like so many Crows
 In Gutters strut we, in Embroid'ries,
 Laces, and other Noble Fineries;
 Our Masters (I would have you mind)
 Have reason to be to us kind,
 Because their Lives are at our Mercy;
 They durst not be to us too Sawcy:
 We govern those, that govern Realms,
 And Princes which sit at the helms

*Of Kingdoms, and are Politicians,
 Dread Coachmen worse than their Physicians,
 Some will not Coachmen stick to trust,
 As far as they Confessors must.
 In the Comparison can be
 I'm certain no Absurdity :
 For if some of their Sins they know,
 We more do know, than here below
 We do design (Sir) to declare,
 Because ye don't do that that's fair.
 A Dev'l, that ready was to break
 His very Heart, for laughing sake,
 Cry'd, What is here to do ? uds-niggers,
 A Coachman in his Tropes and Figures ?
 The Slave has broke his Bridle see
 And got his Head at Liberty :
 Hear how his cursed Tongue doth run,
 As if he never would have done.
 No, Sir, why should he be deny'd
 To speak, (another Wretch reply'd,
 Who'd a great Lady serv'd more ways
 Than one (on Earth) in former Days)
 No better Entertainment must
 We have, for being to you Just ?
 Your daily Drudges ? I'm sure we
 Bring you the best Commodity,
 Well Pack'd, Perfumed, Neat, and Tight,
 Clean, Sirs, and fit for Bus'ness right ;
 All good Condition'd, Fine and Fair,
 Not like your fulsome City-ware,
 That dirty comes up to the Hocks
 To you, with much more dirty Smocks ;*

Tet

Yet ev'ry Wench with dagg'd Tail,
And Skip-kennel, here shall not fail,
Much more Respect to find than We.
Ah ! your Ingratitude we see !
When you have nothing else to say,
Then you your Cruelty display,
In telling me, with Whip-cord Lick,
I'm lash'd for carrying the Sick,
The Gouty, Lame, to Church, to Mass,
Or else some straggling handsome Lass
Back again to her Nunnery :
Which I can prove to be a Lye ;
For at the Brothels Night and Day,
Or Taverns, all my Trading lay,
At Balls, or any great Collation,
And Plays, the chief Road to Damnation.
To the Church-door sometimes I've drove
My Mistress, when she burnt with Love,
To meet her Gallant, and agree
When they should next so happy be ;
For now a-days, that is the way
Which all our handsome Ladies pray.
With that the Devil fell a Laughing,
And at the knavish Coachman Scoffing,
And with some twinging Jerks half flay'd
Him, which made me to be afraid,
And glad I was (Sir) to retire,
From this cross Devil in his Ire.
Into a deep Vault next I fled,
Here all my Grinders in my Head
Did chatter. But enquiring why
This place had such Frigidity,

A Devil with a *Snotty Nose*,
Kib'd Heels, and *Mortified Toes*,
 Came up to me, and down he squatted.
 Telling me, that place was allotted,
 To the *Buffoons* and *Drolls*, which are
 A People (says he) of so bare
 And starv'd Conceit, and cold Discourse
 That we are fain to chain (*per force*),
 And lock them all together, *Semper*,
 For fear this Stuff should spoil the Temper
 Of our infernal Fire. Among
 This foolish, base *Buffoonish* throng,
 Divers I saw, that passed here
 On Earth, for Mortals that did fear
 A *Wicked-deed*, and seem'd to be
 Purely for true bred *Honesty* :
 Which were in, as the Devil told
 At large, for *Flat'ring* Men for Gold.
 But this I must to you reveal ;
 At unawares they on us steal,
 Yet (Sir, if they will all confess)
 They all things find in readiness ;
 Cloth laid, and Bed made, as if they
 Were all at home. And this I'll say,
 Some sort of kindness too we have
 For them : Because they really save
 Us a great deal of Trouble, in
 Plagu'ing each other for their Sin.
 Do you see yonder's Fellow Trudging ?
 He's hither come for *partial Judging*
 And all h'as for himself to say,
 Is, that he still doth know the day

When

When he, by the misconstr'ring Clauses,
 Could break the Neck of honest Causes.
 That good Fellow which there you see
 A careless Husband was, so he
 Is lodg'd with the Buffoons. He sold
 Her Portion, Wife, and all for Gold,
 Turn'd both int' an Annuity,
 To please his drunken Company.
 That Lady there is fain to take
 Her Quarters up too in this Lake,
 With the Buffoons, because we see
 They both of a like Humour be.
 What they do with their Talk, the Woman
 Does with her Body very common,
 Seasons it to all Appetites,
 For any that in Flesh delights.

Going from hence, I saw above
 A Thousand Devils, with a drove
 Of Pastry-men, just at my Heels,
 Breaking their Heads with Iron-peels.
 Alack! cry'd one of them, that yet
 Was in a whole Skin left, Sir, it
 Is hard, the Flesh-sin should be laid
 To us, when many know our Trade.
 Was not in Women. Impudent,
 Damn'd, saucy, base, impertinent,
 And nasty Rascals, (quoth the Devil)
 Who has, if you'll but be so civil
 As to resolve my Question, Hell
 Deserv'd, if you have not? Can'st tell,
 How many Men have these curst Slovens
 Payson'd with what came from their Ovens?

Snot

Snot they've put off for Marrow-pyes,
 Dogs Flesh for Veal, for Currans Flies.
And (in the Devil's Name) do these
Damn'd Rogues complain of Injuries,
And Suff'rings here? Leave off, ye Whelps
Tout Bawling, for here is no helps
 To ease you, for the Villany
 You acted, that you Rich might be.

I next went down a pair of Stairs
 Into a Cellar, full of Tears,
 Which made a hissing noise in Fire,
 That never, never will Expire;
 Here Men were bellowing like Bulls,
 With parched Skins, and singed Skulls:
 One cry'd, b'ing there more hot than cold,
Wo me! I never over sold,
I sold at conscionable Rates,
Yet Hell no Punishment abates!
 I durst have sworn it had at first
 Been Judas, who for Coin was curst,
 But then perceiving that his Head
 Was not (as it's Reported) Red,
 I found the burning Wretch to be
 A Merchant, with whom formerly
 I'd some Acquaintance. How now, Old
 Friend Martin, what art thou in hold?
 Said I, but he did dogged look,
 Because my Breeding I mistook,
 In not saluting him with Sir;
 Which somewhat did my Choler stir,
 And made me say, he was to blame,
 For cherishing in that sad Flame,

That

That base, ambitious Vanity,
 The cause of all his Misery.
What do you think on't now? (said I)
Had it not been more Honesty
To've traded in your Negroes, than
A Christian-Infant, or a Man?
 Had not his Money honestly
 Been best got, than by Villany,
 Rather than to the Devil ride,
 For the supporting of his *Pride?*
 My Friend was mute as any Fish;
 So no more flung I in his Dish,
 Because his Anger, Grief and Shame,
 I would not too, too much inflame.

Then went I to another Quarter,
 Where many Folks were that did barter,
 In this World, with false Weights and Mea-
 Unlawfully to heap up Treasures; (*sure,*
There were your Goldsmiths, Chandlers, Bakers,
Cheesemongers, Butchers, Grocers, Drapers,
Cooks, Weavers, those that deal in Ale,
 Nay all that useth Yard or Scale.

Immediately before my Eyes
 A Pris'ner did from Smoak arise,
 As he confin'd was in a place
 Where none but Monsters shew their Face;
 He roar'd aloud, and wept a Flood,
 To think that now, alas! he cou'd
 By no means a Contrivance make,
 Out of Hell's Prison-house to break;

Tho'

Tho' he Earth's Prisons oft had broke,
 When he for Knav'ry found no Cloak:
 Nearer to him, in haste I drew,
 When quickly by his Looks, I knew
 He was the Man that oft had made
 Of cheating other Men a Trade:
 No sooner he my Face espyed,
Price Courant, Sir, d'ye lack, he cryed,
 With that I laughed out aloud;
 But he, in Hell so curst Proud,
 Began to Rave, and tell me, He
 Expected more Civility;
 That he was there a Merchandizing,
 And all King *Pluto's* Goods a Prizing,
 Lifting his Hand to Knock me down,
 Calling me nasty, ugly Clown,
 Telling me, on the other side,
 That if I'd let him be my Guide,
 I shou'd a Rich Man grow one Year,
 And next be Gown'd, or be Lord-Mayor.
 Plague on your nasty VVhims, cry'd I,
 Go Cheat some Earl of *Shaftsbury*
 On Earth, ye ill-look'd ugly VVhelp,
 And not at me thus Rave and Yelp;
 VVhereat he bellow'd like a *Bear*,
 Crying aloud, that he was there
 The *Devil's Broker*, and deserved
 I shou'd have otherwise him served;
 But just as he these VVords had spoke,
 A Devil came, who, with a Yoke,
 United him unto a Stake,
 VVhere he in two his Neck did break,

At

At length I heard a sudden Laughter,
 Which Noise I presently went after;
 The meaning of't I could not tell,
 Yet wonder'd at such Mirth in Hell.
 The bus'ness was, two Men were got,
 Just by a little Blazing spot
 Of Sulp'hrous Earth, upon a Stool,
 Gaping as loud as they could bawl.
 One of the Men, which there did stand,
 Had a great *Parchment* in his hand,
 With Seals and Labels both displayed;
 But somewhat were with time decayed.
 Their Earnestness I soon did see,
 Was to make out their *Pedigree*.
 And get themselves, in that same Den,
 Passed for two-born *Gentlemen*;
 The *Parchments*, to that purpose, were
 Brought from the *Heralds* Office there,
 As *Testimonials* that he must
 Not have his *Fame* dye in the Dust.
 My Father (says he, who did stand
 With the old Writing in his Hand)
 For th' *King* bare Arms e'er I was Hatching,
 In th' *Imploy* of *Warding*, Sir, and *Watching*;
 And often made a lusty Fellow
 (When he had any thing been Mellow)
 Speak, at all Hours of the Night,
 To th' *Constable*: Thus far I'm right.
 And now, Sir, by my Mother's Side,
 It cannot be by you deny'd,
 But that most Nobly I'm descended,
 For, my good *Grandmother* intended,

To put her out to Learn a Trade,
 But dy'd, or else she had been made
 For ever ; then she turned Whore
 Sometime, but yet her Father wore
 By's Place a Sword, for 'tis known he
 Once at the *Marshal's* turn'd the Key.
 Sirs, what I say, is very right ;
 And here it is in Black and White,
 To shew my Honour ; wherefore then
 Must I be packt with sorry Men ?
 But (quoth the Devil) let that pass ;
 Thou bragging, dull, insipid *Ass*,
 Your time most wickedly you've spent,
 Yet never offer'd to Repent ;
 And do you, Rascal, talk to me
 Of *Honour* and *Nobility* ?
 Your Birth I 'steem not, or fine Cloaths ;
No Fame on Earth, but Vertue grows :
 But talking is time lost. Then he
 With Iron-bar, immediately
 O'er Buttocks gave him such a thump,
 Which made him very nimbly jump
 Into a nasty Common-shore,
 Where he was never heard of more.

When his Companion (with a Rap'er
 Ty'd to him) saw him cut that Caper,
 Says he, I hope a *Cavalier*
 Of my *Extraction*, may find here
 Greater *Respect*. The Devil cry'd,
 If (*Cavalier*) you've on your side,
 In this our Realm, no better plea
 Than *Honour* and Antiquity,

Your

Your Comrade you, for ought I know,
Must follow to the deep below,
For very few old Families
We find, but what on Tyrannies
Their greatness founded ; and do run
This Day the Course they first begun.
Although in *Hell*, we plainly see
Your *Titular Nobility*,
How they despise their *People*, which
Blind *Fortune* dooms not to be Rich,
As if the humane Blood of all
Wer'n't of a Dye, both great and small.
And then for such Men as do bear,
The King's Commission any where,
How many Rascals of them cheat
The Soldiers of their Bread and Meat,
And yet poor Men they must obey
The *Shirks*, and fight without their Pay,
But when he's lost an Eye or Arm,
Or got in Service greater harm,
He shall quite naked passed be,
To th' Place of his Nativity ;
Or if they are disbanded, then
The ragged and half starved Men
Must see what the *High-ways* afford,
So 'scape the Ball to have a Cord.
But hang the Villains up in Clusters,
That cheat the Kingdom with false Musters,
And Quarters which do rack the poor,
To play at Dice, and keep a Whore.
But howsoever, that you may
Not any ill thing of us say,

We'll treat you like a Gentleman.
 So, see we'll Please, you if we can.
 And in that very Instant came
 A Devil rushing thro' a Flame,
 Bridled and Sadled ; on his Back
 The Gentleman (having a Knack
 Of Riding) mounted, and did Ride
 Away with speed to save the Tide.
 Which made me ask the Devil, where
 He thus was Flying thro' the Air.
 Not far, he said ; for we Adore 'em,
 And so for Matter of *Decorum*,
 We send the Noblemen to Hell
 A *Horse-back*, for it looketh well.
 Says he, on that side look : So I
 In a huge Furnace, did espy
 Our *Cavalier* got with the first
 That were for Arms, and Honour Curst ;
 As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*, *Romulus*,
Nero, *Heliogabulus*,
Caligula, *Domitian*, and
 Proud *Tarquin*, exil'd from his Land.
 Being thus far, my wishful Eye
 Still crav'd for Curiosity ;
 So off upon the Left I strook,
 Where I espied in a Nook,
 Old Men that make most sad Grimaces,
 Beating their Breasts, tearing their Faces ;
 With bitter Groans, and Lamentation.
 But there, alas ! was no Salvation.
 I ask'd for what they here were laid,
 Answer was by a Devil made,

They're

*They're Men that damn themselves, to be
The rise of their Posterity ;
Wretch, that I am ! (cry'd one of them)
What Justice thus doth me Condemn ?
I've ever Liv'd a Penitent
In Watching, Praying, keeping Lent ;
I've scarce had Cloathing to my Back ;
Ah ! my whole Life has been a Rack
Which Mind and Body tortured,
About my business, or in Bed :
All this to get good Store of Coyn
For all my Children ; which might join
Them well in Matrimony ; buy
Them Places : but Posterity ;
For all this great, Paternal Care,
Most Cruel, and Ingrateful were,
Now I am Dead, I am forgotten
Before my Carcass is half-rotten :
Bury'd I was by my next Heir
Without so much as Sigh or Tear,
Without so much as Assets paying,
Or, for my Soul that's Tortur'd, Praying.
And now our Grievs to aggravate,
My Son is squand'ring that Estate,
In Gaming, Whoring, and Delights,
Which I, for many Days and Nights,
Had scrap'd together by Vexation,
Labour and Care, to my Damnation.*

From hence I went a little further,
And hearing an Outcry of Murder,
Crackling of Flames, flapping of Whips
O'er Buttocks, Belly, Sides and Hips,
This

This was the Quarter of those Lads
 Which Devils call th' *O that I had!*
 These Sots were (now it was too late)
 Exclaiming on their wretched State,
 Crying always out ; *O that I had*
Conscience before examined !
Oh that I had sometimes received
The Sacraments, in them believed !
Oh that I had with Pray'r and Fasting
Humbled my self to everlasting !
Oh that I had but served God !
Then had I 'scap'd his heavy Rod.
 I left these late Repentants, but
 Too soon found worser Sinners, shut
 Up in a base Court very close,
 Taking a poy's'nous Brimstone Dose.
 These were those Men that ever had
 Good Words (although they Lived bad)
 In all their Mouths ; *Our gracious God*
Is Merciful, his angry Rod
Will spare, wherefore he'll pardon me,
For any foul Iniquity :
 Was each one's cry. But how could they
 Crave Mercy at the latter day ?
 For know the Man that doth persever,
 In all his Wickedness for ever,
 And *Mercy's* Name would have to be
 A Count'nance to Impiety,
 Does mock his God, (which is but idle)
 And to that *Mercy* has no Title.
 Next to a noisome place I came,
 Where all in *Dirt*, and *Smoke*, and *Flame*,

I saw a Company of *Dyers*,
 With *Devils* intermixt, and *Lyars* ;
 And so alike these Wretches were,
 That one could very hardly Swear,
 Which were the *Devils*, which the *Dyers*,
 Howling in unextinguish'd Fires:
 Just by them were a howling Crew
 Of *Carvers*, and *Engravers* too,
 Your *Haberdashers*, *Carpenters*,
Smiths, *Cutlers*, and *Confectioners*.

Taking my Progress further there,
 I askt an ugly Devil, where
 The *Sodomites* they quartered,
 The *Cuckolds*, and old *Hags*, he said,
 As for the *Cuckolds*, over Hell
 They're all, but one can hardly tell
 A simple *Cuckold* from a *Devil*,
 For (like kind *Husbands*) they're so civil
 To wear their *Wives* good Favours still,
 And love the Men that with 'em Bill,
 As for the cursed *Sodomites*,
 No *Devil* in their Sin delights.
 And as for the *old Women*, we
 Ar'n't often in their Company:
 And yet the *Jades*, to follow *Fash* ion
 Will persecute us with their *Passions* ;
 For ye shall have a rotten *Bawd*
 Of *Sixty*, *Lechery* applaud,
 Do all the *Gambles* of a *Whore*
 Of *Fifteen* ; and for *Love* implore.

My next Encounter was, a Number
 Of mortified, burning Lumber,

That cryed out, by sudden Death
They were deprived of their Breath.
That's a notorious, horrid Lye,
A Devil cry'd, for Suddenly
No Mortal whatsoever dyes ;
No Man on Earth doth Death surprize,
But gives all Notice time enough,
That mortal Man is like a Snuff.
Do you complain of sudden Death ?
That ever since you first took Breath
Have carry'd Death about you : Who
Have all been entertained too
With sights of Carcasses, and Skulls,
And ev'ry day with Funerals :
That have so many Sermons heard
Of him who has your Princes scar'd ;
And read so many godly Books
Of Death, who Frights you with his Looks.
Do you not know, each day you live
A nearer end doth to you give ?
Your Cloaths do wear out ev'ry Day,
Your Houses, and your Woods decay ;
And yet ye look Mortality
Should upon Earth Immortal be.
What are the common Accidents
Which threatens Life, but the Intents
Of warning you to a Remove
To Hell, or Happiness above ?
Death you have at the Table, in
Your daily Food he's to be seen :
For your frail Life's maintained by
Fish, Beasts and Fowl, which for you dye.

And

And ev'ry Night as you do sleep,
The Picture of it you do keep.

How can you then the Loss of Breath
Lay on the back of sudden Death ?
When lively both at Bed, and Board
Touches of it he doth afford.

No, no Sirs, change your whining Stile,
For you do all yourselves, beguile,
Incredulous, and careles, ye
Were of your own Mortality ;
Thinking that Death wou'd spare you still,
Whether ye're doing Well, or Ill.

Turning towards my Left-hand, I
A mighty Wonder did espy,
It was a heap of greasy Sots,
That were put up in Gally-pots,
With nasty *Assa Foetida*,
Which is the Devil's Dung they say.
I asked what this Stink might be,
A Devil quickly answer'd me,
Saying it was a fine Confection
Of 'Pothecaries by Discretion
Turned to *Mummy* ; and were Damn'd,
Because their Patients they had Sham'd
With Medicines, by which they lookt,
That Death his Call should have mistook :
But now to give these Knaves their due,
They are your famous, only true
and Chymical *Philosophers*,
That make 'tween Souls and Bodies, jarrs ;
One of 'em's worth a Thousand Men,
Better than *Hermes, Avicen,*

Geber,

Geber, and *Baldvin*, to speak fully,
Kraft, *Galen*, *Glauber*, *Ramund Lully*,
Great Ruspicellæ, and their Fellows,
 Who were great Lab'ers at the Bellows;
 'Tis true, they've taught us to *transmute*
Metals, and sev'ral Artists do't ;
 But tell me really, did they ever
 Make *Gold* at any time ? No, never.
 Or if they did, with *casting Stone*,
 And *painting Glass*, the Secret's gone.
 Whereas your *Pothecaries Tricks*,
 Out of a bundle of *dry Sticks*,
 A Box of *Flies*, the *Grease of Dogs*,
 Can *Gold* extract ; nay, out of *Frogs*,
 Of *Mice-turds* drying on a Shelf,
 And a *Sir Reverence* it self,
 Will ready *Minted Gold* fetch out,
 And it shall current pass about.
 There is no *Herb* so *poysonous*,
 Nor any *Stone*, tho't comes from us,
 As *Pumice*, which from *Ætna* flies,
 When raging *Flames* from thence arise,
 But out of it they *Silver* draw,
 Such cunning *Dogs* you never saw.
 And then for *Words* out of the *Four*
 And *Twenty Letters* ; nay, if more
 There were, a word you cannot make,
 But for their loving *Pockets* sake,
 A *Drug* or *Plant* of that same Name,
 They'll shew you ; and they're not to blame,
 For turning the whole *Alphabet*
 Into good *Coyne* ; for which they'll sweat,
 And

And toil on Earth eternally,
If they could but Immortal be.
Ask them for th' *Wool* of a *Sea-dog*,
Or *Eye-Tooth* of a *Flying-hog*;
They'll tell ye, Yes, have it ye may,
In *Powder*; or, they'll to you say,
If you'd th' Infusion rather have
Of *Tenches* brought from a dry Cave,
In *Eels-Milk*, 'tis all one to them.
Pray do not you their Art contemn,
If any *Money's* stirring, they
Will get it from you Night and Day,
You shall have any *Herb* or *Creature*,
Tho' there is no such thing in Nature.

At last this *Devil* left his talking,
And up two Steps as I was walking,
Most pritty Pastime I did see,
Which was a *grand Conspiracy*,
Of *Barber-Surgeons* out of Breath,
All sitting upon *Life* and *Death*.
These *Barbers* by the Middle were
Most of them Chained that were there,
Their *Hands* at Liberty; and each
(I saw thro' *Lattices* of *Beach*)
A *Cittern* had about his Neck,
Much bigger than a lawful *Peck*;
And *Chefs-boards* on their broyling Knees,
The larger sort: But still as these
Did reach to tune them for delight,
They Vanisht quickly out of Sight;
So did the *Chefs-boards* too, when they
At *Draughts* had an intent to Play;
Which

Which is directly *tantalizing*
 The poor Rogues as they were Surmizing
 Upon their Pastime, for a *Cittern*
 To *Barbers* (as your Chaff to Bittern)
 As nat'ral is, as Milk to Calf.
 And some of them (who were but half
 A Wit) were washing Asses Brains,
 And taking then a deal of Pains
 To put them in again ; and some,
 Who did from foolish *Gotam* come,
 Were Scouring *Negroes* Day and Night,
 To make their Sable Skins look *White*.

When heartily my Fill I'd Laughed,
 And at those *Ninny-hammers* Scoffed,
 The Devil beckoned to me,
 Another Hellish Sight to see.

So *Lattice-windows* looking thro'
 Ill-favour'd Women I did view,
 But such a Kennel (laid on Switches)
 I never saw of ugly *Bitches* :
 Some with their *Faces* all o'er freckled,
 So pounced were, and sadly speckled,
 As if they had been *scarify'd* :
 Or with some new-found Colour dy'd ;
 They look'd like Folks, which newly pass
 In *Bagnio's* the Cupping-Glass ;
 With *Plaisters* they all plaistered were,
 Some long, some narrow, round, and square,
 And any really would have Sworn,
 To've seen how these damn'd *Whores* had torn
 Their *Headcloths*, *Manteau's*, *Flesh* and *Ruffs*,
 They'd been at *Cats-play*, or at *Cuffs*.

Others

Others were their *tann'd* Faces scraping,
With sev'ral bits of Glafs, and shaping
Their Eye-brows up, Sir, by the Roots,
And some, that standing were like *mutes*;
But now had got to work, were reaching
From Shelves, black Boxes down, and fetching
Out of them such as they could get,
Or make. Some looking black as *Jet*,
With the infernal *Soot* and *Pox*,
Curling, and *powd'ring* were false *Locks*;
Or fast'ning *Teeth* of *Ivory*,
In th' place of theirs of *Ebony*.
Some Strumpits looking just like (*Death*)
To countenance a *stinking Breath*,
Were chewing *Cloves*, and *Lemmon Pill*,
Or other Means in which they'd skill.
Others again were Quarrelling
With *Looking-Glasses*, which they'd fling
Upon the Ground, because they show'd
Them *Faces*, which wer'n't in the mode
Of Beauty; swearing they could hate
To all Eternity, the State
Of *Venice*, for their Entertaining
No better *Workmen*. Some disdain
The Fault of *Nature*, were, Sir, Huffing
Her, for her Handy-work, and stuffing
Pack-saddle like their *Bodies* out,
With Eight or Nine-times double *Clout*,
To cover those Deformities,
Which might not damned *Cullies* please:
And some to hide their ruin'd *Faces*,
Were muff'd up in *Floods* and *Laces*,

Who

Who sometimes mumbling over *Mafs*,
 For *Penitents* in *Hell* did pass.
 Others with Pots of *Hogs-grease*, and
Pomatum by themselves did stand,
Sleeking and polishing their Faces,
 Which were as black as your *Club-aces*,
 Yet with great Pains their *Fore-heads* were
 Most *bright* and *shining* too, tho' there
 Were neither *Sun* nor *Stars* (Sir) lent
 To them in that dark Firmament.
 In fine, there were such nasty *Sluts*,
 That would have fetcht a nice Man's Guts
 Up at his Mouth, to see them with
 Their nasty *Masks* of *After-birth*;
 And with their *menstr'ous* *Slibber* *Slobbers*,
 Dawbing, as playing at *Whisk* and *Swobbers*,
 Each others Face, to take away
Buboes, and *Hears*, which on them lay.
 Nasty, and most abominable !
 Cry'd I, to see't I am not able !
 Well, quoth the Devil, you may see
 How far the Ingenuity
 Of *Women* helps to send them to
 Damnation, and eternal Woe.

From this Place marching, I went where
 I saw a *Fellow* in a *Chair*,
 Sitting alone ; no Devil near him,
 To torture, burn, accuse or tear him ;
 Nor *Frost*, or *Fire*, *Heat* or *Cold*,
 Could I about this *Man* behold,
 Or any thing could I perceive,
 That near him was, to make him grieve.

And

And yet the Wretch most hideously
 Did bellow out ; complain, and cry,
 His Body beating, Flesh too tearing,
 His Carcass with his gore besmearing,
 And all the while (Sir) at his Eyes,
 His Heart bled, which did me surprize ;
 Thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell,
 And such an out-cry make in Hell,
 When no one hurts him, so I went
 To ask what caus'd his Discontent,
 Friend, said I, what's the meaning pray
 Of all this Rage which you display,
 And Transport ? for, so far as I
 Can see, here's none to make you cry:
 No, no, (with greater yells, says he)
 My horrid Plagues you do not see,
 But know that the All-searching Eye
 Of God beholds my Misery,
 As well as my Transgressions, and
 With a severe and heavy Hand,
 Has me condemn'd to suffer here,
 Where no relief will e'er appear:
 My Executioners are in
 My Soul, the Magazine of Sin,
 And all the bitter Plagues of Hell,
 Doth in my gnawing Conscience dwell.
 My Memory serves me instead
 Of Devils, to fill me with dread.
 Th' Remembrance of the Good I should
 Have doue on Earth, but never would ;
 And of the Ill I should not have
 Committed, but to do't did crave.

The

*Th' Remembrance of the good Advice
I had to get to Paradise,
And of the ill Advice I've given
To men, that they might Anger Heaven.
And for the Aggravation still
Of this my misery in Hell;
Whene'er my tort'ring Memory
Leaves off its sore afflicting me,
My Understanding then begins
To plague me for my horrid Sins;
Shewing me all the Golden Glories
(Which now I find to be no Stories)
And Blessings, from which I am driven;
Shewing me who are gone to Heaven,
With less Anxiety and pain,
Than I've endur'd these Plagues to gain:
Now am I meditating on
The Comforts of a dying Son,
The Beauties, great Felicities,
And Raptures which are in the Skies;
Only t' inflame my wretched State,
And my Despair exasperate.
Begging in vain, in miseries,
But for one moment's space of Ease;
So to his usual Clamours, he
Return'd. On this, I presently
Did leave him, miserably sad,
And, in his Conscience very bad:
Well, thought I, what great Punishment
Vengeance has on this Sinner sent !
But an old Devil seeing me
In a brown Study, instantly*

He told me, that *that* Man of Sin
Had formerly an *Atheist* bin,
Believing neither *God*, nor Devil,
But now he finds his Tenets evil.

My very Soul was full of Anguish,
To see how this poor Wretch did Languish,
And yet I cou'dn't but Smile, to see
The *Vintners* up and down, as free
As if they all had really in
Their Taverns (upon Earth, Sir) bin,
As Pris'ners only on *parole*,
They went about without Controul.
I askt a Devil, by me Chained,
How they that Priviledge obtained ;
Who told me they no Shackling needed,
Or shutting them up was not heeded ;
For there no Fear was of their taking
A Flight when they were out a Raking,
That so much Pains took in the World,
To be, Sir, to the Devil hurld.

As I from hence did walk about,
To see what else I cou'd find out,
I shortly *Judas* did espy.
Hemn'd in by a great Company
Of *Us'ers* on the Stygian Banks,
Telling him Stories of the Pranks
And Tricks which they had often play'd,
For the promoting *Money Trade*.
These Villains who'd been very vicious,
Had Punishments like that of *Titius*,
Having great *Vultures* always gnawing
Their *Livers*, and their *Stomachs* cloying,

N

Which

Which grew again as fast as they
Devoured it both Night and Day.

Wand'ring a little further, I
A World of *Devils* did espy,
Upon their march in Plumes of Feathers,
With *Rods* in Hand, and *Stirrup Leathers*,
A Tribe of *handsome Lasses* lashing,
Stark naked were their Buttocks flashing;
A Litter of old pocky *Bawds*
They disciplining were with *Cords*,
Driving them out of *Hell* together,
Without respect of Love to either,
Not thinking why they should expell
These *Froes* the burning place of *Hell*,
I askt the Question. Says the Devil,
Who by his talk seem'd somewhat civil,
Oh, these are our best *Fact'resses*,
We have for doing *Bus'nesses*
On *Earth*, so send them back from *Hell*,
To bring us more Grist to the Mill:
And were it not for Womenkind,
Hell thinly peopled you would find;
For what with th' *Art* of wheedling *Tongue*,
And the Allurements of the young
Brisk Wenches, and the *sage Advice*
Of *Bawds*, most Men lose *Paradice*.

As I my Journey was pursuing,
An old large Building I was viewing,
Which was all Ruinous, alone
It stood, the *Chimneys* most were down,
The *Planchers* all to pieces, all
The *Windows* broke, with tott'ring Wall,
The

The *Doors* bedawbed all with Dirt,
By *Time* it had receiv'd much hurt.
Truly, at first I made no doubt,
But that this House had been without
A Tenant ; but (Sir) nearer coming,
I heard a most confused humming,
As I came just up to the Door,
It strait was open'd by a Whore,
And then I saw the House was crammed
With *Thieves* and *Filts* which all were damned.
One of the craftiest *Jades* that there
Was in the Pack, did soon appear,
And her Address made presently,
To one that was my Guide, and Me.
Gentlemen, (says she) how comes it
To pass, I pray, that in this Pit
We're Damn'd (on it I'll take my Oath)
For giving, ah! and taking both?
The Thief for taking from another
Is Damn'd, altho' its from his Brother ;
And we are damn'd for giving what
Is all our own, pray tell me that.
Truly, when all is done and said,
There's no Injustice in our Trade ;
And truly, if it lawful be
To give away, in Charity,
Their own, and out of what's their own,
Why are we to the Devil thrown?
A very nice Point, (Sir) we found it,
And could not well tell how to sound it,
So sent the Wench to know her Cause,
To Counsel Learned in the Laws.

From this place, Sir, I further travell'd,
 Upon a Causey that was gravell'd ;
 At length thro' an Inclosure peeping,
 I many Souls beheld a Weeping,
 Some in a Silence most Profoundly
 Dejected did upon the Ground lye,
 And this I understood to be
 The Lover's place of Misery.
 It troubled me to think, a Pill
 Of Death it self, Sir, could not Kill
 The Lamentation of a Lover,
 Who doth his Pain so much discover.
 Some of them drest in antick Fashions,
 Were much Discoursing of their Passions,
 Teazing themselves with being *Jealous*,
 A *Rage* indulg'd by *Spanish* Fellows,
 And this most horrid Exclamation
 Serves only for an Aggravation,
 By thinking the dull *Picture* more,
 Fair than the *Person* they Adore.
 Most of them to those Pains were brought,
 By that damn'd Plague, Sir, call'd, *I thought!*
 I ask'd one what was that *Disease*,
 Which did so much on *Lovers* sieze,
 He said, for *Fools* a Punishment,
 Who were to Hell for *loving* sent :
 For know, your *Lovers*, when they all do
 Short of their Expectations fall, thro'
Pursuits, which lustful *Longings* please,
 (Or, *lying* with their *Missresses*)
 Are wont to say, Ah ! *I thought* She
 Much dearer wou'd have Loved me :

I thought She never wou'd have prest
 Me, by a Marriage, to her Nest :
 Really *I thought* a Fortune She,
 And good One, wou'd have been to me ;
I thought She would have been so Mad,
 As to have given me all She had :
 Nothing *I thought* She wou'd have Cost me:
 Nothing *I thought* She wou'd have Askt me.
I thought that to my Bed she wou'd
 Have been as True, as Woman shou'd.
I thought Obedient She'd have bin,
 Without the least ingrateful Sin :
I thought She never wou'd have kept
 Her Spark, who in my Room has Slept: ---

So I perceiv'd that their Vexation,
 Pain, Anguish, Sorrow, and Damnation,
 Came from, *I thought* This Thing, or That,
 And brought 'em to this wretched State.

Amidst them flaming *Cupid* stood,
 A little cruel Rogue for Blood,
 Naked as ever he was born ;
 And by this Boy of *Lust* and *Scorn*,
 In Stone was these Four Lines engraved,
 A Copy of the which I craved.

" Many good Fortunes goes to wrack,
 " And so does many an able Back ;
 " With *Whoring*, playing at *Cards* and *Dice*;
 " We're *Pox'd* and *Beggan'd* in a Trice.

Aha, said I, by these *Rhimes* here,
 Methinks the *Poets* should be near ;
 The Word from Mouth was hardly fled,
 When Millions I discovered,

Grazing in *Parks*, and so I stopt
 To see them well in *Brimstone* sept.
 Among the which was one, who stood
 As if he cou'd have drunk a Flood,
 But fear'd to drink, look'd Wan and Pale,
 And gap'd for nought but *Darby-Ale*.
 Stir up, the Devil cry'd, a Sip
 Will make you take another *Trip* :
 With that he cry'd, *Good Master-Devil*,
I pray ye be with me more civil ;
And only (if you think it best)
Grant me this one and last Request ;
 What's that ? the Devil soon Replies :
You know (said he) Sots Paradise ;
 Ay, (said the Devil) but what then ?
O let me but return agen,
 (Cry'd he) to take one larger Cup,
That with it I may swallow up
For ever, all such Thoughts, which lye
Upon my Conscience heavily :
 No, said the Devil, with such Sots
 You shall no more tiff off your Pots ;
 But if you needs must drink in Hell,
 Of that adulterated Well,
 Your Old Friend of Complexion *Brown*,
 Who to these Shades is coming down,
 Shall bring you some, and by yon *Settle*,
 You there shall Quaff off not a little :
 With that, upon the Devil's Word,
 Which he imagin'd a Reward,
 He turn'd about, and look'd awry,
 As if he'd been some Devil's Spy,

And

And call'd aloud for Ink and Paper,
 With that the Devil with a Tapour
 Ran to grim *Pluto*, and desired
 He might have that which he required,
 'Twas granted, and he wrote, whilst there,
 The *Cuckold's Frolick to Horn-Fair*,
 The *Pleasures of a single Life*,
 VVithout the help of Scolding VVife ;
 Two *Visits* to the Devil paid,
 VVhen he of Hell was not afraid,
 VVith many other things beside,
 That stood up for the Prince of Pride ;
 In the mean time, his old Friends came
 VVrapt up in Smoak and Clouds of Flame,
 Bringing Ten Hundred Thousand Barrels
 Of *Darby-Ale*, to stir up Quarrels,
 And make Disorders there below ;
 For one of the Satannick Crew,
 Taking a *Silver-Cup* thereof,
 VVho had no sooner drank it off,
 But he began aloud to prate, Sir,
 And write 'gainst *Lucifer* a Satyr :
 VVhich News some others soon did bring
 Unto the Ears of Hell's great King,
 VVho strait Commanded, all shou'd take
 Their Prongs, and ev'ry Barrel break,
 The which to do, they did not fail,
 And so they all were drown'd in *Ale*.

It seems, in Hell they are not called
 Now *Poets*, but are *Fools* installed.
 But gazing strictly all about
 A miserable VVretch, stept out

From the whole Company, with Iron
 That did his blazing Waste inviron :
 I wou'd to God (quoeth he) the First
 Of *Bards* instead of me was Curst,
 And till he did begin to faint,
 He went on with this sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

" Oh, this damn'd Trade of *Versifying*
 " Has brought us all to Hell for *Lying* !
 " For writing what we do not think,
 " Meerly to make the Verse cry *Clink*.
 " For rather than abuse the Meeter,
 " *Black* shall be *White*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.
 " One time I call'd a Lady, *Whore*,
 " Which, in my Soul, she was no more
 " Than I am ; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
 " And *true*, as ever Man laid *Leg o'er*.
 " Not out of *malice*, Jove's my Witness,
 " But meerly for the Verses *fitness*.
 " Now we're all made, said I, if *Luck* hold,
 " And then I call'd a Fellow *Cuckold* ;
 " Tho the Wife was (or I'll be hanged)
 " As good a *Wench* as ever Twanged.
 " I was once Plaguily put to it ;
 " This would not hit, that would not do it ;
 " At last I *circumciz'd* 'tis true)
 " A *Chistian*, and *baptiz'd* a Jew.
 " Nay I've made *Herod* innocent,
 " For Rhiming to *Long-Parliament* :
 " Now to conclude, we are all *Damn'd*, ho,
 " For nothing but a Game at *Crambo*.

" And

" And for a little jingling Pleasure,
 " Condemn'd to Torments without measure;
 " Which is a little hard in my Sense,
 " To fry thus for *Poetick* License.
 " It's not for Sin of Thought or Deed,
 " But for bare *Sounds* and *Words* we Bleed :
 " While the Cur *Cerberus* lyes growling
 " In Confort with our *Cattermouling*.

As soon as he had done his *Verses*,
 Which he ran o'er with four Faces,
 I told him that he did not well
 At all, to *Poetize* in Hell,
 The Humour stuck close t' him I doubt,
 Or th' Fire would have fetcht it out.
 Nay, (cry'd a Dev'l in *Pantaloons*)
 These *Poets* are most strange *Buffoons*:
 The time that others spend in *Tears*
 And *Groans*, which pierce one's very Ears,
 For *Follies* and for *Sins* which they
 Acted, to be exil'd from Day,
 These Wretches do employ in *Songs*
 And *Madrigals*, their damned Tongues
 Are ne'er at Rest, do what we will;
 The *Blockheads* must be talking still ;
 And if on Minute Critical
 They have the chance (Sir) but to fall,
 And at a Lady get a snap
 The Kingdom through for this good hap
 Must ring, in *Songs* of't Day by Day,
 Under the Name of *Sylvia*,
Phillis, or most beloved *Chloris* ;
 The best of which (Sir) but a VVhore is.
 And

And then the Idol they adore,
As much as *Edward* did *Jane Shore*,
Praising her in the Bastard Phrase
Of *Balm*, *Elixir*, *India's*,
Saint, *Angel*, *Goddeſs* moſt Divine,
Death, *Sweet-heart*, *Sacriledge*, *Life*, *Shrine*,
And other mad *Hyperboles*,
As common as their *Miſtreſſes*.
The Strumpits, by theſe ſilly *Boobies*,
Are deckt and drefs'd (Sir) up with *Rubies*,
Diamond, *Musk*, *Amber*, *Jewels*, *Pearl*,
Gold, *Silver*, *Velvet*, *Silk*, and all
Too little to ſet off the Treasure
Of the moſt miſerable Creature.
Yet after this *Magnificence*,
And arrogant damn'd *Insolence*,
'Twou'd the poor Devil's Credit ſtretch,
To buy a Gown of *Squire Catch*,
Or in *Long-lane* old Petticoat,
For her they make ſo great a rout.
A Viſit next by me was paid,
To People of a curſed Trade,
Call'd your *Impertinent Devotes*,
Who would for Int'reſt cut your Throats,
Whoſe very *Prayers* always be
Made up of baſe *Impiety*.
What *Sighing* was there, *Moaning*, *Pining*,
With *Sobbing*, *Crying*, *Groaning*, *Whining* !
Their *Tongues*, by th' Maſter-Devil's License,
Were ty'd up to perpetual Silence,
Drooping their *Souls*, condemn'd the *Ear*
Eternally ſhrill Cryes to hear,

And

And sad Reproaches of a Wheazing,
 Crofs Devil, who their Souls was teasing,
 Greeting them after this same manner ;
 Slaves, who fled from your *Saviour's* Banner,
 Of sacred Pray'r prophane Abusers,
 And inwardly your own Accusers !
 O ! barb'rous and most horrid Sin !
 To treat the *Lord of Heaven*, in
 His own *House*, with *much less* Respect,
 (Of Happiness, O curst neglect !)
 Than you would do a Merchant on
 The *Change* ; how oft have you been gone
 Into a Corner (though in vain)
 With your Petitions most Prophane,
 For fear of being over-heard,
 By Neighbours, in the Street or Yard ?
 Yet without Scruple could they offer
 Such a most inconfid'rate proffer
 To that eternal Purity,
 Who Thoughts which are un-born can see !
 Most shameless Wretches that ye are !
 Lord ! (says one of them in his Pray'r)
 Take my old Father to thy self,
 That I may have his Place and Pelf.
 Oh, that my Uncle would but Dye !
 There'll be a good fat Deanary ;
 The Dev'l th' Incumbent take, so I
 Had but the golden Dignity.
 Now for a lusty Pot of Guineas,
 Or lucky hand at Dice with Ninnies,
 If't be thy Pleasure, such dispatches
 Will for my Children get good Matches.

Lord!

Lord! make me serve thee Day and Night,
 And be the King's chief Favorite ;
 That I may what's convenient get,
 And what I've got keep by my Wit,
 Grant me but this, and I'll engage
 (If I reach Ninety Years of Age)
 Six Blue-Coat-Boys to entertain,
 And give them Trades to get 'em Gain ;
 Grant me, O Lord, but what I seek,
 And for each Day that's in the Week,
 A godly Lecture I'll set up ;
 And give my Friends a hearty Cup,
 Of that that's very good, when they
 To me, or mine a Visit pay ;
 For Money I'll take any pains,
 Yet give the Third part of my Gains
 To Charity, when'er she calls ;
 And to'ards the building of St. Paul's ;
 All honest Debts too I will pay,
 So far as any of them may
 With my Self-end Convenience stand,
 Or otherwise I'll hold my Hand.
 Sir, worthy of eternal Lashes !
 For loathsome Dust and nasty Ashes,
 To Reason and Condition thus
 With that great God which governs us !
 Could you your Wishes but obtain,
 Your many Vows ye wou'd disdain,
 Alledging with a scoffing Motion,
 To keep a Promise on Devotion,
 That out of meer Necessity,
 You made to the great Deity,

No Article is of your *Faith*,
So no *Restriction* on you hath.

From thence I went strait to the *Wizzards*,
Who had a grumbling in their Gizzards ;
Lying among the spiteful *Witches*,
In nasty burning Brimstone *Ditches* ;
These (said a Devil merrily)
Are a most cursed Company
Of coz'ning *Whores*, and worser *Rogues*,
Than *Irish-men*, which wear the *Brogues*,
The most accursed Cheats in Nature,
To any silly humane Creature.
If one they help, they kill another,
And would for Money kill their Brother.
But yet against them there is no
Great Clamour for their doing so ;
For if the Patient doth recover,
He's satisfy'd, and all is over,
The *Doctor* a great Name obtaineth,
And a Reward too for his Pain hath
If he should Dye, his Mouth is stopped,
And the next Heir, because he lopped
Him off so soon, gives him a Fee,
And thanks him for his Courtesie.
So, hit or miss, all's well at last,
Nothing is minded that has past.
Who would not but a *Doctor* hate ?
For enter into a Debate
With them about their *Remedies*,
They'll praise their *Slip-slops* to the Skies,
Telling to them that Vulgar be,
They Learned their great Mystery

Of

Of a most able, skilful Jew,
 Who ev'ry Rule of Physick knew ;
 There's the *Original* of their
 Great *Secret*, which they prize so rare :
 But now, to hear each foolish *Quack*,
 Of his small Skill and Knowledge crack,
 It is beyond all *Plays* and *Farces*,
 And *Scaramouch's* queer Grimaces.
 One of these *Fellows* you shall hear
 Tell you of Fifteen Men that were
 Run through the Body clean, and glad
 For Three or Four Days time to gad
 About with their Dung Puddings in
 Their Hands, but in a Day have been
 Made whole by him, without so much
 As Scar left, to shew they had such
 A desp'rate *Orifice* made through
 Their rotten Skin, the Sun to view.
 Ask you him *where* it was, and *when* ?
 The lying *Knave* will tell you then,
 It was about Twelve Hundred Leagues,
 From whence do come the perjur'd *Teagues*,
 By the same Token, at that time
 The *Prince* (who ruled all that *Clime*)
 Gave him a Meddal for his Skill,
 And of good sparkling Wine his fill.
 Come, come, (a Devil cry'd to me)
 End this your Visit presently,
 And further go with me below,
 I'll better Pastime to you show.
 Along with him strait-ways I went,
 At last I smelt a damned scent.

Of Brimstone, thinking I was near
 Some *Work-house* where *Match-makers* were;
 But afterwards they prov'd to be
 Your topping *Dons* in *Chymistry*.
 Of *Planetary Metals* much
 Was all their Talk, in *French* and *Dutch*;
 These *Alchymists* (Sir) called *Tin*
Jupiter, saying it was no *Sin*
Copper they *Venus* call'd, *Gold Sol*,
 But *Silver* they'd nick-named *Moll*.
 That had about them in their Holes
Furnaces, *Bellows*, *Powders*, *Coals*,
Crucibles, *Man's-blood*, *Min'rals*, *Dung*,
Alembicks, *Clay*. Now, some among
 These Fellows (yet their Teeth were gnash-
 Were purifying, others washing. (ing,
 What *Glossing*, and *Commenting* ways
 On the old *Chym'cal Text*, that says;
Blessed be that great Pow'r of Heaven,
Which has to charming Nature given
Liberty, from the vilest thing,
 The finest (with some pains) to bring.
 If so, let's quickly try (quoth one)
 If the *Philosophers* fine *Stone*
 We can out of a *Strumpit* fetch,
 Which sort of *miserable Wretch*
 Must certainly the vilest be,
 Of any *Creature* which we see.
 They scarce had spoke the Word, before
 The number of some *Twenty-Score*
 Young *VVhores* (who in the Tails were hot
VVith Gonorrhæas) went to pot,

But

But their sad Flesh (which smelt so rawmish)
 So very rotten was and mawmish,
 That they gave over soon the Thought
 Of that *Projection* which they sought.
 Then an Old Devil just come in
 To them, and said, if, *Gentlemen*,
 You'd know the vil'st thing in the VWorld;
 An *Alchymist* must be unfurl'd:
 And we are of Opinion, That
 Those *Chymists* which are Plump, and Fat,
 And have much Marrow in their Bones,
 VVill better make those sort of *Stones*
 Than *Whores*, wherefore for once we'll try
 For th' sake of Curiosity ;

So after some dispute among them
 Into a *Caldron* there he flung them:

On t'other side, in a great knot,
 Some damn'd *Astrologers* were got,
 And one among the rest, that had
 Study'd (on Earth till he was Mad)
 The Art of *Palmistry*, did take
 The damned by the Hands, and shake
 Them, as if he would shake them off,
 Then presently would at 'em Laugh.

To one he was so very civil;
 As (Sir) to tell he to the Devil
 VVas going ; for, if he'd believe
 His Art, he plainly did perceive
 It by the Mount of *Saturn*. You,
 (He to another cry'd) it's true,
 A *swinging Whore-master* have been
 And a great Suff'rer by that Sin,

I see that by the Mount of *Venus*,
 And by her Girdle here, between us,
 In short, he each Man's *Destiny*
 Read in his Fist, by *Palmistry*.
 After him, through a little Door,
 One creeping went upon all Four,
 With *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth,
 Which (as he said) he bought at *Leith*,
 His *Spheres* and *Globes* about him, and
 Two rotten *Cross-staffs* in his Hand;
 His Eyes were fixt upon the *Stars*,
 To read (as I suppos'd) of Wars,
 Plagues, Famines, Earth quakes, *Fire*, *Thunder*,
 And News to fill dull Fools with Wonder.
 But when he had for some time gazed,
 He suddenly starts up amazed,
 And wringing both his Hands, says he,
 Good Lord! the *Stars* be curst for me,
 What an unlucky Dog am I!
 To think on't makes me almost cry,
 Had I into the wicked World
 Been one half Minute sooner hurl'd,
 I had been Saved certainly,
 From Plagues which hold eternally;
 For just then Saturn shift'd and dodged,
 And Mars i'th' House of Life was lodged,

The next (Sir) was a *Geomancer*,
 That came up jumping, like a Dancer;
 After whom follow'd, in Defiance,
 Divers great Masters of the Science,
 As *Haly*, *Gerrard*, and *Tondin*, a
 Great Friend (Sir) of *Cornel*. *Agrippa*,
 O Who

Who, though he had but one Soul, yet
 In burning *Bodies four* did Sweat ;
 I mean in the *four damned Books*
 He left behind to draw in Rooks.
 There were *Magicians, Sorcerers,*
Necromancers, and Inchanters
 Many ; besides some *private Boxes*
 For *Ladies* kept, and meaner *Doxies,*
 Who to their God are so uncivil,
 As to depend upon the Devil,
 Going to *Sals'b'ry-street, or Brick-court,*
 For Resolution (Sir) of some sort,
 In cases of Death, Love, or Marriage ;
 Or else perhaps for the Miscarriage
 Of a Pearl Necklace, or Gold Locket,
Twelve-pence a piece they give the Blockhead.
 Scarce Three Steps further was I gone,
 With Devil that look'd like a *Don,*
 But I, with Terror great, did see
Justice divine, who seem'd to be
 Most dreadful to behold ; hard by
 Stood *Vice,* that Foe of *Piety,*
 Looking with a stern Countenance,
 Of th' highest Pride and Insolence,
 Behind her *Malice, Blasphemy,*
Ignorance, Infidelity,
Ingratitude, and Hatred stood,
 With Garments dipt in *Crimson-blood,*
 Eyes sparkling, and an Hundred pair
 Of gaping *Chops,* which barking were
 At *Providence,* and vomiting
 Both Rage and Poyson from their Sting.
There

There saw I all the cursed *Sects*
 Of most invet'rate *Hereticks*,
 That have appear'd in ev'ry Age,
 Upon the universal Stage :
 And at their ever broyling Feet,
 Sat on a high built blazing Seat,
 In Rich and Glorious Array,
 The most Lascivious *Barbara*,
 Second Wife to the Emperor
Sigismond, whom all did abhor :
 With one nam'd *Messallina*, she
 Agreed in this, That *Chastity*
 Was both a Burden and a Folly,
 Which made great Spirits Melancholly :
 Hot *Lust* she could endure for ever,
 For in her whole Life-time she never
 Was wearied or satisfy'd ;
 She could in Lust have freely Dy'd ;
 But herein she beyond her went,
 In that her Wickedness was bent,
 Mortal to hold the Soul, as well
 As Body ; but now she's in Hell
 She really otherwise believes,
 And for her former Lewdness grieves.

Passing along by Satan's Throne,
 I spy'd a Fellow all alone,
 Chain'd in a Corner, with the Flames
 About his Ears ; in hid'ous Screams
 He would, thro' Fury and Despair,
 Tell God, he did not by him fair.
 I askt his Name, and in a fret
 He told me he was *Mahomet*.

Then said I, Sir, I needs must tell,
 Thou'rt the damn'd Reprobate in Hell,
 And hast brought here, thro' thy curst Pride,
 More Souls than half the World beside.
 But since I've found thee out in Hell,
 I prithee good *Impostor*, tell
 Me, what's the reason now in fine,
 The *Turks* mayn't drink of any *Vine*?
 Oh (says he) I have ev'ry Man
 So drunk made with my *Alcoran*,
 That they no sort of *Tipple* need,
 Which would their Brains with whimsies feed.
 Lest they their way to Heav'n should grope,
 Which thing they'll never do, I hope,
 My Power I've establisht by
 The force of Arms and Cruelty;
 Without subjecting *Turkish* Laws
 (That's absolute in ev'ry Clause)
 To idle, vain Disputes of Reason,
 A Crime which is in *Turkey* Treason.
 But know, for all my Tyranny,
 That *Liberty of Conscience* I
 Allow, which doth their Slav'ry ease;
 As many Women as they please
 They have, and do (Sir) what they List,
 Provided they do not insist
 On matters which concern the Head
 To meddle with, till he is Dead.

By this time I'd enough of Hell,
 Beginning now to wish me well
 On Earth, with sweet Air purify'd,
 I strait-way called to my Guide

To

To shew me out again ; then he,
 At my Request immediately,
 Thro' a back passage led me there
 To th' Devil's *House of Office*, where
 Was of *Sir-Rev'rence* many Load ;
 Besides the *Privy* did afford
 Of *Panegyrick* sev'ral Bales,
 Sadly bedawb'd with nasty Tails.
 Still to be gone my swelt' red Soul
 Did call, then thro' a little Hole,
 Just like a Vault, or Chimney Vent,
 On Whirlwind riding, I was sent,
 Till I on Earth arriv'd again :
 But yet this Place of burning Pain,
 Inspired me with such a Thought,
 That it a Resolution brought
 Upon my Conscience, to fulfil
 What is the great *Almighty's* Will,
 That I hereafter might not see
 What dreamt of in reality.

The End of the Sixth Vision.

THE
SEVENTH VISION
OF
Hell Reformed.

A Terrible Uproar in Hell,
Among the Damn'd, of late befell,
The Devils (who were not a few)
The Fellow of it never knew ;
Th' Inhabitants of Smoke and Fire,
The Exit of their vast Empire
Did now expect. The Devils fell
Upon the Damn'd ; and Damn'd of Hell
Upon the Devils flew agen,
Not knowing one from t'other then ;
All *belter skelter* running here ;
In fine, there nothing did appear,
But greatest Outrage ; and Disorders
Alarum'd the Infernal Borders.
This most confused *burly burly*,
Which made them all look grim and surly,
A good while held, e're most in Hell
The meaning of it (Sir) could tell ;
But at the length, thro' Smoke and Flame,
Certain Intelligences came

Of a most monstrous Talker, that
With all eternally would chat,
A saucy meddling Undertaker,
That was a daily mischief Maker,
And an old Governante Bawd,
Who had in two their Shackles gnaw'd,
And all this Havock made, and rout,
To turn the Master Devils out.

Lucifer, in the mean time, went
Yelping about, in Discontent,
And bawling out for Bolts, Manacles,
Chains, Hand-cuffs, Fetters, Iron Shackles,
To tye his Prisoners up again,
In Misery, and endless Pain;
When in the midst of his Career,
Of Fury, Anger, Madness, Fear,
The first I told you of, and He
Met full-but in this Anarchy;
And after (Sir) a little staring
Each other in the Face, and swearing,
Prince mine; (the Babblers says) alack!
In your Dominions you've a pack
Of lazy, droning Devils, who
Nothing that's for your Int'rest do,
To your high Majesty's great Loss,
They sit with Arms and Legs a-crofs,
They let too many slip to Heaven,
And all things leave at Six and Seven.
Upon Commission it is said,
Divers abroad are, that have staid
Their time out, and yet give you no
Accompt concerning what they do.

The Seventh Vision

The *Gouvernante*, who had bin
 An Act'ress in all sorts of Sin,
 Chanc'd in the *Int'rim* to pass by,
 And thus to *Lucifer* did cry ;
 Look to your self, thrice Noble Sot,
 For there's a very *desp'rate Plot*
 Upon your *Diabolick Crown*,
 And Dignity, to pull 'em down.
 There are Two *Tyrants* in't, Egad ;
 Three *Parasites*, a Myriad
 Of *Doctors*, many Thousand *Legions*
 Of *Lawyers*, which are in your Regions.
 But one Word more (Sir) in your Ear,
 If you'll be pleas'd my Tale to hear.
 Among them, there's a *mongrel Priest*,
 (A kind of a *Lay-Elder Beast*)
 That will go near to sit upon
 Your Skirts, and toss you from your Throne,
 If you have not of him a Care,
 And timely of his Tricks beware.

Sir, at the very name of *Priest*,
 And terrible *Lay-Elder-Beast*,
Lucifer lookt as pale as Death,
 Stood just as if he'd wanted Breath,
 Mute, and his Looks too o'er and over
 His Apprehensions did discover.
 After a little pause, quoth he,
 To the insinuating She,
 A *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, do you say,
 Presumes to take my Crown away ?
Physicians, *Lawyers*, *Parasites*,
Tyrants attempt to touch my Rights ?

*A Composition strong that will
 Poyson the Devils all in Hell,
 The very nastiest of our Sluts,
 And make them all purge out the Guts.*
 With that he quickly went away,
 To visit (Sir) without delay,
 The *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*,
 And *Watch* in their respective *Wards*,
 But in a monst'rous haste, and hurry
 He met the *Medler*, who to curry
 Favour in the *Infernal Court*,
 To *Lucifer* did make Report,
 That very many of the *Damn'd*,
 Who were in sev'ral Places cramm'd,
 Had an *Escape* contrived, and
 To give their Cause a helping Hand,
 'Tis their Design to call in *Four*
Regiments of *Hypocrites*, or more,
 And *Us'ers*, under the pretence
 Of 'stablishing Intelligence
 That's better, betwixt Earth and Hell,
 Who when they're joyn'd will all *Rebell*.
 But *Lucifer*, i'th' midst of Fears,
 Could not too long lend him his Ears,
 He'd other sort of Fish to fry,
 When told of the *Conspiracy*,
 For Neck and all was now at Stake;
 And Tumults shook the *Sulph'rous Lake*;
 So he about his *Bus'ness* went,
 Looking as big as *John of Gault*,
 Strength'ning his *Guards*, and putting all
 In posture, to prevent his Fall.

In

In the deep *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, he
 Began his first survey, to see
 If he had fast the *Vintners*, *Taylors*,
Shoemakers, *Vict' allers*, and *Taylors*.
 The *Babler* marched in the *Kan*,
 Spightfully setting Man and Man
 Together, by the Ears; but know
 No reason, why they give a blow.
 The *Governante*, she did Prattle,
 B'ing full of *News*, and *Tittle-tattle*;
 For all the way she went, she told
 Her Tale, and sometimes she wou'd scold.
 The *Medler* as he past along,
 Was leering on the num'rous Throng,
 First on the one side, then on t'other,
 Calling this name-sake, that his Brother.
 A fawning shew he made to all:
 He gave each Wretch he met, the *Wall*;
 This *Man* a *Kiss*; t' other a *Bow*;
 Crying to those he did not know,
Your Servant, or, *pray can I serve*
You Sir? Your cause shall never starve.
 But ev'ry Compliment was worse,
 To the poor Creatures, than the Curse
 Of Flames it self. As this *Curst Babler*,
Make-bate, and a perpetual *Squabler*
 Trudg'd on, there was a *Rabbling Crew*
 Of sorry Rascals (whom he kne^w)
 Together got, and in the middle^w
 (Nearer than *Bridge* is plac'd on *Fiddle*)
 Of this same venerable Crowd,
 There was with Voice most hugely loud,
 An

An em'nent *Knight* (Sir) of the *Post*,
 A *Lecture* reading to the *Host*,
 Of the most Noble *mystery*
 Of *Lying*, and damn'd *Perjury* ;
 And in a quarter of an Hour,
 He would have taught you to devour
 An Oath, to prove upon it things,
 (Whether they Subjects touch, or Kings)
 That he ne'er saw, nor heard of in
 His Life; and justify the Sin.
 No sooner had this *swearing Pedler*,
 His Eye cast on the *Intermeddler*,
 But Count'nance changed very White,
 And up he started in a Fright.
 How now? says he, with Trembling fear ;
 Is that Tormenting Devil here ?
 T' avoid him, purposely I came,
 To dwell in this eternal Flame ;
 If I could but have known before,
 That this same Garbage of a Whore
 In Hell too would have been, I wou'd
 Have gone to Heav'n by doing good.

As he was speaking, we did hear,
 To be about us very near,
 A great Confused noise of *Arms*,
Blows, *Out-cries* ; in which sad *Alarms*
 We several discovered,
 Knocking each other on the Head,
 Like *Light'ning* falling one on t' other ;
 Son against Father, Father Brother,
 At last they came to such a Battle,
 That *Hell* all oe'r with Guns did Rattle,
 One

One of them (Sir) appear'd to me
 A noble Emperour to be;
 For he with *Lawrel Green* was *Crowned*,
 And with grave sort of Folks furrounded,
 That lookt like *Privy Councillors*,
 Or rather *Roman Senators*,
 Who at their Fingers ends had gotten,
 Old Parchment *Records* which were Rotten,
 And *Statutes*, by which they did try
 To make out *Murd'ring Majesty*?
 Proving, a *King* might *Killed* be,
In's Personal Capacity;
Tet his Capacity's ne're sick,
Nor worse for't, that is Politick.
 Upon this point, all of 'em there,
 At *Daggers* drawn with th' *Emp'rour* were.
 Then *Lucifer* up to him came, (*Flame*,
 Thrô Clouds of Poys'nous Smoke, and
 And with a Voice that made Hell quake;
 What are you, Sir (says he) that take
 Upon you thus in my *Dominions*,
 And fill my *Slaves* with ill *Opinions*?
I am (quoth he) *great Julius Cæsar*,
That in this Tumult thought to teaze Sir,
Brutus and Cassius villany,
Who in the Senate murder'd me,
Under the colour of asserting
The Common-Liberty, at starting
Their Game: Whereas this *Curst sedition*
Was rais'd by spight, gain, and Ambition.
It was the Emp'rour, not the Empire,
'Gainst whom these Traytors did Conspire:
Pretending

Pretending that they murder'd Me,
 For introducing Monarchy ;
 But did they by the Treach'rous blow,
 The Monarchy it self o'rethrow ?
 No, they Confirm'd it ; and in spilling
 My blood, when they were bent for Killing ;
 More mischief did by half, than I,
 For putting down Democracy.
 However, I in this take Pride,
 That I a noble Emp'rour dy'd,
 And these base Villians Treachery,
 Only did carry the infamy
 Of Regicides, to their dark Graves ;
 And know ye little puny Slaves,
 The World till now my name adores,
 But your curst memory abhors.
 Tell me, ye cursed blood Hounds, whether
 The Roman People had not rather
 Have warlike Kings to rule the Realm,
 Than Senators to guide the Helm ?
 A company of talking Clowns,
 Wrapt up in Furrs and Scarlet Gowns ?
 It is not making fine Orations,
 Makes People fit to govern Nations ;
 'Tis better in a Soldiers hands,
 Whose manhood doth enlarge their Lands.
 He's the true Patriot, that advances
 His Countrey's Glory ; at all chances
 Their Rivals courage runs to quell,
 And order such that would rebell,
 By actions of such bravery,
 Which soon may daunt their Enemy.

If

If Pride does not your Sense bes fool,
Tell me which has more right to rule;
The Man that only knows the Laws,
Or he that will maintain the Cause ?
The one, whose Brains are often muddy,
The Government of it doth study ;
T'other protects it by his Sword,
And Peace to Subjects doth afford.
Wretched Republick ! thou dost call
That Freedom, which is only Thrall,
When a divided Multitude,
Doth on Prorogative intrude,
The Rabble calls that Liberty,
And that the greatest Slavery,
To serve a single Person, who
Would lose his Blood to beat their Foe:
And when a pack of little Fellows,
Crept from the Awl, and mending Bellows,
Together get, they must be stiled
Dads of their Country, that's beguiled ;
And shall one gen'rous Person take
Up with the Name of Tyrant ? speak.
Thrice cursed, and as fatal Sin !
Oh ! how much better had it been
For Rome to have preserv'd that Son,
Who far and near did for her run,
Her En'mies from their Kingdoms hurl'd,
And made her Mistress of the World,
Than that base multitude of Fathers,
Who fed their Country with Sheeps-Gathers,
Bred in her many Civil Wars,
Continually intestine Fars,

Rendring

Rend'ring it one-time or another,
To her own Children, or Step-Mother.
Barb'rou, and cruel that you are!
Crying Roast-meat when ye well did fare,
Be it to their eternal Shame,
In mentioning the cursed Name
Of Common-wealth, considering
That since they tasted of a King,
The worst of them they have preferr'd,
To be the Monarchy's Chief Guard;
Nero, Heliogabalus,
Caligula, Tiberius,
They've held, for all their cruel Laws,
Before your Tribe of Senators.

This stern Discourse of Cæsar's strook
Brutus with Shame, and made him look
Just as the Devil over Lincoln,
And fling at Cæsar's Head an Inkhorn;
But being conscious of his Fact,
He then was on the Senate's Back,
And in a mighty Rage he spoke
To this effect, through stinking Smoke,
Gentlemen of the Senate, don't
You hear me call'd to an Account
By Cæsar? for the murd'ring Crimes
Which was committed in your Time.
And to your curst eternal Shame,
Suffer this damned taunting Blame
To be cast on the Instruments,
When, with unanimous Consents,
All you the chief Contrivers be
Of the most bloody Villany?

Why

Why don't each little sorry Elf,
 Now quickly answer for himself ?
 For Cæsar speaks to you, as well
 As t' us. And know, ye spawn of Hell,
 That Cassius and my self were but
 Your bravoës, ordered to Cut,
 By your perswasion and advice
 Our Sovereign's Throat (Sir) in a trice,
 But little dreamt in that sedition,
 That an insatiate ambition
 Lay lurking in such privacy,
 Under the perjur'd Gravity
 Of your long Robes, and long grown Beards,
 To govern giddy headed Herds.
 But 'tis the practise of you all,
 Both high, and low, the great, and small,
 T' arraign in Kings that Tyranny,
 Of which your selves all guilty be :
 When you have gotten any power,
 Your topsails then you will not lower ;
 Authority put in such hands,
 All Quiet from a Throne disbands:
 To which end, can you tell with reason ?
 Served your most perfidious Treason ;
 Make answer, for our parts (Sirs) we
 Feel justly the severity
 Of torture, for that damned crime,
 Which can't be purg'd whilst time is time.

At these words an Old hollow Ey'd
 Base Senator, Pufft big with Pride,
 And blazing like a Pitched Barrel,
 Took on him to decide the Quarrel:

He

He asked *Cæsar* strait what reason
He had there to complain of Treason,
For Prince (says he) if *Ptolomy*
Did Murder by base Treachery,
Pompey the Great, upon whose Score
His Crown he held some time before ;
Why might not we your Person kill,
T'regain what you had gotten ill
Of us ? And in the Case between
Pompey and You, who great have been,
And had been long the Senate's Drudges,
Pray let the Devils here be Judges.
As for *Achillas*, (who was one
Of the Assassines) from the Throne
Of *Ptolomy* he had Command;
And then, as I can understand,
He was but a Free-booter neither,
A Fellow that in any Weather,
His Living got by *Buccaneering*,
Spoil, Rapine, Theft, and *Privateering* :
But *Cæsar* was, we all do know,
The more Infamous of the two.
'Tis true, as some have of you said;
You at the sight of *Pompey's* Head
Did put your Finger in your Eye,
And for your murder'd Rival cry,
But such Tears from your Ogles fell,
That were more treach'rous than the Steel
Which killed him. A pritty Fashion,
To mourn with cruel, fell Compassion,
And a revengeful Piety,
Which made you (Sir) an Enemy

*More barbarous to Pompey, dead
 Than living. That it should be said!
 Hypocrite Eyes should creep into
 The first Head which made Rome to Rue ;
 In fine, the Death of Cæsar had
 (But that the People most were mad)
 Again been the Recovery,
 Of our old Aristocracy :
 That most untamed Beast the Mob,
 Themselves did of their Freedom Rob,
 By setting others of your Race,
 For Kings, in your usurped Place,
 Which made thy Falling to inspire
 The very Hydra to th' Empire.*

Upon these Words another Bout
 There'd been betwixt this bawling Rout,
 If *Lucifer* had not been there,
 Commanding *Cæsar* to repair
 To his dark dismal Cell again,
 Upon the most severest Pain
 Of Death, or greater Punishment,
 Which made the *Hero* to relent ;
 Th' *Assassines* to the *Fools of State*
 Were sent, to mourn with them their Fate:
 But the sly Senators, who hatched
 His Overthrow, were all dispatched
 Away to *Minos*, *Æacus*,
 And weather-beaten *Rad'manthus*,
 And as *Assistants* all to sit,
 On *Satan's Bench*, as they think fit.

Soon after this, I heard a noise,
 Much louder than is made by Boys,
 Who

Who with the *Beadles* go about,
 To mark a Parish Limits out,
 Till at the length so far I went,
 By a most pestilential Scent
 Of *Sulphur*, that I found below
 Was nothing but a Word and Blow.
 Together by the Ears they all
 In a most bloody Fray did fall :
 But those engaged, I did see,
 Were Persons of great Quality,
 As *Emp'rors*, *Gen'als*, *Magistrates*,
 And other topping *Blades* of States.
Lucifer to prevent the Quarrel,
 Flung at each Wrangler's Head a Barrel,
 Commanding Peace and Silence there ;
 But to be stopt in the Career
 Of Fury in the dreadful Fight,
 Their Lips they all did gnaw and bite ;
 Then an old prating martyr'd Fellow,
 Who was with drinking somewhat mellow,
 With a long story did delight us,
 His Name (as *Quintus* told) is *Clitus*.
 But one that at his Elbow stood,
 Sadly besmear'd with Dirt and Blood,
 Told him he was a fancy Knave,
 An indigent and wretched Slave,
 For his Presumption in that Cline
 Of speaking 'fore it was his time ;
 And so of *Lucifer* desired
 Audience, for the so much admired,
 Great, high, and mighty *Alexander*,
 Who had destroyed many a *Gander*,

Besides, was the true Son of Jove,
 Who oft for *Jilts* on Earth would Rove,
 Was King, and Terror of the *World*,
 Which he has into Ruine hurl'd :
 With *Qualities* and *Titles* he
 Was running on, and *Pedigree* :
 But Silence by an Officer
 Being demanded strictly there,
 He bad Old *Clitus*, a true *Tory*,
 Quickly to tell the Dev'l his Story,
 Which the Old-Man most kindly took,
 And thus ran on, without a Book :

If it may please your Majesty,
 (Says *Clitus*, most submissively)
I was the first chief Favourite,
In whom this Emp'rour did delight ;
Who made of mortal Race a dearth,
And was then Lord of all the Earth,
O'th' King of Kings he bore the Stile,
Which made me at his Folly smile,
Of humane Race he would not be,
But of Celestial Pedigree,
Swearing (like Gamesters at Back-gammon)
He was the True-born Son of Hammon ;
Yet, after all this Fame and Glory,
O sad, and lamentable Story,
He follow'd very ugly Fashions,
And was a Slave to all his Passions ;
He was most cruel, base and rash,
And look'd on Vertue but as trash,
Incapable was this Bell-weather
Of Friendship (Sirs) or Counsel either,
While

While I was near his Majesty,
 I served him most faithfully ;
 It seems he did not entertain
 Me for my true Faith in his Train;
 But to augment his Flatterers,
 In equal number with the Stars :
 Yet I my self too honest found
 For such an Office ; I was found
 At Heart, and as his Wickedness
 Made him run into soul Excess,
 I took the freedom to declare,
 What things I thought not to be fair ;
 For being full of honesty,
 I, with the greatest Modesty,
 Often shew'd him his great mistakes,
 In keeping Company with Rakes.
 One Day, as he and I was walking,
 Most slightly Aleck (Sir) was talking,
 Of his dear Daddy Phillip ; I,
 Out of a Zeal to Loyalty,
 Most frankly told him he was rude,
 For shewing to him Ingratitude,
 From whom (if he would me believe)
 His Crown and being he did receive,
 Wherefore, I did of him desire,
 To let good Thoughts his Soul inspire,
 That he might with more Reverence,
 Treat his late Dad's Benevolence.
 This Commendation of his Dad,
 Made Alexander raving Mad,
 And presently, upon the spot,
 I (down right Clitus) went to pot ;

For in his Passion at my Head
 He flung a Knife and kill'd me Dead.
 After this, pray'e (Sirs) tell me,
 Where was his great Divinity,
 When he gave Abdolominus,
 An arrant foolish Blunderbus,
 A very Clownish Cattle-feeder,
 And beggarly poor Garden-weeder,
 The Kingdom of Cidonia ;
 Which was not, as some Wise-men say,
 Out of Respect to Vertue, but
 To vex the Persians, and cut
 Their Insolence with greater Grief.
 But Rev'rend Devils to be brief ;
 Meeting him Yesterday in Hell,
 I askt him then, if he could tell
 What was become of Jupiter
 His Father ? that he would not stir,
 To help him out of Hell ; and whether
 He did not here some Reasons gather,
 Which did convince his Vanity,
 And curse his fawning Company
 Of Flatterers, Knaves that will swear
 Black's White,, or Brown Complexion's Fair ;
 Such with their Incense, and their Altars
 (For which they all deserved Halts)
 Did strive to make this Man of Action
 Think he was of Divine Extraction,
 To Jove's high Throne Heir apparent,
 Young Prince of all the Firmament.
 This of our Quarrel is the Ground,
 Or else let Vengeance me confound.

But

But all Invectives put a part,
 Who, but a Tyrant, from his Heart
 Would in his Wrath have sent for Death,
 To stop a Loyal Subject's Breath,
 Only for loving th' Memory
 Of his late Dad? how barb'rously
 His Favourites he us'd you know,
 Calisthenes, Parmenio,
 Amintas, Philotas, and others,
 Seeming to love them as his Brothers,
 But I must speak it to his Face,
 That good or bad is all a case;
 For it is Crime enough, to be
 The Favourite of Tyranny:
 As in the course of humane Life,
 All, whether Husband, Maid, or Wife,
 Do Dye, because they Mortal be,
 And the Disease (we plainly see)
 Is rather the pretext of Death,
 Than th' Cause of stopping any's Breath.
 Says Satan, now I hope you'll find
 Tyrants are of a fickle Mind,
 Their People many a Dog-trick shew,
 When ugly Humours on them blew.
 Tyrants love none throughout the State,
 Those that are really good they hate,
 For not b'ing Wicked; and the bad,
 Because they are no worser Mad.
 A Favourite have you known ever
 Come to a timely end, Sir? never.
 The Emblem of the Sponge remember,
 And that is ev'ry Prince's temper,

*Their Fav'rites at that rate to use,
 They let them suck their fill, then squeeze
 Them for their profit, till they're dry,
 And nothing left but Poverty.*

At that Word there was heard below
 A lamentable Cry, and know,
 At that same time an aged Man,
 Who looked Pale, and very Wan,
 Came boldly up to *Lucifer*,
And said to him, Thrice noble Sir,
 Your Emblem of the Sponge is pat
 To my case ; for, I tell you what,
 Before I bad the World good Night,
 I was a vast great Favourite,
 As great a Hoarder of Rich Treasure,
 Which I had by me out of Measure,
 By birth a *Spaniard*, *Confident*,
 And *Tutor*, to that Instrument
 Of Murders, *Nero* ; and my Name
 Is *Seneca*, a Man of Fame.
 Indeed, his Gifts were to Excess,
 His Bounties I cannot express,
 All Boons he gave me without asking,
 Which made me give him little *Tasking*,
 Besides in taking I was never
 Covetous, but obedient ever.
 It is each Prince's Royal Nature,
 Lib'ral to be to any Creature,
 Whom they sincerely do respect,
 Their Rise they ought not to neglect,

Which

Which Noble Generosity,
 Befits their High-born Quality :
 'Tis hard for Subjects to refuse,
 Without Reflections, which accuse,
 The Gen'rous Humour of that Hand,
 Which gives his Fav'rites House and Land.
 For take this Doctrine (Sirs) from me,
 Merit it's not, or Modesty
 Of Vassals, but the Prince's Glory
 In Question ; take this from a Tory,
 He, by the cunning Witch of *Endor*,
 That most contributes to the Splendor
 Of's Sovereign, and Reputation,
 Is the best Subject in the Nation.
Nero gave me as much, I know,
 As such a Prince cou'd well bestow,
 And all his Liberalities
 I manag'd like a Man that's Wise ;
 Yet all too little to protect
 Me from the Strokes of foul Respect,
 Thrown on me by Malicious Tongues,
 In sharp Lampoons, and jeering Songs ;
 Which said, that my Philosophizing
 On Vice, which I was Stigmatizing,
 Was nothing else but an Imposture,
 That with less Notice I might foster,
 In private feed, and entertain
 My Avaricious way of Gain.
 Finding my Credit with my Master
 Declining, (O most sad Disaster !)
 I thought it then high time to look,
 About me for some private nook,
 Where

Where I some time might quiet be,
From all my Foes Antipathy.
So I directly went to *Nero*;
Who was a pritty sort of *Hero*,
And with all possible Respect
His Presents I returned back.
The truth is, I'd so great a Passion,
For's Service, that his newest Fashion
Of Blood-shed, and Severity,
Nor his most wild Debauchery,
Could then deter me from declaring
My Mind; in Words I was not sparing,
But always told the Prince his own,
For all he wore the *Roman* Crown.
Especially in cruel Cases,
As giving bloody Snouts and Faces,
Or worser Mischiefs, home I carr'd it
To's Conscience, but he'd not regard it;
For he his Mother put to Death,
And stopt his Loving Uncle's Breath,
Laid the whole Town of *Rome* in Ashes,
Giving his Subjects Cuts and Slashes.
Which cruel, base Barbarity,
Drew on the great Conspiracy
Of *Piso*; which was better laid
Than Executed, it is said;
For, upon the Discovery,
The Persons in the Plot did Dye;
Lucan at the same time he killed,
But why that Persons Blood he spilled,
Was, 'cause he was a better Poet
Than him; and all had Sense to know it.

And

And if his cruel Majesty,
Gave me my choice what death to die,
It rather was his Cruelty,
Than favour to my Misery;
For in the thoughts, which Death to chuse,
The terrour which made me refuse
The rest, did terrifie my Soul,
In which strange tort'ring pangs did Rowl.
The choice I made (Sirs) was to Bleed
To Death, then here I came with speed;
Where to my further pain, and grief,
I've met again this bloody chief
Of Tyrants, who is now inventing
Some newer methods of Tormenting.

At that word Nero strait advanced,
Who caus'd his Body to be Lanced,
Saying, with voice so very shrill,
That it shook all the Vaults of Hell,
'Tis very well, a Prince his Minion,
Or Tutor shall have such Opinion,
As makes him think himself to be
Wiser than one in Majesty;
But that advantage let him use
With more respect, not to abuse
His master by a Proclamation,
Which tells the People thro' the Nation,
That he's the wiser of the two,
Tho' at the same time it is true.
While Seneca within bounds kept,
He in my bosome safely slept;
But when the Doaring Blockhead came
To tell the World for little Fame,

Those

(These things which he should have concealed,
And not to any Man revealed.)

How 'twas not me, but Seneca,
That did the mighty Empire sway,
Nought less than's Life could (by my Sandal)
Make satisfaction for the Scandal,
And from that hour I resolved,
Ruin should on him be involved.

P'd rather suffer what I do,
I'm sure, a hundred times or two,
Than entertain a Favourite,
That in the least should take delight,
To raise upon my soul disgrace
His Credit, it's a thing too base.
Whither I've reason on my side,
Or no, I'll willingly be try'd
By this August Assembly here,
Wherefore my royal Friends draw near,
And hear me speak; did ye e'er know,
A Favourite unpunisht go,
That had the impudence to write
[I and my King] To such good night,
Who make a stale of Majesty,
And Publish to the World, they be
Far wiser States-men than their Masters,
And can aid Thrones in all disasters.

No, no, with one Voice, cry'd they all,
It never was, and never shall
Endured be, whilst Rome is Rome:
For we, who're in this glim'ring gloom,
Have our Successors left behind,
On Oath, their Royalties to mind :

'Tis true, a grave, wise Counsellor
That for his Kings Renown doth stir,
Ought very much to be esteemed,
And a great Favourite (Sirs) deemed;
But when a haughty vanity,
Transports him to a wrong degree,
Away with him, and all such Hogs,
That 'buse their Princes, to the Dogs,
And down with him, for none can bear
Slaves that will not for Masters care.

All this (Poor Old Sejanus cry'd)
I hear, is not against my side.
For tho' I had, indeed more Brains
Than great Tiberius, yet took pains
To let him all the credit have
Of my advices, which were grave,
For all my Faithful services,
He lov'd me (by my feeble Knees)
As well as Cow her sucking Calf,
And of his Empire gave me half:
My statutes caus'd he to b' erected,
And nothing for my good neglected.
Let wise Sejanus never dye,
Was all the Peoples daily cry;
I wanted neither Praise, or Wealth,
And often Vows were for my Health,
Solemnly offer'd up by Priests,
Who bloody Havock made of Beasts.
But pray what was the end of all?
Alas! Most basely did I fall,
When I thought in my Masters Arms
I was secur'd, from dang'rous harms.

My

My master too, did on me Frown,
And helpt the Mobb to throw me down,
Who cut me, fury being hot,
As small as Herbs are for the Pot,
The Barb'rous, and enraged Throng,
Inhumanly drag'd me along
The open Streets, like Mangy Cat,
Tearing my Cloaths, and good Crevat
And happy was that Man, that cou'd
His Hankerchief dip in my Blood,
In memory it was the Gore,
Of one whom *Cæsar* did adore.
And by the Chiefs that govern Hell,
I should have thought it had been well,
If their inhumane Cruelty,
Had only made an end of me;
But to my Children it extended,
Who never in the least offended,
Tho' they were innocent, I say't,
They were Partakers of my Fate.
A Daughter I had, whom the Law
From Death exempted, 'cause no Flaw
She had in her Virginity;
But that the Scruple clean might be,
The harmless Virgins Maiden-head,
Was by the *Hang-man* Ravished;
And then Beheaded as her Dad,
To please the Rabble that was mad.
My failing first, was upon Pride,
And base *Temerity* her Guide;
I would out-run my Destiny,
And Fortune in her Works desie:

And

And as for *Providence divine*,
Which oe'r the Universe doth shine,
I lookt upon it as a Lie;
By Fools told, that did versifie.
To save my self, by violence,
I oft accused Innocence :
Some to die daily, did I cause;
Some Banished against the Laws,
Till all the Pow'rs of Earth, and Heaven,
Had Judgment justly 'gainst me given.
Then had I a recourse to all
Sorts of ill Folks, to stay my fall.
For being a great *Politician*,
For Poys'ning I had my *Physician*;
For Blood Assassins, when I please;
Judges *Corrupt* ; *false Witnesses* ;
In fine, what *Russians* had I not?
Yet not an inclination, but
Out of a meer necessity,
To keep my self from Tyranny.
Whenever I should come to fall,
I was most sure, to be of all
Forfaken, either good, or bad;
So I was forced to be glad
To shun the *better sort*, as those
That would my Privacies disclose ;
But into Companies of *Lewd*,
And *Vicious*, I would oft Intrude,
T' encrease a Tale of ' *Complices*,
That should defend my Villanies,
Making my *Party* this way stronger,
In hopes I might hold out the longer.

But

But if my *Master*, out of fashion,
A Tyrant was, yet an occasion
 I took to tell him of his Tricks,
 For which I had some hearty Kicks;
 And suffer'd more for my plain dealing,
 Than many People do for stealing.
 I know, it's charged upon me,
 That I egg'd him to *Cruelty*,
 To make him odious to the State,
 And my own self t' Ingratiate,
 To all the People, that they might
 Proclaim me head, tho' not my right,
 But in this Butcherly proceeding,
 Of setting my poor heart a Bleeding,
 Who was the spiteful curst adviser?
 I warrant you some sneaking Miser,
 Oh *Lucifer* ! Dear *Lucifer* !
 Who is in Hell our *morning Star*,
 You very well do know, that 'tis
 The way of Tyrants, when amiss
 They do themselves, and set a grumbling
 The *Commons*, and the *Gentry* mumbling,
 To lay on Ministers the blame,
 And hang them too, to quench the Flame
 Which discontented People kindle,
 Till Fav'rites into nothing dwindle.
One answered him; this is the end
 Of ev'ry Royal Ruler's Friend,
 And we should really be the gladder;
 If all such Fools dy'd on a Ladder;
 When most *Historians* you see,
 Do talk on this *Catastrophe*,

And

And set up a strong Buoy to warn,
All after Ages to discern
The dang'rous Rocks of Princes kindness;
Which only is, of Fame a blindness.

*Then up stept Plautin, all in white,
Severus his chief Favourite,
Who, to make sport for Folks he crossed,
Was out of Garret Window tossed.*

Ah! my condition on the Earth,
Says he, where I have curst my Birth,
Was like a Rocket, which doth fly
With sparkling Tail, towards the Sky :
I was sent up a wond'rous height,
In one small Moment out of sight,
And all the Peoples eager Eyes,
Were gazing on me in the Skies,
As Star of the first Magnitude;
But Fate was to me very rude,
Ah! Dismal, lamentable story,
Sirs very short Liv'd, was my Glory,
For after giving some false flashes,
I tumbled down, and fell to Ashes.

*After him came --- the more's the Pity,
Singing a very mournful Ditty,
Poor Bellisarius ; a Man
Once Fav'rite of Justinian ;
Who with a weak Voice thus complained,
How he was by his Prince disdain'd:
Princes before they do destroy
The Creatures they have rais'd with joy,
And chosen, should do well to think,
That any Subject's blood to drink*

For pleasure, and *inconstancy*,
Is much a greater *infamy*,
T' a Prince, than th' worst effects of it
Can be to any Favourite.
For my own part, an Emperour,
Who did Idolatry abhor,
I served, better than my God,
For which I've justly felt his Rod.
When after all the services,
I'd done to give his Stomach ease,
With hazards of my Life in Battle,
Where bones I've made in Skin to Rattle:
But in the end (*Sirs*) my reward,
I needs must say was very hard,
For one day as the Prince did Pont,
Just then I had my Eyes put out,
And then with *Spaniel Dog* and *Belly*,
(It is as true as I'm in Hell)
He turn'd me out a begging strait,
From Poor Man's Door, to Rich Man's Gate.
Thus was that *Bellisarius* treated,
Who had his Master's Foes defeated.
But know the favour of a King,
Doth mischief on a Subject fling;
Like *Quick-silver* it seems to be,
Restless, and very Slippery,
Nee'r to be fixed, ne'er secured;
And cannot always be endured.
Force it, it spends it self in Fumes,
Which into emptiness Consumes:
Sublime it, and its Poyson, which
Would kill a Mortal, Poor or Rich:

Handle it only, and into
The bones it works ; and it is true,
That such as have to do with it
(As I have heard from Men of Wit)
They all Live and Die Pale and Trembling;
In fine, I speak without dissembling ;
That in my mind I still am troubled,
To think how finely I was bubbled.

*At these words, the dejected Band
Of Fav'rites, in the sulph'rous Land,
Set up a great, and hid'ous Grogan,
And did their wretched Fates bemoan :
Making complaints of their distress,
And of their masters Wickedness,
Till on a sudden they all started,
And presently from thence departed ;
The meaning of a Noise to know
And Clutter they there heard below,
That almost deafn'd the Auditory,
Altho' above them by a Story.
And what was all the rout, at last ?
Why (Sir) a Scuffle there did past,
Between the Brothers of the Blade,
And Gownmen, who had them Upbraid,
Persons there were, as I was told,
Of Honour, Learning, Young, and Old,
In this most desp'rate Fray engaged :
The Men of War b'ing all enraged,
Were at it with their Rap'ers dashing,
Their Enemies most madly Slashing,
The Gentlemen of the long Robe,
Fencing, upon a Convex Globe*

Of blazing sulphur, somewith Cooks
 On Littleton, some with huge Books
 Of Pandects, which they flung about,
 And made a most confounded Rout.
 The Combate certainly had bin,
 More bloody than it was, but in
 The Kings Name, Peace was urged by
 A Constable : And presently,
 One of the Combatants aloud
 Said to the much surprized Crowd,
 If (noble Gentlemen) ye knew
 What we are, and our Quarrel too,
 You would (I'm sure) say we had cause,
 To thresh those sharpeners of the Laws,
 At that same instant there appeared,
 Some topping sparks, on whom I stared ;
 They were Domitian Commodus,
 Caracalla, Andronicus,
 Heliogabalus, Phalaris,
 Alcetes, Old Noll, Busiris,
 With many other Men of Note,
 Wasted to Hell in Charon's Boat ;
 Which when great Lucifer beheld,
 His Nose at them (Sir) was not swell'd,
 But kindly he their Persons greeted,
 And them, with their attendance treated.
 Whilst he these Kings did entertain
 In feasting, Solon with a Train
 Of Sages, and Philosophers
 All Bloody, full of Cuts and Scars,
 Which they had (as it was believed)
 From those curst Tyrants once received,

*In their fell persecuting times,
Tho' innocent of wicked Crimes :
Not valuing the gawdy Crown,
He stoutly told the Kings their own.
Princes (said he) that were unjust,
And did upon your greatness trust ;
Those glorious Kings, and Emperours,
From whom the Model of our Laws
We took, are in a blessed state
Of Rest, whilst you do curse your Fate.*

*When Tyrant Dionysius
Heard Solon rail on Princes thus,
His passionate, and cruel Rage
No longer (Sir) could be asswage.
Saying, that dull Philosopher
Is minded here to make a War,
Sirrah, ye're all a company
Of Quacks, that only swear and Lie ;
Of state-affairs you must be prating,
And of such things too speculating,
Ye don't, nor ne're will understand,
Presuming to inform the Land,
With damn'd Moralities, you Hog,
Which set the People all agog,
Upon new ways of Liberty,
Teaching your Male-contents to cry
The Doctrine up of free-born Fools,
By which decoying, factious Rules,
Our portion's Patience in this World,
And scandal when to t'other hurl'd.
Cry'd the Apostate Julian, Tell
Us, Lucifer, head King of Hell,*

If Princes had not better be
 Double damn'd, to all Eternity,
 Than be Confin'd to hear such Loufy,
 Fartical, Turdy, Nasty, Droufie,
 Base Rascals, with a Scabbed Head,
 And *Lice Plantations* in his Beard,
 Pronouncing here state *Aphorismes*
 Cramn'd full with factious *Solæcismes*.
 I'd have such Cock brain'd Coxcombs know,
 Subjects Estates, and Lives do owe
 To Kings, else where's our Sovereignty,
 If such don't at our Mercy lie?
 And where's our Power absolute?
 If we let Vassals it dispute,
 And to their Counsels all submit,
 As they will, not as we think fit:
 If we have not to satisfie
 (By absolute authority)
 Our Appetite, Revenge, and Lust,
 We crowned Kings, and Emp'rours must
 Want Power, my most royal Friends
 To discharge all the noblest ends
 Of Arbitrary Government.
 I hope you'll all of you consent,
 To own what I have said, as true
 But e're I bid you (*Sirs*) adieu,
 I have to tell, that we have here
 An Orator, who will with care
 A Lecture read of *oliticks*
 To you, which Princes honour Nicks.

At which words, from a blazing Nook,
A Fellow, with a Hanging look,

And

*And Brazen Face, most nimbly came,
Photinus they did call his Name,
Who with a Thundring, frightful Tell,
Broke his Discourse to those in Hell.*

*The Wicked advice of one of Ptolomy's
Courtiers, about the Killing of Pompey:
Taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia.*

Lib. 8.

MEthinks, (renown'd Ptolomy)
nto a great Debate, I see,
Ye're Slipt, which somewhat is beside
The bus'ness, which should now be try'd.
The Question's, whether Pompey to
Cesar should yielded be, or no;
That is to say (Sirs) whether in
Reason of State, the Treach'rous Sin
Ought to be done; and how far Reason
May Tolerate the greatest Treason;
Well, without any Tantalizing,
The Matter we are Formalizing,
Whether in point of Equity
And Justice, King's may Treach'rous be.
No Souls have Bodies Politick,
And never had a Prince that Trick,
To turn State Councils int' a Court
Of Conscience, but he Ru'd the sport,
Realms should be Rul'd by Politicians,
Not Casuists, or dull Physicians;
Wherefore I'll speak without quandary,
Know, there is nothing more contrary

To the true interest of a Crown,
As all your wisest Heads will own,
Than in all sorts of *Publick Cases*,
To let good thoughts fly in your Faces,
Till it of Private duties make
A scruple for meer Conscience sake.
The Argument as I hold is this;
Pompey you'll say is in distress:
And *Ptolomy*, (who is a King)
On some account himself did bring,
Under a most strictt Obligation;
So that it were a violation
Of *Faith* and *Hospitality*,
To leave him in *Adversity*.
Now give me leave a while to reason,
T' other way in behalf of *Treason*.
Pompey you see's forsaken quite,
Most unsuccessful is in Fight,
And persecuted by the Gods,
Which is against him mighty Odds;
Cesar subdues him, whom they bless
With *Victory*, and great success.
Shall therefore royal *Ptolomy*
Bring ruin on his Dignity,
A wretched *Fugitive* to Guard
Against *Gods*, and *Cesar* ! It's too hard.
I must confess where *Honesty*
And *Profit* both together lie,
'Tis well, but where they disagree,
The Prince that quits not Piety,
For his Convenience doth contrive
A Plot that may himself unlive.

The

The Hearts of the whole Souldiery,
 You'll lose by such Temerity,
 And th' Reputation of his Power,
 Will tumble down a great deal lower.
 Whereas, know noble *Ptolomy*,
 The Prince of greatest Tyranny,
 If he should the contrary act,
 'Bove water may keep up the Fact.
 Let him but bid to Gods defiance,
 And but allow a gen'ral Licence,
 To subjects to act, more, or less,
 (As they think fit) all Wickedness :
 You'll say this is impiety,
 But (Sirs) I say what if it be ?
 What subject durst presume, to call
 You to accompt, but he must fall ?
 Such mean deliberations are
 For Vassals only to take care,
 That shall be under your *Command*,
 And not for Kings that rule the Land,
 Whose will (tho' cruel) is a Law,
 Which ought to keep his Realm in Awe.

Exeat Aula

Qui volet esse pius.

" *The Man was never yet cut out*

" *For any Court, that is devout.*

In fine, since either *Ptolomy*,
 Or *Pompey*, must a sufferer be,
 I'am absolutely without strife,
 For saving *Ptolomy's* sweet Life,
 And the presenting *Pompeys* Head,
 To *Cesar*, after he is Dead.

For

For it's a *Proverb* very right,
A *Dog* when Dead will never bite.

Photinus had no sooner made
An end of speaking, but appear'd
Domitian in a monstrous Rage,
After him dragging of that Sage
Su'tonius, like Bear, to the Stake.

There's not (*says he*) in this deep Lake
Such a damn'd saucy Generation
Of Scribbling Rogues, by Non-salvation,
As these *Historians*. In the Grave,
Nor Living, we no quiet have (Pains
For them ; and when they've took much
To vent the humour of their Brains,
That thing, forsooth, must called be,
Though with the greatest Infamy,
The Life of such an Emperor :
For Instance, this curst *Chronicler*
Told Stories of me out of measure,
How I had squander'd all my Treasure
Away on Buildings, Comedies,
Revels, and all Debaucheries.
That any Rascal's Perjury,
Though known for that same Villany
The greatest Villain of the Nation,
Was Proof enough for Confiscation.
And without any sort of Right,
Sev'ral Estates have took by Might.
That I all People did abuse ;
And set such Taxes on the *Jews*,
That many of them, who avoided
The Payment, *Pagans* were Recorded.

Is

Is this the way, declare to me,
Of treating sacred Majesty?
What could this *Pedant* worse have said,
Of any Monarch that was Dead?
Especially against a Prince
That valu'd not at what Expence
He put himself to, in repairing
Burnt Libraries, and new ones rearing.

Said Suetonius, in a tone

Most doleful, by this hellish Throne,
'Tis true, and I have not forgotten,
Since you have been (Sir) Dead and Rotten,
Mention to make of it, to your
Eternal Honour I am sure.

But what will you say, if I show
You, in this sulph'rous Lake below,
A Warrant under your own Fists,
Which on this Blasphemy insists?

It's the Command of your great Lord
And God. And now (Sir) in a Word,
If I as much Truth speak as Saints,
Where is the Cause of your Complaints?
Know, I have written, tho' you curse us,
The Lives of *Julius* and *Augustus*,
And all the World (Sirs) will not say
But Right I've done them to this Day.
But for your self, and such as you,
Who never were to Mortals true,
Who all the Friends of *Vertue* galled,
So rightly *Crowned Plagues* were called;
What Fault have I committed, when
To Paper I did set my Pen,

To

To set before your frightful Eyes
 Those many barb'rous Tyrannies,
 Which Heav'n and Earth (tho' you be dead)
 Cannot but look upon with dread.

This Speech was interrupted by
 The Babler, who was there a Spy,
 With noisy talk he much abounded,
 Lucifer in the Ear he rounded,
 And told him, Look ye, Sir, (says he,
 Pointing his ugly Finger) see
 That lazy, limping Devil there,
 That looks 's if he Surbated were
 With beating the deformed Hoof,
 Has been above our blazing Roof,
 In t'other World this Twenty Years,
 And is but now, with hanging Ears,
 Come back to his Comrades again,
 Who in his Absence bore his Pain:
 Crys Lucifer, Come hither, Sir ;
 And so the poor, deformed Cur,
 Wrigling and glotting, went toward
 His Prince, who pull'd him by the Beard;
 And said, You're a fine Rogue, to be
 Sent of an Errand out for me,
 Are you not ? To stay Twenty Years
 Abroad, from the infernal Peers,
 And come back to your Tenement
 Not a bit Wiser than ye went !
 What Souls have you, Sir, to us hurl'
 Or, what News from the other Word ?
 Ha ! (quoth the Devil) I have been ld ?
 A great Promoter of all Sin ;

Thrice

Thrice Royal Sir, I do not doubt,
But you know at my going out,
You of a certain Merchant gave
Me charge, that you his Soul might have ;
If there's in Dev'l any belief,
To make that gainful Man a Thief,
By all the Powers of our Clime,
The first Ten Years (Sir) of my Time
It cost me ; and Ten more to keep
His black-dy'd Sinful Soul asleep,
Lest he should Honest turn again,
And so escape Eternal Pain.

This Story made the Babler hiss,
A fine Fetch for a Devil this,
Is it not ? *Lucifer* did roar.

But, by my Scepter, Hell's no more
The Hell it was, when first I knew it,
Then Chalk is Cheese, or Bacon Sewit :
And to my Kingdom's great Dispraise,
The Devils. we have now adays,
Are so insipid, dull and dry,
And not half-stuff'd with Roguery,
That they are hardly worth the Roasting ;
Wherefore away with all your Boasting.

A senseless Puppy to come back,
And with such Impudence to crack,
Telling a simple, senseless Story,
Which he thought would be to his Glory,
Of *Waltham's* Calf, that went Nine Mile,
To suck a Bull ; I can't but Smile !
He's not yet Master of his Trade ;

With that, the mighty Regent said

To

To one of's Officers there, take him
 Away, and by the Collar shake him,
 Adding, The Rascal I perceive,
 And others may the same believe,
 When he should (Sirs) have been at Church;
 To give the godly Ones a Lurch,
 He's at a Play-house roguing bin,
 That most polluted Place of Sin,
 His time was there most idly spent;
 For all that Play-houses frequent,
 Are with most forts of Vices cramm'd,
 So to our Hands are ready Damned.

First in that Instant, from behind
 A Hill, some Male-kind, that were Blind,
 Came running (almost out of Breath,
 And lookt as pale as ghastful Death)
 After a mighty Company
 Of Women, that sweet-scented Fry;
 The Men all crying out, Stop, Stop,
 The Women, as fast as they could hop,
 Were from their swift Pursuers flying,
 And all the way for help (Sirs) crying.
 Lucifer hearing such a clatter,
 Siez'd them, and askt what was the matter,
 Alas ! alas ! (one of the Men
 Cry'd out; who was Fourscore and Ten)
 These Carrions have all betray'd us,
 For on my word they've Fathers made us,
 Though we no Children ever had,
 Which Crime's enough to make one Mad.
 A Dev'l of Honour being there,
 Out of Respect to Ladies fair,

Cry'd

Cry'd, Sirrah, hold your scand'lous Tongue,
 And do our Women here no wrong ;
 For 'tis impossible to be
 Fathers without Posterity.
 Pardon me, (*said another Fellow*)
 And think not we with *Ale* are mellow,
 For it is true (Sir) what my Friend
 Has told, and we'll our Cause defend :
 Wherefore, I tell you once agen,
 That all of us were *Marry'd Men*,
 And whether you know't that are here,
 All of us good *House-keepers* were,
 By *Scot* and *Lot* we have been shorn,
 Have Offices i'th' *Parish* borne,
 And all of us (Sir) Fathers are,
 Yet had no Children, I will swear.
 But it's a most strange thing to me
 That some of us have been at Sea,
 In many desp'rate sorts of Weather,
 For Two times Seven Years together ;
 Others as long have Bed-rid been,
 And so most impotently seen
 By able *Surgeons* and *Physicians*,
 That all the Learned'st of *Civilians*
 Would have put us, *inter frigidos*
Viros & maleficiatos :
 And yet we'll make it plain appear,
 Our *Wives* have brought us ev'ry Year
 A *Child*, which we, Pox on us for't,
 Kept, though we had for them no sport,
 And what is worse ! have been so civil
 To send our selves (Sir) to the Devil,

To

To get the Bastards all Estates ;
 But we have often curst our Fates !
 For since the *Mothers* have been Dead,
 And *Children* up to Man's State bred,
 We that were too believing Fools,
 Have found out all the cursed Tools
 That made them : One the *Coach-man's Nose*
 Has got ; Two (Sir) the *Footman's Toes* ;
 A Fourth is of the *Porter's Size* ;
 And Two has got the *Steward's Eyes* :

At this, th' Adopted Fathers cry'd,
 Husbands of *Whores* do all abide
 The greatest *Plagues* that can be given,
 From the severest *Wrath* of Heaven.
 First, they're subjected to all *Pukings*,
 Longings, and all the base *Rebukings*
 Which are by *Breeding Women* made,
 Till they with hid'ous *Howls* are laid ;
 Then comes the *Squalling* of the Child,
 Which is enough to make one *Wild*,
 The *Gossips* bawdy twittle twattle,
 The *Nurse* and *Midwife's* prittle prattle,
 That must be very *Welcome* made,
 Till they are drunk, well lodg'd, and paid:
 And when it cometh from the *Font*,
 Says one, (to th' *Jade*, the *Mother* on't)
 A pritty *Babe* ! -- may *Claret* strike
 Me dumb, if it is not as like
 The *Father* --- nay, I'll take my *Oath*,
 As if he'd spit it out on's *Mouth* :
 It has the very *Eye*, the *Lips*
 Of him, the *Nose*, the very *Hips*,
 Though

Though no more like him than a Bear
Is like an Eagle, Cat, or Mare.
And in Conclusion, when all this
We've borne, for which they at us hiss,
Then with a Christian Patience we
To Hell are hurry'd presently,
And here for a damn'd Company
Of Cuckolds, we shall ever lye:
But truly, it is very hard,
That we in Flames must fry for Lard.

This Visit I cut short, to see
What News in a deep Vault might be,
Just near at Hand, where thro' a Flame,
A noise of Souls and Devils came.
There were your Proud Men for escaping,
The Envious and Revengesful gaping
And crying out as they would break
Their Hearts, the which I'm sure did ach:
Oh, that I cou'd be Born again!
Says one; Oh, that from this damn'd Pain
I might go back into the World!
Another says; a Third (Sir) hurPd
But lately into Hell, did cry,
Oh, that once more I were to Dye!
Which idle Wishes of the Bad,
Did make the Devils all so Mad,
That, rise up Karlers (they did cry)
Go, all be Born again, and Dye,
Get ye to bleach you in the Air,
For Hell for such Knaves do not care.
At ev'ry Word they'd lusty lashes,
And hard were thrust to their old Ashes.

But Sir, the poor Rogues hung an Arse,
Seeing the Devils were so fierce;
They all were struk with mighty Terroure,
Repented of their foolish Errour,
In wishing themselves a returning,
Tho' from a place were they were Burning;
To hear of Living once again,
It put them into so much Pain,
That with the very Fear they stunk,
And into a by-Corner flunk,
Where they as qu't as Lambs, Sir, lay,
And durst not call what was to pay.

At length, one of the Company
Who had some Brains, did prittily,
With noble Resolution venture,
Upon a grave Discourse to enter.
If now (quoth he) again to Earth
I should go for a Second Birth,
What Diet, Lodging, Cookery
Would in my Mother's Belly be
For Nine Months time, and then the clutter
There'd be about for Beer and Butter,
Which must on me, when Born be spent,
To give my Flesh a sweeter Scent.
Into the World I must come crying,
And from that Moment always Dying.
Who knows, but I may have the Curse
Of being with a careless Nurse,
Who may perhaps, Sirs, overlay me,
And, tho' an Infant, soundly pay me,
Some four and twenty Hours leave me, (me
Without clean Clouts, ah, this wou'd grieve
And

And all the while, perchance a Pin,
Or Two, up to the Hilts, Sir, in
My reaking Breech, then follows Breeding
Of Teeth, and Worms upon you feeding;
Disorders from bad Milk, the Gripes,
To tear and gnaw one's little Tripes.
I must feel all these sorts of Pain,
So I'll not run them o'er again
When up to'ards dwindling *Man* I run;
Th' *Women*, as sure (Sir) as a Gun
Will have me, for a Thousand ways
They have, to bring Fools to their Lays;
And if it e'er should come to pass,
To set my Eye upon a Lass,
That knows both Dress and Rallery,
I'm gone, by Saint *Augustin's* Eye,
If there were not another Lad
In *Christendom*, Sirs, to be had
What Pains must *Cupid's* Vassals take,
To dress them, to go to his Stake!
To fill, 'tween Hope and wild Despair,
With ardent Sighs, the Midnight Air;
To pour out Vows, Ejaculations,
In pining, whining Lamentations;
Thus, like to Birds of ill Luck, such Fools
Keep Company with *Bats* and *Owls*,
To walk about a Sweet-heart's Lodging,
To play at Bo-peep, and be dodging
At ev'ry Corner of the Street,
To fall down at the Idols Feet,
Her Imperfections to adore,
And worship her, although a VVhore.

At this rate, I say, curs'd again
 Be he that of Hell doth complain,
 And would again lead such a Life,
 That's full of sorrow, Pain, and strife.
 Being now come full Man to Write,
 Then to all happiness good night :
 If I have an Estate, what wrangles
 Go along with it, Suits, and Brangles !
 If I have none, what murmuring,
 That Fate her spite on me should fling !
 By this time, of a very truth,
 The many Sins (Sir) of my Youth
 Into my dry'd up Bones are gotten ;
 Wrinkled my Face is ; Teeth are Rotten ;
 Legs Gouty, Bloodless are the Veins,
 Eyes Dim, and Gravel in my Reins.
 I who once both brisk and jolly,
 Then sowre grows, and melancholly
 Nought pleases me, and in my Rage
 Ten thousand times I curse Old Age,
 And Youth which I can ne're recover,
 To be again a gen'rous Lover.
 However to the Barber's Shop
 For powder'd Wig I often hop,
 To hide, or't least, those marks disguise,
 Which made young Women age dispise.
 Sometimes it doth so happen out,
 That a kind Lads who wants a bout,
 For want of one that's abler, may
 Content her self a Night, I say,
 With one of these Old Dons, instead
 Of a good Whetstone in her Bed ;

But

But dear me ! Sir, alack, alack !
The poor old Man is weak in the Back,
He's willing for the sport enough,
But for the bus'ness has no Stuff ;
And after a whole Night is spent,
In nothing which did give content,
In cold and frivolous excuses,
For those unpard'nable abuses,
Most bitterly enrag'd he goes ;
And after him the Lady throws
Many a hearty Curse, for keeping
Her to so little good from Sleeping.
No, no ; I'll no more living have,
To run through so much to my Grave,
I thank ye kindly all : one Hell
Rather than in two Mothers dwell.
Let us, vvho're under Satan's banners,
Consider on the various manners
And humours of short humane Life,
That's fill'd vvith daily care, and strife.
He that vvould fain be Rich, must play
The Thief, and Cheat both night and day,
He that vvould rise in t'other VVorld,
Before he's to the Devil hurl'd,
Must turn Projecter, Parasite,
Informer, or a hard Mouth'd Knight.
The Man that Marries, for the Horn
Doth venture, and his Neighbours Scorn.
There is no Valour vvithout Syvearing,
Quarrelling, Sirs, and tearing,
If ye are poor, none vvill you ovvn,
If rich, you'll on poor Kindred frowvn.

If you Religious really be,
 They'll charge you with Hypocrisy ;
 If you are gay and pleasant, soon
 They'll take you for a 'base Buffoon.
 Courtesy is colloquing called ;
 And down-right Honesty is mauled
 With the foul Name of nasty Pride,
 On which most Souls to Hell do ride.
 This is the World, which you do seek ;
 But, Comrades that are for it, speak,
 Hold up your Hands. No, no, they all
 Together cry'd, both great and small,
*Of Generation Work no more,
 We do beseech you, and implore :
 Rather than have the Midwives, Devils
 We'll keep, as b'ing the lesser Evils.*

After this, a Testator came,
 Cursing and Raving through a Flame,
 That he had, by his own consent,
 Made his last Will and Testament.
 Ah Villain ! said he, for a Man,
 Whose Life at best is but a Span,
 To kill himself as I have done,
 To please a Mother and a Son ;
 If I'd not Seal'd, I had not Died.
 Their Plots then I had all defied.
 Of all things, next your Doctor's Pills,
 Deliver me from making Wills,
 More than the Pestilence they've killed ;
 But then I was no better skilled.
 Oh ! Mortals, let the Living take
 Fair warning by the Dead, and make

No

No formal *Will* and *Testament*,
 Unless they *Will* to Hell be sent,
 My Life it was the luck to put
 Into the Doctor's Power, but
 By making then my damned *Will*
 I gave the Wislers leave to kill
 Put (says the Doctor) your Estate,
 And Soul in order, for by Fate
 That you must Dye it is decreed,
 Which News (Sir) made my Heart to bleed;
 And those hard Words no sooner fled
 From off his Tongue, but on my Bed
 (Where I lay sick, as any Dog,
 And grunting like a nasty Hog)
 I was so wise, and most devout,
 Forsooth, to go, with speed, about
 My cursed *Will* (Sir) with an *In*
Nomine Domini, Amen.

Et cetera, and when they'd done
 The Prologue, then I soon begun
 My Goods and Cattles to dispose
 In manner following, to those
 That were about my Person, I
 (Seeing I must so surely Dye)
 My Son Jack make and constitute
Executor most absolute.

Item, to my dear Wife I give,
 To read, so long as she shall Live,
 All my *Romances, Novels, Plays*,
 On which I've wasted all my Days.
 To my most loving Friend T. B.
 My Tankard marked A and C.

To my poor Foot-boy Bob, five pound,
With which he may be Prentice Bound.
To my kind servant *Margery*,
Who in my sickness tended me,
My little Silver Caudle Cup,
And Plate on which I us'd to sup.
To Mr. Doctor for his Care,
My Table Di'mond which is fair.
No sooner had I sign'd, and Sealed,
And Conscience to the Priest revealed,
But all my Legates, and Son,
Did to the Hour Glafs (Sir) run,
To cast up by't how many Sands
Might run, e're Death and I shook hands.
At e'ry Groan I fetched, these
Imps called for their Legacies,
And curst the Leaden pace of Death,
That came no sooner for my Breath:
But if again, the World I were
(Sirs) to begin, I should take care
How I such Wills did make, this way
They should be worded ; I would say,
The greatest Curse of spightful Fate
Smite him, that shall have my Estate,
When I am dead and gone : and may
What I can't take from hence away,
The Devil take, and him that strives
For it, when Death my Life unlives.
Three times a day, when in my Grave,
Let *Robin* the Strappado have,
Paid duly to him, during Life.
Of th' Pip, or Mother, let my Wife

Dye (not a Farthing matter which)
 But let the Proud, confounded Witch
 Indite the damned Doctor first,
 For Poysoning me. And Peg be curst,
 A Doctor, all ought to despise,
 Who's only Death in a Disguise.
 And brings with him the Patients Hour,
 When nothing more's left to devour,
 Let People, feelling any ills,
 After this Copy write their Wills,
 They'll miss the Doctors villany,
 And shall live long and happily.

The dead Man his discourse did ply,
 With so much earnest Gravity,
 That Lucifer (I did perceive)
 Began what he said to believe.
 But 'cause all Truths are not to be
 At all times spoken, 'specially
 Among the Devils, who deny
 In Hell all sorts of Verity;
 Lucifer ordered the Fellow,
 For fear he should (Sir) more Truths Bellow,
 Presently to be tightly Gagg'd,
 And to his former Quarters dragg'd.

His Mouth (Sir) was no sooner stopt,
 But strait a Man, whose Hair was Cropt,
 Came runing cross the Company,
 And set up a most hidious Cry,
 Saying, Oh! Where am I? I am
 Abus'd, ye've put on me a sham,
 Pray what's the meaning of all this?
 Some sorts of Devils I do miss,

Both

Both high, and low, I've ranfact Hell,
 Where none but torturing Devils dwell
 Yet cannot find the Devil out,
 Who brought me to this Hellish Rout:
 It might well make the Company,
 With mighty wonder, stare, to see
 A Fellow haunt for Devils, where
 No other Creatures do repair;
 For in that place, which is so warm,
 Legions of Devils always swarm.
 But as he was in a great hurry,
 A Governante, who would curry
 Some favour with the Devil, caught
 The mad Man by the Arm, and brought
 Him strait to dreadful Lucifer,
 But he the cursed Jelliver
 Did know, as soon as he had laid
 His Ogles on her Fiz, and said,
 And art thou here, old Belzebub,
 Who kept a Brother in a Tub?
 The very Picture of old Nick;
 Thou, who to Villany will stick;
 The Coupler both of Man and Woman;
 And for your own ends true to no Man;
 Buckle and Thong of Lechery;
 The Mother of Iniquity,
 The Multiplier of all Sin;
 Of foolish Prentice Boys the Gin;
 The Guide of all such senseless Sinners,
 Who lose to let Bawds be the Winners,
 The seasoner of rotten Mutton;
 On cost of other Folks a Glutton;

The

The interpreters 'twixt Whore and Rogue,
One who with Bullies is in Vouge;
The Preface to the remedy
Of Love, and all its Slavery;
And Prologue to the Minute, which
Has oftentimes undone the Rich.
Speak Bawd, and without more ado,
Tell me; where is the Devil, who
Did bring me to this Wretched place,
That's void of any sort of Grace.
No, no; I am not such an Awfe,
(Therefore you need not at me Laugh)
As to be specified away
By Devils, that do ev'ry day (and Thistles,
Wear Tails, Horns, Wings, Claws, Hoofs,
And feed on Brimstone boil'd with Thistles.
The Devils that I look for, are
Worse than the Devils, I see here.
Where are the Mothers that do play,
For th' sake of Money Night and day,
The Bawds to their own Daughters, and
Towards the Rope will lend a Hand?
Where are those Aunts, that for broad pieces,
Will do as much too for their Nieces?
The Black-ey'd Girls, that carry Fire
To light a Wanton to desire?
Where are the Cursed Flatterers,
Who tell one's Freckles look like Stars?
The Make-bates, and Incendiaries,
Whom Mortals stile the Devils Fairies?
Where are the Story-Mongers? Lyars,
Worse Rascals than the begging Fryars?

For

For they'll report more than they hear,
 Affirm more than they know, and swear
 More than they ever did believe,
 So they can any Man deceive.
 Where are the Hypocrites that burn
 With Godliness, to serve their turn
 Of Int'rest? whose Debauchery
 Of Drinking is term'd Ecstasie,
 Who utter, when they Private be,
 Their Fumes, and Dreams of Luxury,
 And Tripple for a Revelation,
 Which may deprive them of Salvation.
 That of their Parlours Chappels make
 And whore it for Damnation sake,
 These are the Devils I'd be at,
 To have a Game at Juggle Cat,
 These are the Devils that have Damn'd me,
 And have on Earth so often sham'd me;
 You impudent, Old, sawcy Hag,
 Find them me out, or else a Rag
 I'll not upon you leave, to hide
 What now the Devil can't abide.
And with that word, a hideous yell
He made, and violently fell
Upon the Gouvernante, tore
Her Head-Geer off, and call'd her Whore,
So furiously he laid about him,
Tho' twenty thousand Devils fought him,
That they this Man would not have tam'd,
If Lucifer, who was inflam'd
With wrath, had not came presently
To quiet him by's Authority.

No sooner was this Fray (Sir) ended
 But from a Vault a noise ascended,
 Much like the opening of Doors,
 From whence appear'd a Tribe of Whores,
 Who were most talkative, and bold.
 Impertinent, and very old;
 But yet as bonny, gamesome, toying,
 Tickling, and talking of enjoying,
 As if their Age had never seen,
 The first year of the wist Fourteen;
 Carrying it in this Element,
 With such an Air that shew'd content.
 The Babler somewhat scandalized
 At their Behaviour, was surprized,
 And told them they did very ill
 To be so merry there in Hell;
 And several others did admire,
 To see them be so brisk in Fire.
 With that one of the wretched Jills,
 Rais'd on a pair of Heels, like Stills,
 To make her tall, and finely deckt,
 Told Lucifer with great respect:
 That at our first admittance there,
 As sad as sad could be we were,
 But now we're little comforted,
 When by a Devil it was said,
 There was no Punishment but Weeping,
 And Gnashing Teeth, when we wer'n't
 So were in hopes we might go free (sleeping
 For some small sort of Bribery;
 Because we've not among us all,
 Take who you will, both great and small,
 Left

Left in our Bodies (Sir) a drop
 Of Moisture, to make you a Sop,
 Nor any Teeth left in our Heads,
 To make your Priest a set of Beads.
 Search them (the Intermedler cry'd)
 The Matter quickly shall be try'd,
 Here, squeeze their Eye-balls presently,
 And let their Gums examin'd be;
 You'll find among these ugly Hags, (Snags
 That Joke so much, Stumps, Roots, or
 Or 'nough of somewhat else to spoil
 The Jest, which makes the Witches smile.
 And then, upon the Scrutiny,
 The Strumpits were all found so dry,
 That they were good for nothing in
 The World, but each to have her skin
 Flead off, and put (being dry'd with Poxes)
 Into the Devil's Tinder Boxes.

While they were briskly casing up,
 The Harlots o're a hearty Cup;
 Some People from a Hole did rise,
 Of several sorts and qualities;
 That call'd out to the first they saw;
 Pray, (said one) bid us the Law,
 Before we any farther go,
 Will ye (good Sirs) direct us to
 The noble Courts of good Rewards,
 For there 'tis we must play our Cards.
 How's that (one of the Company
 Did to his Fellow Sinner cry)
 I was afraid we'd been in Hell,
 But now I hope we're very well,
 Since

Since you (Sir) of Rewards do talk,
Which good News, down I'll quickly chalk,
I hope it is but Purgatory,
Which some Folks term a feigned Story :
Purgatory ! (Th' Intermedler cry'd)
You've left that on the other side
The Hill there, upon the Right hand,
Of this eternal burning Land.
This (Sirs) is Hell, to which ye're sent,
A place of endless Punishment,
Here is (too soon, your Eyes will see)
Of no Rewards a Registry
Then said the Fellow that spake first,
We are mistaken, and all Curst
How so ? The Intermedler cry'd.
Then said another of their side,
Sir you shall hear, e'er we were hur'd
To Hell, we were in't other World
Intit'led, being Thieves and L'ars,
To the brave order of the Squires
Of the Pack, and borrow'd now and then
On the High-way, some Coyn of Men :
We understood too the Cross-bite,
And us'd the frail Dye day and Night.
Some of our Conscientious Friends,
Dreading we must have Tyburn ends,
Would fain have drawn us from it off,
But we did at their Counsel scoff
Saying, what would you have us do ?
Who Honesty (Sirs) never knew,
Money we have none, nor cannot Work,
So on the High-way we must lurk,
And

And by that simple, poor word stand,
 We live like Nobles of the Land;
 Using a Bawdy House as much
 As them, or any other such.
 Our good advisers seeing there
 Was no good to be done, by fair
 Or foul means, went their way, and told
 Us, that we in the other World
 Should our Reward most surely meet,
 Wherefore we favour beg to see't.
 Supposing this to be the Clime;
 They told us of in former time.

O! Cursed Scoundrels, that ye are,
 An Officer of Justice there
 At hand did say, how many Crimes
 Have ye committed oftentimes,
 As squand'ring away, in a trice,
 Your Fortunes upon Whores, and Dice,
 Bringing your Wives to Misery,
 And Children all to Poverty.
 And if one gave you good advice,
 You'd Laugh at them, and Paradise,
 Saying (poor harden'd Sinners) we
 Cannot be forc'd to Piety,
 Tush, tush, our Wives, and Children are
 In th' Hands of him, who will take care
 The Rooks, and Ravens too to feed,
 So may as well look on our Breed.
 Then was it told ye, you should find,
 For being to your selves unkind,
 Your just reward in t'other World
 When you to Lucifer was Hur'd;

bA

And

And now the fatal time is come,
Wherein ye shall receive the Sum
Of your Rewards; up then ye Sp'rits,
That cloathed are with Dread and Frights,
And take these wretched Souls away,
Where they shall never see the Day.

*At which word, Legions of the Devils
Fell on these Caitiffs stuf with Evils,
Paying them off with blazing Hands,
Crammed with Whips and Firebrands,
And gave them, (though they thought it hard)
Their long expected just Reward.*

Just after this, before that I cou'd
Turn my Head round about, where I stood
To view Hell's Vassals, Pluto's Soldiers,
An ugly Imp fell on my Shoulders,
And sunk me thro' a Brimstone Pavement,
Into a Place where Merchants brave went,
And they so thick along did hurry,
I was afraid my Back they'd curry.

Bless me, cry'd I, I am Undoing,
With that stept up a very knowing
Useful and skilful Knight at Bob-her,
And one, who'd been an Old Stock-Jobber,
Crying out, Sir, Pray what's the matter
You thus complain, and make this clatter?
Have you in Ware-house Goods too many,
Tell me, I'll buy them if you've any,
Here's ready Money: Speak, what Discount?
Strutting as great as any Viscount.

At which amazed, Sir, said I then,
Is it your Bus'ness here to buy Men?

S

With

With that came up his Friend Old *Rock*,
 And cry'd out, *Dick*, how goes the Stock?
 Does't Rise or Fall? Efaith, this Morning
 I made a Cit'zen pull his Horn in:
 Is't so? (cry'd t'other) Come and tell me,
 (Plucking his Sleeve) what has befel ye:
 Whereat they squeezed thro' *Swan-Tavern*,
 Into a dark adjoining Cavern
 Call'd *Coffee-house*, where ev'ry Size, Sir,
 Of damn'd *Stock-Jobbers* Cheats devise, Sir,
 Which done, a hid'ous noise came thorough,
 My Ears, (like *Coney* through a Borough)
 Made by a Wretch, who, whilst a Mortal,
 In ruining Tradesmen made his Sport all,
 And took whatever he laid Fist on,
 Yet stil'd himself, for all, a *Christian*;
 But he did not call long, when to him,
 A *Broker Jew* came up, who knew him;
 A Prize a Head, (he cry'd) 'tis true!
 With that he shook Hands with the Jew,
 And went behind a stately Bource, Sir,
 To drink and ruine a Rich *Mercer*.
 Some Dons were laying Heads together,
 Consulting close with one another,
 How they might all the Fuel buy up,
 That *Pluto* might have none to try up
 His Royal Viands, without he wou'd
 Buy it of them, as they shou'd see good,
 And others Brimstone there did lack, ho,
 To sell in Hell for best *Tobacco*;
 And this they bought up of the Damned,
 Until Hell's *Ware-houses* were Crammed;
 Others

Others for *Sugar*, *Sulph'rous Entries*
 Wou'd buy of *Pluto's Table Cent'ries*,
Int'rests, *Transfers*, *Debentures*, *Shares*,
Tallies, *Discounts*, and *Old Arrears*.

But this to such a height in Hell grew,
 That the black Prince thereof, to tell true,
 Rous'd from his *Throne*, and roar'd like *thun-*
 Commanding Legions quick to plunder (*der*
 These curst *Stock-jobbers*, and thence take 'em
 To the great Ov'n in Hell, and bake 'em.
 At which, the Devils did them surprize,
 Minc'd 'em, and made 'em up in Pies.

This Sentence was no sooner past,
 But there drew near (in mighty haste)
 A multitude of *Serjeants*, *Bailiffs*,
Catchpoles, and other preying *Caitiffs*,
 With the *Thief's Devil*, bound fast, Hand
 And Foot, and did together stand
 With a foul, horrid Accusation
 Against this Wretch of Non-Salvation.
 At which, the mighty *King of Hell*,
 With Countenance Severe and Fell,
 His Seat took in a flaming Chair,
 That he the Cause might quickly hear;
 An Officer of that same Court,
 To *Lucifer* made this Report.
Thrice Royal Master, and our *King*,
This Devil we before you bring,
Stands charg'd with Ign'rance in his Trade,
So has but sorry Harvests made;
Instead of Damning Men, he tries
To save them from your Cruelties.

The Word *Save* did the Court inspire
 With so much Fury, Rage, and Ire,
 That they their Lips bit, till the Blood
 Started; lookt whiter than a Curd,
 And Fire sparkled at their Eyes,
 Like broken Rockets in the Skies;
 And *Lucifer*, with Anger burning,
 To one of his *Attorneys* turning,
 Said, *Who would thought (by all that's good)*
That such a treach'rous Rascal cou'd
In this my Realm have harbour'd bin,
Which is, the only Place of Sin?
 The damn'd *Attorney* then replied,
 Dread Sir, it cannot be denied,
 But that this Devil which you sent
 To Earth, has been most diligent
 In drawing People into Theft,
 But then their Comp'ny he has left,
 When they discover'd come to be,
 And are hang'd for the Pilfery,
 But e're they're hanged for the Theft,
 The Ord'nary calls them to shrift,
 And then the Toy takes them sometimes
 To repent them of their wicked Crimes,
 And so as they themselves behaved,
 At that Good Work they might be saved.
 Now this poor silly Devil drinks
 Too much, to mind your Work, and thinks
 That when he has brought them to Steal,
 Wet Linnen, Mutton, Pork or Veal,
 To Murder, Coyn, Cheat, and the like,
 Which may a Soul with Ruine strike,

He

He has done his part, and so leaves them,
 But true Repentance soon retrieves them :
 Therefore he should stick close to them
 In Goal, though Law their Lives condemn,
 And tempt the Wretches, whilst they're there,
 To kill themselves with wild Dispair.
 For when they are left to the Priest,
 That covetous, base, tything Beast,
 He commonly brings them to see
 (Before they Dye) their Misery.
 By which means they escape the place
 Doom'd for all Sinners void of Grace.
 Besides, this simple Devil here
 Was not, it plainly seems, aware,
 That many Souls to Heav'n doth Steal
 From th' Gallows, Faggot, and the Wheel,
 Which Failing has your Highness lost
 Many a Purchase, to your cost.
 Here's Charge enough, (the President
 Cry'd out) to Goal let him be sent.

The Devil (who'd been burnt i'th' Cheek)
 Thought it was now high time to speak,
 And so (with leave) he thus did cry,
 Truly, my Lord, I can't deny,
 But Tyburn sometimes is the way
 To Paradise, and many may
 To Heaven from the Gallows go,
 This, Gentlemen, I'll own, I know.
 But now I'll speak without concerning,
 If those that are damn'd for condemning
 Others, you'll set 'gainst those that are
 From hanging sav'd, I do not fear

*But Hell (which is as black as Soot)
 Will find it self, Sir, at the Foot
 Of the Accompt, by me, a Winner,
 I'll Swear it, as I am a Sinner :
 How many Turn-Keys, Marshal's-men,
 And Keepers of a dismal Den,
 Have I sent you, from day to day,
 For letting Coiners slip away
 With their false Coyn, if they behind
 Left better Coyn to make them blind ?
 How many Jaylors do there wink
 At an Escape, to get the Chink ?
 Pray, tell me what it signifies,
 If one Thief of a Thousand dyes ?
 He's only Hang'd, 'cause he was Poor,
 That there may be, Sir, Trading more
 For Rich Ones, and without the least
 Design that Stealing should be ceast.
 It oftentimes falls out, that they
 That Guard the Pris'ner in their way
 To Tyburn, are far greater Knaves,
 Than they thus going to their Graves.
 But passing that by, now suppose
 One Malefactor's Hang'd, and goes
 To Heaven ; it is no ill Luck,
 Because I give him but in truck
 To Ten and sometime Fifteen Score,
 That have deserved hanging more,
 But 'scape, and go to Hell at last,
 When all their merry Days are past.
 Besides (I swear by old St. Maloes)
 A malefactor on the Gallows,*

Is better than a roasted Dog
 In Pidgeon-house; for, in a Fog,
 Ye shall (Sir) have immediately
 Two or three thousand Witches fly
 About him, for some little Snips
 Of's Halter, Slivers of his Lips,
 An Eye-Tooth, Collop of his Fat,
 Which, with the Intrails of a Cat,
 And Blood drawn from a Negroes Arms,
 Of sov'reign use is in their Charms.
 But seeing that my Services
 Some sorts of People cannot please,
 I'm satisfy'd to leave the Town,
 But first lay my Commission down;
 For (to tell truth) I am in Years,
 Wherefore I would be free from Care
 That in my Old Age, I might have
 A little Rest --- This Boon I crave.
 Lucifer with great Patience heard
 This Devil, who'ad a forked Beard,
 And in the end of the distraction,
 Gave him most ample Satisfaction;
 Most strictly charging th'evil Spirits,
 That had abused his good Merits.
 No more to do so, upon Pain,
 Which should upon them treble Reign.
 Then Orders straitways gave, that he
 In his Employment still should be.

The Subornation Devil came
 Next thro a raging Cloud of Flame,
 Which was a good Complexioned
 Likely, and a well-timbered

Brisk Devil ; to my great Amazement
 (As looking at him through a Casement)
 I must acknowledge it, for I
 Had, in this Principality,
 Not any Devil seen till now,
 But what most ugly were, I vow.
 One while he *Child's Play* call'd himself ;
 Another while the *Lord of Pelf* ;
 Here *Bayment* ; there (Sir) *Restitution* ;
 Here *Alms* ; there *Kindness* ; here *Intrusion* ;
 But to be short, I ne'er could learn
 His right Name, nor his Mind discern.
 I do remember in some places
 I've heard him call'd the *Child of Graces* ;
Good ; *Patrimony* ; *Profit* ; *Cheap* ;
Inheritance ; *Love* ; *Honour* ; *Sleep* :
Doctor (Sir) he was called here ;
 A *Bachelor* is called there ;
Attorneys and *Solicitors*,
 Who help to spoil a *Client's Cause*,
 Give him the Name of *Right*, and the
Confessors call him *Charity*.
 He was, Sir, well accompany'd,
 And being very full of *Pride*,
Satan's Lieutenant he did stile
 Himself, which *Fancy* made me smile :
 But there, to curb his Insolence,
 A *Devil* was of *Consequence*,
 Who did oppose him, *Might* and *Main*,
 And all his *Impudence* disdain :
 Then of himself made, in his *Passion*,
 This hee'ring, noisy *Proclamation*.

Be't known, says he, I am the Great
Embroyler of Affairs of State.
Deluder of high Emperors,
Pretext of an unworthy Cause,
Th' Excuse of Tyrants. I can make
Black White: and for Damnation sake,
Give any Colour what I please
To the most wicked Villanies.

Your azure Chambers could I burn,
The earthly Fabrick over-turn,
By chacing from it solid Reason,
And making Loyalty of Treason;
I can turn Importunity,
To Merit; to Necessity
Example; by my Sauciness

I can give strict Laws to Success;
Credit to Boldness; & Infamy
I can give great Authority;
And while I live, ye need not fear,
Vertue or Justice being there.

Therefore, whilst you in Fire dwell,
'Bout the Lieutenancy of Hell
No more with me dispute, for I
Have Lucifer's Authority,
To shew for my right Title to't,
And have his Broad-Seal got to boot.

For my part, (cry'd another Spirit,
Who was too mutinous) I merit
That place ye struggle for, as well
As any Devil that's in Hell;
I have a pretty faculty
In the promoting Lechery,

By

By doing all good Offices,
 To give distressed Ladies ease,
 At such a time of need, when they
 Would with young Cupid's Quiver play;
 I make the whole Sex know, how great
 A madness it is (Sirs) to let
 Slip those sweet Opportunities,
 For which a longing Virgin cries.

There was great Silence for a while,
 Then came a Devil that made me Smile,
 His Head was like that of a Calf,
 And was in height a Foot and half :
 I am, you see with your own Eyes,
 A Dev'l (cry'd he) of a small size,
 But yet the Iron Doors of Hell,
 Open to me, good Sirs, as well
 As to another, when I'm landed;
 For never come I empty handed.

After him, from a burning Wharf,
 Follow'd another Devil Dwarf,
 Complaining, since he went o'er Stryx,
 He'd been about the term of Six,
 Or Seven Years, about a Knave,
 Of whom no Good, Sir, could he have,
 For bad and good, throughout the Nation,
 Asham'd were of his Conversation.
 A mighty piece of Bus'ness, (cry'd
 The Governante, by his Side)
 And cou'd not you a handsome place
 Have gotten this sweet Babe of Grace?
 That would the hopeful Stick of Wood
 Have quickly made for something good.

In the mean time the *Babler* went
Whispering up and down, to vent
 More *mischief*, till, thro' Smoke and Flame,
 He to some *sleeping Devils* came,
 Who in a Corner all were Snoring.
 With much ado, with *Gimlet* boring
 Their Skins, we waked them, and askt
 What they were, that they were not taskt,
 Nor on no sort of Duty : They,
 A yawning fell, and then did say,
 They *Devils* were of *Luxury* :
 But since the *Women modesty*
 And Honour for good *Guineas* slight,
 We have no Trouble Day or Night,
 To tempt them, for shew them the *Spankers*,
 In spight of *Buboes*, *Pains* and *Shankers*,
 As swift as *Tygers* they will run,
 Upon the Mouth (Sir) of a Gun.
 Take them from top to bottom, the
 Whole Race of Woman is frailty,
 And one *Half-piece* will do much more
 Than we, to make a Maid a Whore.

Just as this Devil made an end,
 We heard another Snorting Fiend ;
 And well we did, or else (I tell ye.)
 We'd certainly trod on his Belly.
 Whom we (by all his pritty Puns)
 Found to be *Devil to the Nans*.
 But *Lucifer*, the *Proto-Sinner*
 Of Heaven, wanting now his Dinner,
 Did issue thro' his *Provinces*,
 A *Summons* to all *Companies*,

And

And Liv'ry Men, who, as they feared
Great Fines for a Contempt, appeared;
And with a dreadful, hideous Yell,
Which shook the Battlements of Hell,
Most hideously the King of Smoke,
These Words unto his Subjects spoke.

The Decree of Lucifer.

T'OUR trusty, and despairing Legions,
And loving Subjects in our Regions,
Ly'ng under dreadful Condemnation
Of endless Darkness, and Vexation,
That, since the World did first begin,
Liv'd constant *Pensioners* to Sin,
And had, for their Pay-Master, *Death*,
Grand Foe to ev'ry Mortal's Breath,
Who alwas Mankind is defeating,
With various Ails and Sorrows, *Greeting*.
This is to let you understand,
There are Two Devils in our Land,
Who lay a Claim (unknown to me)
To th' Honour of our *Lientenancy*;
But absolutely we've refused,
That either of them shall be choosed,
And so have stopt the said Election,
Out of a singular Affection,
And kind Respect, to *Our right Trusty*,
And well-beloved Cuz, a Lusty
She Devil, that deserves the Place
Before all others, wanting Grace.

At this the whole Assembly fell
To whispering all over Hell,

All staring one upon another,
 And made a most confounded pother ;
 Till at last Royal Lucifer,
 Observing how the damn'd did jay,
 Bid 'em not plague their Hearts to guess
 Who 'twas to be their Governess.
 But fetch Good Fortune to his Throne,
 Whose Highness otherwise is known
 By th' Name of sweet Prosperity ;
 Which treach'rous Lady presently
 'Fore the degraded Seraphim
 Appeared, and sat down by Him ;
 Who lookt her wistly in the Face,
 And then declar'd with gilded Mace,
 And Pleasure, that the damn'd of Hell
 In's Hand ; It is our Royal Will
 Do Honour to good Fortune pay,
 And Homage from this very Day.
 As the most Mighty, next to Me,
 Of this Infernal Royalty.
 Which Glory's to her Merit due,
 For She hath damn'd more Soul than You
 Than you have altogether ; She,
 Who's call'd by us Prosperity.
 It is that makes them cast off all
 True fear of God, that they may fall.
 She 'tis that Men so much bewitches,
 As t' make them place their Good in Riches.
 Some Men she so much loads with Treasures,
 That she doth blind them all in Pleasures.
 Where is the bloody Tragedy
 That's not done by her Treachery ?

Wisdom

*Wisdom she staggers, doth augment
All Folly to our hearts content.*

*She entertains the Cruelty
Of Tyrants, and their Villany
Dyes in a reaking, crimson flood,
Of innocent, and harmles Blood.
By Job's Affliction, we may see
Nothing's done by Adversity
For us ; if that dull, sottish Devil
Who did design him so much evil,
Had let him but enjoy'd his Health,
Pleasures, and much more tempting Wealth,
This might have mixt his Soul with Leaven,
And made him turn his back on Heaven.
The Rich talk all of Jollities,
Purchases, Banquets, Comedies ;
Whereas the poor Man (Sirs) has God
Ever in's mouth, and fears his Rod ;
Wherefore let it be published
Forthwith, as far as Hell doth spread,
That Troubles, and Calamities
Are both our mortal Enemies ;
For we upon Experience,
Have found they are of Providence
The Dispensations, to fit Sinners
And other young, reform'd Beginners
Of sacred Vertue to himself,
Whereby they all escape the shelf
Of burning Rocks, whose raging Fire,
When time is Dead, will ne'er expire.*

*Item, We Will, Sirs, That no Devil
Shall from hence forwards be so Civil*

To

To take up any further Care,
Of *Whores*, and those that *Bullies* are,
For they are all so very well
Acquainted with the Road to Hell,
That they will one another guide,
Without a Devil by their side.

Item, We, with Advice, Ordain,
That not one Dev'l shall entertain
Any near *Confident* on Earth,
But *Profit*, whose infectious Breath
Will breed a troublesome Disease,
Ev'n in the straitest Consciences.

Item, We do Ordain, That where
The Dev'l of *Money* shall appear,
In any part of these our Realms,
To view the Seats of endless Flames,
All other Devils, present there,
Shall rise, and offer him the *Chair*,
In token that his Power can,
At any time, undo a Man.

Item, We do expressly Charge
All Officers within our Verge,
Civil, as well as Military,
From Devil, to a puny Fairy,
Their utmost Diligence t'employ,
In 'stablishing the welcome Joy
Throughout the World, of *Gen'ral Peace*,
For Sin will then be on th'increase,
As Whoring, Sland'ring, Luxury,
Idleness, Gaming, Gluttony.

Item, We Officers discharge,
And Agents likewise do inlarge

From

From Tempting Women-kind, and Men,
 To that most soft, bewitching Sin
 Of sweet *Incontinence*, for we
 Do find that base *Adultery*,
 And *Fornication*, never will
 Be left, so long as Hell is Hell.

Item, That all the *Intermedlers*,
 Whether they're *Taylors*, *Hatters*, *Fidlers*,
 Or any other Occupation,
 Shall called be throughout the Nation
 Of Hell, the *Devil's Body-Lice*,
 Because these Rascals, in a trice,
 Fetch blood of those that feed and nourish
 Their Lives, and make 'em richly flourish:

18 JU 70
 Immediately on the pronouncing
 Of this *Decree*, with mighty bouncing,
Lucifer to his *Cell* retired,
 With Fury, Wrath, and Pride inspired ;
 The *Weather* clear'd up presently ;
 And all the *Damned Company*
 VVere then dispersed in a Fright,
 Thro' lonesome Shades of endless Night :
 VVhen strait a Voice was heard aloud,
 To break from an inlightning Cloud,
 VVhich Glorious looked, saying, *He*
That knows the true Morality
Of this Discourse, shall hate all Vice,
And thereby merit PARADISE.

The End.